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CELEBRITIES I HAVE KNOWN.

VOL. II.

CELEBRITIES I HAVE KNOWN;

WITH

EPISODES, POLITICAL, SOCIAL, SPORTING, AND THEATRICAL.

24177

BY

LORD WILLIAM PITT LENNOX.

" Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour."
COWPER'S " TASK."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

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"An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Alas! my friend, had all been such as thou—
Honest and true—I had not mourn'd thee now:
The springy turf of Goodwood's wide domain,
The stirring contests of Newmarket's plain—
Thou hadst ne'er left for scenes where parties rave,
A worn out spirit, and an early grave."

WINCHELSEA.

DISRAELI, in his "Biography of Lord George Bentinck," gives an admirable, authentic, and interesting history of his political career, which he thus describes:—

"Lord George had, to use his own expression, 'sat in eight parliaments without having taken

part in any great debate' when remarkable events suddenly impelled him to advance and occupy not only a considerable, but a leading, position in our public affairs. During three years, under circumstances of great difficulty, he displayed some of the highest qualities of political life—courage and a lofty spirit; a mastery of details which experience usually alone confers; a quick apprehension and a clear intelligence; indomitable firmness; promptness, punctuality and perseverance which never failed; an energy seldom surpassed, and a capacity for labour which was, perhaps, never equalled. What manner of man was this who thus on a sudden, in the middle turn of life, relinquished all the ease and pleasure of a patrician existence to work often eighteen hours a day, not for a vain and brilliant notoriety which was foreign alike both to his tastes and his turn of mind, but for the advancement of principles the advocacy of which, in the chief scene of his efforts, was sure to obtain for him only contention and unkindly feelings. What were his motives, purposes, and opinions; how and why he laboured; and the whole scope and tendency of this original, vigorous, and self-schooled intelligence, these would appear to be subjects not unworthy of contemplation, and especially not uninteresting to a free and political community."

George Bentinck's political career Disraeli has treated with a masterly hand; my intention, therefore, is to lay before my readers a few incidents in

the social life of this distinguished nobleman, with whom I had the good fortune to be on the most intimate terms of friendship for many years. Representing as I did the borough of King's Lynn for two parliaments, with Lord George as my colleague, I was thrown much into his society, and no one merited more the title of an English Worthy than he whose character and private career I am about imperfectly, yet faithfully, to portray.

William George Frederick Cavendish Bentinck, commonly known as Lord George Bentinck, was born at Welbeck, on the 27th of February, 1802, and was the second surviving son, at the date I write of, of the Duke of Portland, by Henrietta, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the late Major-General Scott. The earlier part of his Lordship's life was in no way indicative of the public standing he was destined to occupy; for up to his seventeenth year his studies were pursued altogether at home—a custom far from general at that period. The profession to which his disposition would appear to have at first inclined him was that of arms; and accordingly I find he entered the Grenadier Guards as ensign and lieutenant on the 26th of November, 1818. In February, 1819, he was gazetted to a cornetcy in the 9th Royal Lancers; from that distinguished corps he became a captain in the 41st Foot on the 9th of May, 1822, his rank dating from 14th October, 1821. In March, 1823, he was placed on half-pay; the object of that step was to enable him to accompany his

uncle, the late George Canning, just appointed Governor-General to India, in the capacity of Military Secretary. The melancholy decease of Lord Castlereagh, and the immediate call for Mr. Canning as leader in the Lower House, with the seals of the Foreign Office placed in his keeping, interrupted this course at the very last moment—so late even that the luggage of the uncle and nephew had already been sent on board the frigate "Jupiter." In this change, the subject of this memoir so far participated as to continue with his illustrious relative as private, instead of military, secretary, but without any of the emoluments appertaining to the office. Having ably fulfilled the duties of this honorary appointment for some period, it was thought advisable for Lord George to resume his original pursuit, and in April, 1824, I find him exchanging once more from half-pay to the 2nd Life Guards, with which regiment he remained nearly two years, when he again exchanged into the 75th Foot. The cause of his leaving it was certainly rather characteristic. In riding one day off Newmarket Heath with the late Duke of York, perhaps even as great a lover of racing as George himself, the Commander-in-Chief made his brother turfite the presentation of an unattached majority. This was the last step and place which he took in the service, for in 1826 he was elected member for King's Lynn, and shortly afterwards, seeing no hope of action or advancement, he retired from the army. For this borough he sat until death de-

prived the constituency of a most able representative.

Having so followed Lord George Bentinck in his military career, it now becomes my more especial duty to consider his character as a sportsman. The inclination for field and other eminently national amusements, although only fully developed within a few years, had long and surely shown itself; for with the hounds, or in the shooting field, George Bentinck was *nulli secundus*. For many seasons he might have been reckoned something like a six days a week man with the hounds; in shooting, he was always content with the fair play performance of spaniels, pointers, and setters, in making up a moderate bag, rather than calling in the aid of biped beaters and overstocked preserves to fill the carts and swell out the lists. His eye for game was perfectly marvellous. Travelling down with him one day to Lynn in his well-appointed chariot and pair, he turned to me and said, "Do you see that hare sitting in the plough?" I looked and could discern nothing; indeed, so little like a hare did I see, that I questioned his accuracy. "I'll bet any sum it is a hare," he added, "and to make sure just pull up the horses." The order was obeyed, when he turned to his valet on the rumble, and said, "Run into that field, make straight for the oak tree in the hedge, look about you, and you will put up the hare." This was done, and in a few seconds pussy was viewed away.

In boating, George Bentinck played a good part, and in all the above exercises evinced that active energy which he subsequently transferred to a more costly pursuit, the turf. For many years racing did not hold that ascendancy over other amusements which in after times it so signally obtained. As the son of a nobleman always fond of racing on a small scale, it was but natural to find him following in the same steps; and at a comparatively early era in his life, George Bentinck indulged occasionally in courting the honours of the cap and jacket. At any rate I mark him down in 1824 as riding a winning race over his favourite course, Goodwood, on Mr. Poyntz's Olive; and a very severe race it was, considering there were two dead heats between Olive and Swindon, and then a neck-and-neck race for the third. When, moreover, I add that the late Lord Fitzhardinge, then Captain Frederick Berkeley, was the beaten man on this occasion, it may be fairly asserted that George Bentinck had become quite as good a horseman across the flat as he had already proved himself over a country. His last appearance as an amateur race-rider was also enacted over Goodwood in 1844, but not with the like success, the blue and white colours of Captain Cook succumbing to Lord Maidstone on Larrie M'Hale. The race is thus described:—

"Lord Maidstone's Larrie M'Hale, twelve stone five pounds (owner), beat Lord George Bentinck's Captain Cook, eleven stone twelve pounds (owner).

Cup course. One hundred H. F. Five to four on Larrie McHale. Won by a neck. Both the riders were ordered to be fined for not being ready at the appointed time."

In this, however, I am rather anticipating the order of events. As it is my intention to give something like an outline of the Bentinck dynasty, I may as well commence it at once, ranging my glance from the time the turf-leviathan broke out as "Mr. John Day," to the day he gave up the high mettled racer, so graphically described by one "who stood by his side in an arduous and unequal struggle, who often shared his councils, and sometimes perhaps soothed his cares." "A few days before a committee of Free Traders had recommended a differential duty of ten shillings in favour of sugar, the produce of British possessions," so writes Disraeli, "it was the day after the Derby, May 25th, the writer met Lord George Bentinck in the Library of the House of Commons. He was standing before the book-shelves with a volume in his hand, and his countenance was greatly disturbed. His resolutions in favour of the colonial interest had, after all his labours, been negatived by the Committee on the 22nd; and on the 24th his horse Surplice, whom he had parted with, among the rest of his stud, solely that he might pursue without distraction his labours on behalf of the great interests of the country, had won that paramount and Olympian stake to gain which had been the object of his life.

He had nothing to console him, and nothing to sustain him except his pride. Even that deserted him before a heart which he knew could yield him sympathy. He gave a sort of superb groan.

"'All my life I have been trying for this, and for what have I sacrificed it!' he murmured.

"It was in vain to offer solace.

"'You do not know what the Derby is,' he moaned out.

"'Yes, I do; it is the blue ribbon of the turf.'

"It is the blue ribbon of the turf,' he slowly repeated to himself, and sitting down at the table, he buried himself in a folio of statistics.

"But on Monday, the 29th, when the resolution in favour of a ten shilling differential duty for the colonies had at the last moment been carried, and carried by his casting vote, 'the blue ribbon of the turf' was all forgotten. Not for all the honours and successes of all the meetings, Spring and Autumn, Newmarket, Epsom, Goodwood, Doncaster, would he have exchanged that hour of rapture. His eye sparkled with fire, his nostril dilated with triumph, his brow was elate like a conqueror, his sanguine spirit saw a future of continued and illimitable success.

"We have saved the colonies,' he said, 'saved the colonies, I knew it must be so. It is the knell of free trade."

Although I doubt much whether the present Premier has an atom of turf blood in him, he was unquestionably not alone the inventor

of the happy phrase "the blue ribbon of the turf," but the writer of the following very graphic description of "before" and "after" the race, I quote from 'Sibyl:'—"The ring is up; the last odds declared; all gallop away to the Warren. A few minutes—only a few minutes, and the event that for twelve months has been the pivot of so much calculation, of such subtle combinations, of such deep conspiracies, round which the thought and passion of the sporting world have hung like eagles, will be recorded in the fleeting tablets of the past. But what minutes! count them by sensation, and not by calendars, and each moment is a day, and the race a life. Hogarth, in a coarse and yet animated sketch, has painted 'before' and 'after.' A creative spirit of a higher vein might develop the simplicity of the idea with sublimer accessories. Pompeius before Pharsalia, Harold before Hastings, Napoleon before Waterloo, might afford some striking contrasts to the immediate catastrophe of their fortunes. Finer still, the inspired mariner who has just discovered a new world; the sage who has revealed a new planet; and yet the 'before' and 'after' of a first-rate English race, in the degree of its excitement, and sometimes in the tragic emotions of its close, may vie even with these."

It is rather a curious fact that five distinguished statesmen and senators, of whom England may well be proud, were ardent admirers and supporters of the turf. I refer to Charles James Fox, the late

Earl of Derby, Lord George Bentinck, Lord Palmerston, and General Peel. Of Fox it may be truly said in the words of his biographer, "An orator from his infancy, and a sportsman by intuition, or the prevalence of fashion," it can create no surprise that we find him a blazing comet of the Senate, and a member of the Jockey Club. Upon the turf he was always accustomed to animadvert upon his own losses, and repeatedly observed "that his horses had as much bottom as other peoples', but that they were such slow, good ones that they never went fast enough to tire themselves." He had, however, the gratification to experience some few exceptions to this imaginary rule; for in April, 1772, he was lucky enough at Newmarket to win sixteen thousand pounds, the greater part of which he got by betting against the celebrated Pincher, who lost his match by only half a neck. The odds at starting being two to one on him.

In the year 1790, Fox's horse Seagull won the Oatlands Stakes at Ascot, of one hundred guineas each (nineteen subscribers), beating the Prince of Wales' Escape, Serpent, and several of the best horses of that year, to the great mortification of His Royal Highness, who immediately matched Magpie against him, to run four days' afterwards, two miles, for five hundred guineas. This match, on which immense sums were depending, was won easily by Seagull. The winnings of this horse in stakes alone amounted to no less than fifteen hundred and twenty guineas, exclusive of nearly double that sum in bets.

In those days I must remind my readers the plates averaged from fifty to one hundred pounds each, which will account for what, in that time, was looked upon as a large sum of public money to win, but which in ours would be considered a trifling one. Fox is said to have won no less than fifty thousand pounds at the Spring Meeting at Newmarket, in 1789, and at the October Meeting, the following year, he sold two of his horses Seagull and Chanticleer, for four thousand eight hundred pounds—then considered an enormous price.

On coming into office with Lord North, Charles Fox sold his horses, and erased his name from several of the clubs of which he was a member. It was not long, however, before he again purchased a stud, and attended the Newmarket meetings. The King's messenger was obliged to appear on the course to seek one the Ministers of England among the sportsmen on the heath, to deliver despatches upon which, perhaps, the fate of the country might have depended. The messenger on these occasions hid his badge of office, which was a greyhound, not liking the world to know that the King's adviser should be amusing himself at Newmarket when he should have been serving him in the metropolis. But Charles Fox preferred the betting rooms at Newmarket to Downing Street.

The careers on the turf of the late Earl of Derby and General Peel are too well-known to require

comment; suffice it to say that two more high-minded men than the owner of Knowsley and the gallant General never existed. Lord Palmerston loved racing for its own sake; he cared but little for the mere gambling business, his object was to uphold a national sport.

I now return to George Bentinck's early career on the turf. We see the fruits of a strong foundation rising up promisingly enough with such horses as Venison, The Drummer, Chapeau d'Espagne, and one or two more, well succeeded by the wild and wonderful project attempted and so gloriously performed with Elis for the St. Leger, who was conveyed to Doncaster in a van. George Bentinck was the originator and designer of racing vans, knowing full well that these vehicles would greatly facilitate the transit of thoroughbreds to the remotest distances in a much shorter time than they could travel formerly, and with much more safety. This was perhaps his first decisive step in the march of improvement, and by the world proportionally condemned and ridiculed. Many of the unbelievers, however, had too convincing an argument of its practicability and convenience; so the innovation of "vanning" race-horses was allowed to be good, and followed accordingly. The success of Elis on this occasion was but preliminary to the two-year-old triumphs of Grey Momus, a course of conquest that brought the Danebury stable more in fashion than ever. How Grey Momus just lost the Derby, but won the Ascot Cup; and how

Crucifix, the next year, did stamp her second season's form with the Epsom honours, are they not recorded in the minds of sporting men? From the above I run on to Capote, Sal Volatile, Mulberry Wine, Ratsbane, Dreadnought, Grey Milton, Naworth, Gobemouche, and Pluto, and thence to about the acme of the Leviathan's strength when in 1844 he had forty horses running in public, and nearly a hundred "all told." Proof Print, Topsail, Misdeal, Tripoli, Firebrand, Fly-trap, The Yorkshire Lady, St. Jean D'Acre, and African, are the picked ones, who take us on to the time when Gaper disappointed his noble owner of that Derby which ought ere the close to have been added on to the Oaks of Crucifix and St. Leger of Elis. Some good things were still in waiting, for which the names of Miss Elis, Croton Oil, Best Bower, Bramble, Pug, Cowl, Clumsey, Princess Alice, Longitude, My Mary, and Old Discord—almost the only horse George Bentinck ever possessed that could run on—afford in themselves very strong evidence.

I wish it clearly to be understood that in giving this epitome of George Bentinck's stud and their performances, I do not consider the effect of any great import to my purpose; for it is not the good the turf did him, but rather the good he did the turf that I look upon as the better part; many a man, in fact, with a far shorter string has played a more successful game, and if the mere sum total of prizes pocketed, or flyers produced be

the argument, I must confess to knowing greater names than that of Lord George Bentinck. But, I repeat, it is not this; it is not a reputation that hangs on to a clipping filly, a fame that owns its origin in the thousands won, or an honour that is associated with a sideboard of plate. The memory of the "Great Reformer" of turf abuses and race course monopoly will live as long as an Englishman has a taste for the amusement, or a sympathy and admiration for one who alone effected what a whole body allowed themselves unequal to attempt. In support of this, let us look to or call over, in the first place, the comforts and information he made it his great care to provide for the masses—a portion of the company that previously had little thought or attention bestowed on their wants. Who forced stewards, trainers, and jockeys to come out punctual to the time they had never hitherto professed to keep? Who heralded, for the benefit of every spectator within sight, the names by number of the field preparing to start? And who, to perfect this part of his design, suggested that fine treat, and perhaps best part of the scene, the saddling, walking, and cantering the horses before the stands? Previous to these admirable arrangements, how many a man, wearied with waiting, has left ere the race he came to see was run; or thanks to an indifferent card, and one bird's-eye view, without a glance at the horse he had pinned his faith to?

If George Bentinck so far merited the thanks of

the multitude, he accomplished quite as much for those who, more directly concerned, did very becomingly express their gratitude by the offer of a testimonial. His stringent and admirably drawn up rules for the exclusion of defaulters from the race courses, and the spirit with which he supported the regulations he had made, would of themselves have been quite sufficient to warrant any public demonstration of the kind. When, however, we come to consider with them the other means he took for meeting the covert machinations of swindlers, the provision he made to prevent horses being drawn at the last minute; but above all, his triumphant plan for suppressing that most rascally of all proceedings, known as "false starts," when we come to add these to his other achievements, I feel much inclined to conclude that scarcely a sufficient return had been made for them. Still by his own liberality and forethought he has converted this very offering into the crowning deed of his dynasty—I refer to the Bentinck Benevolent and Provident Fund, including the sum of £2,100 Consols, being stock purchased with money subscribed for a testimonial to him, now amounting to a very large sum. The Fund was established for the benefit of trainers and jockeys, their widows and children, originally under the management of the Dukes of Beaufort, Bedford, and Rutland, Earls of Chesterfield and Eglinton, and the Hon. G. S. Byng, now Earl of Strafford. Out of the above list of truly honourable turf worthies, only two remain,

the Duke of Rutland and Lord Strafford. Each of the above subscribed £25 to the fund, in addition to an annual subscription of £10. The subscription of a trainer or jockey is limited to two guineas annually, and those who have contributed to the Fund, and their widows and children, have a preferable claim to relief. The committee, however, have the power of rejecting the donations and subscriptions of those who, in their opinion, are not worthy to become members of the society, and also of striking off the list any trainer or jockey who may misconduct himself after becoming a subscriber. Happy, am I to record that the fund is in a most prosperous state.

While George Bentinck was winning "golden opinions" from all men of integrity, he was a terror to those whose deeds would not bear the light, and these are the miserable exceptions in the shape of humanity by whom his death was not sincerely lamented. Everything he did on the turf bore the stamp of a master-hand. He had always the best of the game he played, and yet he played it fairly—there was no trickery in him. At the period when feather or catch-weights were allowed in handicaps, where was to be found the lightest feather? Why, in George Bentinck's stable; and of his own tutelage too. He would teach the veriest pigmy that was ever put upon a saddle the best method to handle the high-mettled racer.

It is a notorious fact that the first time he put up little Kitchener to public gaze, the weight of the

Mite, as he was then not inaptly called, including saddle, bridle, and all the other appendages of a jockey, was under three stone. The cry at the instant of his mount was "He'll never sit on," but he did, and won the race in gallant style. Who but George Bentinck, during the severe frost in 1843, would have hit upon the idea of covering an avenue in Goodwood Park with tan? and so, by the aid of layers of manure below and the natural shelter of the arching trees above, he was enabled to work his horses through the Winter, when no one else could, and thus bring them into a state of forwardness to the early Spring gatherings, giving him a great advantage over his competitors.

He had, by the exercise of sound judgment, invariably the best of all turfites, and richly he deserved the success which he attained, because he earned it fairly. One of the greatest improvements that George Bentinck carried out was the flag system in starting. It was a glorious sight to see him with some twenty or thirty refractory jockeys and horses, walking collectedly up and forcing them into a line, before he dropped his colours. The system is now almost universally adopted.

Although gentlemen-riders do not figure as formerly at Goodwood, Ascot, Doncaster, and other first rate places of sport, amateur jockeyship still flourishes, and the men of the present time were never surpassed, not even at Bibury in the days of its glory, when the Duke of Dorset, his brother George Germaine, Lords Charles Somerset, Mil-

sington, and Delamere then Mr. Cholmondeley, Sir Tatton Sykes, Messrs. Delmé Radcliffe, Hawke, Bullock, Worral, George Pigot, Louth, Musters, Douglas, Probyn, &c., were almost, if not quite equal to professional jockeys. In a satirical poem of that time, I find the following severe, even unjust lines:—

"A vast assemblage this, where boys from school
In jockey garbs first come to play the fool;
Oxonian thickheads, eminently dense,
Who yearly meet to *prove* their want of sense,
And give their steeds that whipcord—truant elves!
Which wiser nature destined for themselves.
And now where every blockhead bends his back,
Like *Puss* resisting Pompey's rough attack,
To spur the sides of some ill-fated hack;
Where giant ponies, Lilliputian peers—
Some scarcely breech'd, and some advanced in years,
Militia bucks, and cornets of Dragoons,
Like showmen habited, or stage buffoons,
With wasted carcasses their rips bestride,
And puff, perspire, and pant, and think they ride."

Although George Bentinck, like a second Hercules, did his best to cleanse the Augean stable, there were tricks on the turf carried out occasionally in the most bare-faced manner, and at other times with a degree of cunning that baffled all attempts to expose them. Horses were "pulled," drugged, watered before starting, and pricked in shoeing; at many country meetings, the horses that ran belonged to the same parties, when the favourite would be allowed to win the first heat, and afterwards to be disgracefully beaten by an out-

sider; then the jockey after weighing correctly, would hand a whip heavily loaded with quicksilver, or a few pounds of dead weight over to a confederate, who would stealthily restore it after the race was run and previous to going to scale. I once myself at Marlow Races, a small meeting got up by the late Sir William Clayton, was nearly victimised by a stable-boy whom I had engaged to ride for me, for it did not pay a jockey to attend so small a gathering.

My horse, Fidelio, won the first heat easily, beating a field of four, and of course became a hot favourite. To my great disgust he was nowhere for the second heat, and the lad told me he thought he could not pull through the third. In the meantime, I had seen him in earnest conversation with a broken-down leg, or what would be now termed a "welcher," and when I found the latter "potting" my horse, I felt like the Frenchman, who exclaimed, "I smell vone big rat." Accordingly I warned those about me not to bet with the welcher, without having the money staked, but assured them that I believed Fidelio would win. As I ran for sport, not for lucre, I had not a farthing on the race.

When the bell rang for saddling, I went up to the lad, who again assured me that Cossack, who won the second heat, would beat me.

"In that case," I said, "I'll ride Fidelio myself. With a thirteen-pound saddle I shall just turn the scale, and perhaps the heavy dead weight you

carried made the difference." If I had required a proof of the boy's guilt, I should have found it in his pallid cheek and distracted look.

"Well, I can but do my best," he added, "and possibly we may pull through."

"I've made up my mind," I rejoined, and was soon in the saddle. The result will be anticipated. I won easily, much to the discomfiture of the welcher, who had given leg-bail. Nor did the lad put in an appearance, and from that day to this I never saw or heard of him.

A somewhat similar story is recorded of the celebrated Duke of Queensberry (old Q). His principal rider was Dick Goodison, in whose judgment he had placed much reliance. But in the language of the turf his Grace was "wide awake," and at times would rely upon no one. Having on one occasion reason to know—the jockey, indeed, had honestly informed him of it—that a large sum of money was offered the man if he would lose. "Take it," said the Duke; "I will bear you harmless." When the horse came to the post his Grace coolly observed, "This is a nice horse to ride; I think I'll ride him myself." When, throwing open his great coat, he was found to be in racing attire; and, after weighing, mounted, and won the race easily.

To show that there were off the turf, as well as on it, greedy hawks of prey, ready to pounce upon unsuspecting fledglings, I give the following instance:—

The circumstance which I refer to took place

at a fashionable spa some five-and-thirty or forty years ago; the performers were three oldish birds and two fledglings. A dinner was got up after a race, ordinarily at the house of one of the former, and after a considerable quantity of champagne and claret had been drunk, a game of hazard was proposed. At first the stakes were trifling, but they gradually increased; counters representing fives, tens, and twenties were introduced, and a succession of bowls of hot punch having been brought in, the young players began to feel the effects of them. Pen and ink were called for, I O U's given, and it was not until three o'clock in the morning that the party broke up. One of the fledglings was to leave early by the coach, and while dressing in the morning was surprised by a visit from the host.

"I am come," said the latter, "to pay you the hundred pounds I owe you."

"Hundred pounds!" exclaimed the other, who had taken a hasty glance at his account. "You are mistaken; you owe me nothing."

"Nonsense, my fine fellow, here it is," showing a betting book. "The fact is, you were so drunk you forgot to enter it."

"That may be the case, for I own during the last hour the punch got the better of me. I fear I was mortally drunk."

"Well, you do not stand alone," continued the host; "your young friend was equally so."

"Yes, he was in a very bad way before we sat

down. He gave me his account to look over, which I have not yet had time to do."

The host handed over the hundred pound note, the young man still hesitating whether he ought to receive it. However, after a little persuasion, he placed it in his pocket-book, with a remark that should the mistake be discovered he would willingly rectify it by refunding the money.

"No one is more particular in money affairs than I am," responded the host. "You'll find it all correct."

A knock was heard at the door, and another of the elderly party entered.

"I don't wish to dun you," said he, addressing the pigeon, "but when you look over our account you will find you owe me eight hundred pounds."

"Eight hundred pounds!" echoed the astonished youth; "I know my young friend owes you a balance. You and I are quits."

"Please, Sir, the coach is at the door," said the butler; "shall I put your luggage in?"

"Never mind the coach," continued the host. "If there is any mistake, pray have it rectified at once. Nothing is so bad as mistakes in money matters."

"You are quite right," remarked the victim, "I will go up by the night mail; give the coachman this half-crown for his trouble in calling; the fare to London is paid."

The party met at breakfast, and the result was that the young man, having received a hundred

pounds, and having declared that he and his brother fledgling were so tipsy that they knew little of what had occurred, could not make a stand against the demands of the old birds, who, playing into one another's hands, had swindled the two youths out of neatly eighteen hundred pounds. The affair caused a great sensation at the time, but as the leader of this cheating gang was a professed duellist and an excellent shot, few dared to bring the transaction to light upon the evidence of two self-acknowledged drunken men.

George Bentinck was not free from many of the infirmities of human nature, and his ungovernable temper often led him into trouble. Thus we find that in 1841 George Bentinck embroiled himself in what was then known as the Gurney affair. It appears that at the settling for the Derby, won by Mr. Rawlinson's Coronation, Mr. Gurney, who had been a loser, authorised Messrs. Portman, Beales, and Clarke to settle his account, they to receive all sums due to Mr. Gurney. At a meeting of the Stewards, assisted by several members of the Jockey Club, held at Messrs. Weatherby's office on the 12th of June of that year, the above case was submitted to them, and the following decision was unanimously agreed to :—

"We are of opinion that Messrs. P., B., and Co." (referring to the above-named gentlemen), "being authorised by Mr. G. (Mr. Gurney) to settle his Epsom account, and having undertaken to do so on the payment of the sums due to Mr. G., all

persons indebted to Mr. G. are bound to pay the amount of their debt to those gentlemen, and are not authorised to pay any other person.

(Signed) H. J. Rous. G. Anson.
Bedford. Rutland.
Exeter. Stradbroke.
J. Peel. C. C. Greville.
W. H. Irby."

On Monday, the 15th, a copy of the foregoing document was posted at Tattersall's, and under the authority there given, the assignees renewed their attempts to collect the debts due to Mr. Gurney. Many, however, to whom applications were made still refused to pay. At length George Bentinck entered the room, and distinctly stated that, upon principle, he should still refuse to abide by the alleged decision of the Jockey Club now exhibited. In the first place, he denied that this was a decision of the Jockey Club, a portion only of whom had been summoned, and some of these were personally interested in the issue of the question before them. With regard to the persons to whom the settlement of the account was intrusted, he objected to making them the medium of an adjustment which required personal explanations from their principal. It was the duty of Mr. Gurney to come forward and settle his own accounts, and if he so came, and paid and received *pari passu*, he was perfectly willing, as he had all along been, to pay over to him the sum which he had lost. He could not recognise the doctrine that individuals

who had lost sums to this person should pay those sums into the hands of irresponsible persons, without any guarantee that the winners would ever receive the amount of their claims. The position for which he contended was that men should not be permitted to enter that room to take the chance of winning and to receive those winnings, without the persons to whom they had lost being assured of receiving the full amount of their respective claims. In this case the creditors had no definite prospect of payment; and hence the course attempted to be pursued was not only unprecedented, but altogether irregular. Several persons took the same view with the "Leviathan," and declared that demands had been made upon them which were not accurately stated, and which, in the absence of the defaulter, could not be set right. One of the assignees said that the settlement of the account would long since have taken place had not the noble Lord refused to pay, and had not others followed his example; and with regard to any inaccuracies in the amount of claims, these were open to easy explanation, which the defaulter was perfectly ready to give. A good deal of angry discussion followed, in which the noble Lord altogether repudiated the assertion that he had been the first to refuse to pay the defaulter, not having arrived in the yard until after the defaulter had retired. It was urged by some that, the creditors being satisfied with the intention of the defaulter to pay in full, the debtors had no right to withhold

their losses, and that the decision obtained from the Jockey Club was in itself conclusive. George Bentinck denied the justice of this argument, and repeated that the posted resolution was, in point of fact, of no value; while a door would be opened to interested creditors to screen a fraudulent debtor, merely for the purpose of securing a dividend for themselves without regard to that reciprocity of risk upon which all fair betting should be based. If, however, the assignees would give a guarantee that the whole of the creditors should be paid in full at some definite period, he was perfectly willing to hand over the amount of his loss instanter. This guarantee was finally agreed to, the three assignees signing the following undertaking:—

"We, the undersigned, guarantee that the account of Mr. Gurney shall be paid in full by the end of the Houghton Meeting."

Upon this document being placed in the hands of one of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, George Bentinck forthwith paid the sum claimed of him, and publicly expressed a hope that all other persons indebted to the defaulter would follow his example. All he desired, he said, was to prevent the establishment of a precedent which might hereafter lead to mischievous consequences.

The Houghton Meeting passed, and an account being rendered to the stewards of the Jocky Club by the "assignees of Gurney," they saw fit to approve it. Thereupon a correspondence arose

between George Bentinck and the stewards, the Hon. George Anson, the Duke of Bedford, and Captain Byng, now Earl of Strafford, in which they stated that "they are at a loss to know in what capacity his Lordship feels it his duty to address them on the subject," and Lord George replies (in reference to the senior steward), "That you, Colonel Anson, should affect to be at a loss to understand in what capacity I feel it my duty to address you on this subject, surpasses my comprehension." The substance of Lord George's remonstrance related to a Mr. Smith, who losing £825 to Gurney, had a claim for £375 on Mr. Willan, who won £965 from Gurney. Mr. Willan thereupon gave Smith an order on Gurney's assignees for £500, which has not been paid; one probable cause being that Clarke (one of the said assignees), as Mr. Willan admits in his letter to the stewards of the Jockey Club, "claims to deduct £210 in consideration of a bill of mine which he holds, but unconnected with any racing transaction." Mr. Willan eventually expressed his regret to the stewards of the Jockey Club "that acting under a misconception he had so hastily contradicted their statement," thus admitting that his claim had been satisfied. This long and disastrous dispute was brought to a conclusion in the middle of April, 1842, when, at a General Meeting of the members of the Jockey Club, "Lord George Bentinck stated that, anxious to conciliate the good will of the Club, whilst he still adheres to all the principles

and maxims of turf law, laid down in his protest of the 12th of February, he is desirous to withdraw and express his regret for so much of the language in which that protest has been couched as has been offensive to the feelings of the Jockey Club." It was unanimously resolved that this statement was satisfactory to the club.

There can be no doubt that George Bentinck's judgment on racing and betting matters, though sound, was not infallible, and that he often erred on the right side; his fault arising from a determination to put an end to the tricks of the turf.

No one fought more gallantly than he did at the Conference between a Deputation from the Corporation of Doncaster and the noblemen and gentlemen, supporters of Doncaster races, held at the Club House on the 14th September, 1841; Lord Maidstone, now Earl of Winchelsea, in the chair. The Town Clerk, Mr. Mason, had thrown out the following suggestions that the number of days should be reduced from five to four, that it would be more profitable to have one ball instead of two, adding that in former years £400 were granted, but this year the sum of £500 had been given, which it was prepared to continue. Upon this Lord George Bentinck declared that the revenue derived from the race-course was greater than that derived by any other corporation in the kingdom, while the contribution to the race fund was less; that during the last twenty years their receipts amounted to an

average of £2,000 annually, while they did not subscribe more than £400 a year to the racing fund; at Liverpool, from the hands of a private individual (Mr. Lynn) no less a sum than £1,640 was placed annually at the disposal of the racing committee, and this after the proprietor of the race-course had expended £20,000 in building a stand, and effecting other improvements, as well as incurring all other necessary expenses of police, &c. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, with only four days' racing £698 was given; at Chester, with five days' racing, £940; at Ascot Heath £950, with the prospect of the whole proceeds of the grand stand being devoted to racing purposes; at Wolverhampton, with three days' races, £500; at the Pottery, with two days' races, £440; and at the Hippodrome, London, solely the experiment of a private individual, at two meetings, £1,700, with a prospect in 1843 of £1,000 additional to the Magnum Bonum Stakes, and in 1844 a Produce Stakes additional of £2,000, and yet here was the richest corporation in the racing community proposing but £500 annually. The Meeting did expect that a much larger sum would have been offered than that now proposed, and unless a considerable advance were made, it was in vain to suppose that the celebrity of the races could be maintained.

After some judicious remarks of the Marquis of Normanby, in favour of an increased subscription, Sir Isaac Morley addressed the Meeting, which was adjourned until the following day. In the interim,

the Corporation agreed to make the annual subscription £500 per annum, with 200 guineas additional for the Cup, thus releasing the stewards from that expense, and this sum, with the Town Plate and the Innkeepers' Plate, would amount to £810, independent of the expenses to which the Corporation would be put for police from London, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, and elsewhere, and the necessary repairs and alterations in the stand. The above resolution was laid before the adjourned meeting by Sir Isaac Morley, who was followed by Mr. Mason, saying they were entitled to some remuneration for £25,000 expended in the erection of the stand. Lord George Bentinck replied that as in the last twenty years they had gained £37,303, it might fairly be said the expenses of the stand had been reimbursed; but that if they did not now choose to show a sensible and prudent spirit of liberality, they might as well pull down the stand and sell the old materials. The gentlemen who patronized the races had the power of annihilating the Meeting altogether, and they would do so unless met in a spirit of liberal contribution. An offer of less than £1000 would not be listened to.

The Town Council again met in the evening at the Mansion House, the result of which was that the Corporation agreed to give £1000 annually, inclusive of the subscriptions of the Town. This was communicated to the noblemen and gentlemen, supporters of the races, who expressed their high satisfaction, and intimated a cordial intention of

doing all they could to restore the celebrity of Doncaster races.

In the days when Lord George was "Mr. Bowe," he and his cousin, Mr. Charles Greville, were inseparable, and lodged together for years at Newmarket; but such strong wills and powerful brains were hardly likely to be in unison for ever; and when the rent was made it was deep and long. Some said it was about "Preserve starting at Goodwood;" and others that the so-called "Thornton business" severed them. In February, 1842, Richard Thornton was warned off Newmarket, or any race-course, and was not permitted to come into the coffee-room until bets due to Mr. Gurney were paid. This affair, as I have already said, got George Bentinck into hot water; at all events there must have been divided counsels before the rupture, as Frank Boyce, the jockey, knew to his cost, when they each gave him contrary orders about a race, and he chose to obey Mr. Greville. The latter must have had some grim satisfaction when he saw the mighty Gaper open his mouth in Cotherstone's year, and Lord George Bentinck a spectacle for men and jockey boys, all abroad, legs and arms moving like a semaphore or railway-signal telegraph on the roarer Captain Cook, and punishing him long after he was hopelessly beat in his match at Goodwood—but he never uttered a word.

There are some few left who remember George Bentinck's taunting tone, as he stood looking

through his glasses at the Merry Monarch's Derby. "One of them is down; I think it is Mr. Greville's Alarm;" well knowing that his old comrade was within a yard or two of him at the time.

Again at the Brighton Meeting in 1839, George Bentinck had a misunderstanding with John Villiers Shelley, afterwards Sir John Shelley, which might have led to a hostile encounter. Shelley, who represented Gatton, one of the rotten boroughs swept away by the Reform Bill of 1832, on the Conservative side, and afterwards Westminster on the Radical side, was hot, peppery, and gallant while George Bentinck was *sans peur*, though not always *sans reproche*, for in the instance I am about to quote he was wrong throughout. After the stewards had given the Brighton Stakes to Tawney Owl, as the only one of the half-dozen that had gone on the proper side of a post on the hill, George Bentinck, the owner of Ratsbane, that had arrived first at the goal, wrote a protest against a decision "supported merely by the evidence of two gipsies *procured* by Mr. Shelley and his trainer." The letter containing the protest was published in the papers. The consequence was the following correspondence, which appeared in *Bell's Life*:—

(Copy.)

"Lewes, August 15th, 1839.

"My Lord,

"On the Lewes race-course this day, I have for the first time seen or heard of your second letter

on the subject of the Brighton Stakes, addressed to the stewards of Brighton races, which appears in *Bell's Life in London* (town edition) newspaper of the 11th of August, containing the following words, 'Supported merely by the evidence of two gipsies procured by Mr. Shelley and his trainer.' I feel bound, in justice to myself, to request your Lordship to explain the meaning you attach to the above words.

"I have the honour to be,
"Your Lordship's obedient servant,
"JOHN VILLIERS SHELLEY."

(*Copy.*)

"Harcourt House, August 16th, 1839.

"Dear Sir,

"In answer to your letter of yesterday I have no hesitation in assuring you that I mean nothing offensive to you, in the words you wish to have explained in the letter which I addressed last Saturday to two of the stewards of Brighton. If you will take the trouble to read my published letter attentively, you will see at once that you have confounded the *verb neuter* with the *verb active*, used in my letter; and your formal application to me has been evidently founded in your own erroneous construction and misconception of the force and import of a verb which I have used in the same sense in which, if you look in Johnson's Dictionary, you will see it is to be found used in Scripture, as well as in Milton, Dryden, and Shakespeare.

This being so, I shall refrain from adopting the formal style of your letter, and subscribe myself,

"Very faithfully yours,

"G. BENTINCK."

(*Copy.*)

"Mansfield Park, August, 17th, 1839.

"Dear Lord George Bentinck,

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday, and to assure you that the explanation it contains is perfectly satisfactory to me.

"Others, on reading your letter, having made the same mistake which it appears I did, between the *verb neuter* and the *verb active*, to prevent any further misconception, I think it best to send the correspondence which has passed between us to the *Bell's Life in London*, to be published in that paper to-morrow.

"Believe me very faithfully yours,

"JOHN VILLIERS SHELLEY.

"The Lord George Bentinck."

This affair, though amicably settled between the two principal parties, did not satisfy George Bentinck, who wrote to the stewards to say that as they had given up the Brighton Stakes to Mr. Shelley, he "should be under the painful necessity of appealing against a decision so come to, to the superior justice of a court of law."

A writer who professed to know a great deal about George Bentinck's career gives the following

anecdote, and as it sounds characteristic I insert it. "Lord George Bentinck it is said displayed a degree of coolness and self-possession by his unshrinking conduct in the fact of his duel with Squire Osbaldiston, the origin of which is said to be as follows. T'ould Squire, on meeting his opponent at the Newmarket Craven meeting, went up to him and said,

"'Lord George, I want four hundred won of you at Heaton Park.

"The reply was, 'You want £400 that you swindled me of at Heaton Park! There it is.'

"The result of this reply, and other matters appertaining to it, was a meeting. Lord George was entitled to the first fire; and his bullet taking no effect, he said, with the utmost *sangfroid*,

"'Now, Squire, it's two to one in your favour.'

"Whereupon t'ould Squire quickly replied, 'Is it? Why, then, the *bet's off!*' and instantly fired his pistol in the air."

As the above anecdote was never contradicted, I am half-inclined to credit the story; but why, unless Osbaldiston admitted he had swindled George Bentinck, and had therefore thus placed himself originally in the wrong, he was to allow his adversary to fire first, that adversary having openly accused him of cheating, I am at a loss to understand. Such was not the usual code of honour.

Happily the days of the duello are passed away,

and valuable lives are not now imperilled through slight misunderstandings or supposed affronts. Both of the above-mentioned were fine manly men of unblemished honour and undaunted courage, and one unguarded expression might have led to a hostile encounter, "twelve paces on the daisies," as our excellent friends of Erin's Isle call it.

Shelley was for some time adjutant of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), and a smarter soldier did not exist. His political career was a curious one, for he entered Parliament as a Tory of the old school, representing the borough of Gatton, and strenuously advocating at Lewes and other places where Reform meetings were held what was termed the "feudal boroughmonger system." His constituency, as I once told him during a debate in the House of Commons, consisted of less than half-a-dozen, and could have been taken to the polling booth in an omnibus.

After a time "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream," and the owner of Maresfield espoused, as Member for Westminster, the Liberal cause. John Villiers Shelley was a kind-hearted genial soul, and his loss was severely felt by a large circle of friends, of whom I was not the least.

"Non misere vivit qui parce vivit" was George Bentinck's motto, carried out through life; he was one of the most abstemious men I ever met with. When travelling with him to Lynn, he would breakfast early, and never touch anything before a late

dinner, always refusing those delicate attentions paid by inn-keepers to travellers who posted from their houses, in offering cakes and wine. When occupied with parliamentary affairs or public matters—and when was he not so employed? he would be equally temperate in his diet.

At the period I write of, the coffee-room at the House of Commons was not so well managed as it now is; so, instead of taking a chop or steak at Bellamy's, my noble colleague would drive off to Crockford's, send for Ude, and order a small dinner.

"Your Lordship will allow me to send up, as usual, a *pouding à la Bentinck?*" said this *cordon bleu.* The *pouding à la Bentinck* was a cherry-pudding with the stones taken out, and which the chef had prided himself upon inventing and naming. While upon the subject of Crockford's, I must transfer to my pages a very amusing incident that occurred there, and which was thus reported,

"Information of a nobleman against dealers in and possessors of game—Mr. George Fisher, a licensed retailer of game, in Duke Street, St. James's, appeared upon a summons at Bow Street, issued by Sir Frederick Roe, upon the information of the Most Noble the Marquis of Queensberry, for unlawfully disposing of certain birds called 'red grouse,' between the 10th of March and the 1st of August, contrary to the provisions of the game laws. The noble Marquis, Sir Roger Gresley, and other extensive owners of property in the

Northern counties were present as the supporters of this and another information.

"After the first case was substantiated, that of Monsieur Eustace Ude, the celebrated French cook, came on. Sir Roger Gresley deposed that he was a member of Crockford's Club House, and one of the Managing Committee of that establishment. The defendant was cook there, and on the 19th June witness dined at the club-house, and saw grouse served in the dining-room, but did not partake of it.

"*M. Ude.*—Vell, my dear Sare Roger, vat is all dis to me? Certainement you must know dat I don't know vat de devil goes up into de dining-room. How de devil can I tell veder black game or vite game or red game go up to de dining-room? Dere is plenty of game always go on in de house, but dat is noting to me, my only business is to cook for the palates of dose who like de game.

"*Sir R. Gresley.*—I really don't know what in common justice Monsieur Ude can have to do in this matter. He is the cook of the establishment certainly, but he only prepares what is ordered. The Committee order the things, and he provides according to those orders.

"*M. Ude.*—Tank you, my dear Sare Roger, I know you voud get me out of de scrape vot de noble Marquise has got me into dis time.

"*Lord Queensberry*—I was a member of the Committee of Crockford's, but am not now. I was at

Crockford's on the 19th, and dined, and grouse were served at the table.

"*M. Ude.*—But, my noble friend (great laughter), as I said to my friend, Sare Roger, I know noting at all about vat vent into de room; I never sawed it at all. De orders are given to me, I send my people to de butcher and to de poulterer, and to de fishmonger, and de tings are brought, and I command dem to be cooked, and dey are cooked, and dat is all I know about it.

"*Sir F. Roe.*—Whether you know it or not, the Act of Parliament makes you liable.

"*M. Ude.*—Upon my honour dat is very hard. Ven I got de summons I remonstrated with my Lord Alvanley, and he said, 'Oh, never mind, Ude, say dey vere pigeons instead of grouse.' 'Ah, my lord,' said I, 'I cannot do better dan call dem pigeons, because dat bird is so common in dis house.'

"Sir Frederick Roe, who appeared greatly to enjoy the scene, said he must convict the defendant, but he should certainly put the lowest penalty, namely five shillings.

"*M. Ude.*—Vele, I shall pay de money, but it is dam hard. (laughter) Ve have always game in our house, and de poor devil of a cook have to pay de penalty for it. (great laughter.)

"The defendant paid the five shillings and costs, and the Marquis of Queensberry said, 'The only object in laying the information was to protect himself and other large proprietors in the North

from the spoliation which was carried on to a great extent by poachers."

It was said that a short time after and on the eve of the 12th of August, a salmi of grouse appeared on the bill of fare as a salmi *de fruit défendu*, and was equally coveted after, the noble Marquis and other Scotch proprietors having left London for their respective moors.

While on the subject of this celebrated club, a brief sketch of the liberal proprietor may not be out of place. Crockford, who unquestionably was one of the most remarkable men in our country, began life as a small fishmonger, and even in this calling is said to have displayed his genius for speculation, frequently going to Billingsgate and buying a large quantity of fish on the chance of there being a demand for it from other retail consumers. This appears to have given him a taste for higher game, and he soon became a nightly frequenter of a hazard table in King Street, at which he continued to play with indifferent success, until he was fortunate enough to make a hit on a Derby outsider, and thus laid the foundation of his future elevation. The fishmonger soon after became a sporting man. In his new calling, No. 5, King Street, St. James's, was the first house he appeared in as proprietor of a gaming table. Subsequently he joined a firm at 81, Piccadilly, and some time after took upon his own account 50, St. James's Street, previously known as a fashionable gaming house, opening it as Crockford's Club

House, with what success the fact that the houses 51 and 52 were quickly added to it, and the whole thrown into the present magnificent pile, now the Devonshire Club, named in honour of the Marquis of Hartington, is of itself ample evidence.

Crockford was one of the quickest calculators I ever met with, and certainly never threw away a chance. Before the play began, he would bring out of his desk a handsome Geneva watch, and after showing it around, would say, "If any gentleman stakes a pound and throws in four mains, this beautiful watch will be his." Many a man tried his luck and almost universally failed, and even had he won, the boon was not very great, inasmuch as the one pound would have increased to sixteen had four mains come off right. Crockford, like many others born within the sound of "Bow Bells," always pronounced the W. V. I once heard him exclaim in reference to a horse I ran at Ascot, "Vy, Vigvam vins;" so next year I named one the Wild Whirlwind, but when I asked him what he would bet against him, he was evidently on his guard, for he replied, "I cannot lay against the horse with that odd name."

In all business transactions connected with the club he was most liberal. The suppers—which were gratuitous—were worthy the symposiums of Apicius, Heliogabalus, and other celebrated *gourmets;* he was also very considerate to those who, having stood the "hazard of the die," were great losers, seldom or never pressing them for payment, and

when he found that luck, or fortune, or whatever else it may be called, set against them, he would urge them to discontinue and try their chance some other evening. The odds in favour of the bank held by Crockford were very great; moreover, he could close it after losing £5000, by declaring "the bank is broken," while there was no limit to the sums he could win from the numbers that attended his "board of green cloth." The result was, he could only find himself £5000 out of pocket, and might, as he often did, win double that amount during an evening sitting. As a betting man and an owner of race-horses he was highly respected, the ruling passion being still strong in death; for two days before his death, Friday 24th May, 1842, so anxious was he to hear whether his horse Ratan, who started as second favourite for the Derby, had won it, that a special messenger communicated the result to the dying man.

Gambling has often been encouraged by our monarchs, and in my early days I recollect the State lotteries under the sanction of the Crown. In 1620, James I. granted permission to Clement Cottrel, Esq., groom porter to his household, to license gaming-houses in the metropolis and its suburbs, for cards, dice, bowling-alleys, tennis-courts, &c. These, as the grant expressed it, were "for the honour and reasonable recreation of good and civil people, who, by their quality and ability may lawfully use the games of bowling, tennis, dice,

cards, tables, nine holes, or any other game hereafter to be invented."

And here I must not omit to mention some curious details in the accounts of an ancestress of one of the noblest houses now in existence; for in poring over some musty manuscripts found in the steward's book of the then head of the family, the Countess of ——, the following accounts of her ladyship's amusement and expenditure between the years 1635 and 1655 appeared. On October the 5th, of the former year, the Countess's name appears as playing at shovelboard for large sums, and in the same year she patronises a dog fight at Hampton Court. Among the items of expenditure appear, "Footboy, three pounds per annum; her ladyship was evidently of an economical turn, and like Johnny Gilpin's wife, though "on pleasure bent, she had a frugal mind," as I find a charge of two shillings for vamping the page's boots. The clerk of the kitchen received seven pounds per annum; and keeper's fees were as prevalent in those days as they are at present, albeit not quite so expensive. The fee for a doe was six shillings, ten shillings for a buck, one pound for a hind, and two pounds for a stag. Pheasants cost eighteen shillings a piece, a lamb ten shillings—I recently paid more for a leg—twenty-four cheeses three shillings; claret was six pound ten shillings per hogshead, and sack five shillings and fourpence per gallon." So ran the Countess's accounts.

What a contrast is the above state of society, two

hundred and forty years ago, to what it is now! Who could bring themselves to believe that a high-bred lady could attend a dog match at Hampton Court? And how the newspapers of the present day, backed by public opinion, would denounce any one guilty of such unfeminine barbarity! Picture to oneself a countess of Victoria's reign attending the following match, which has been recently recorded. "A rat match for five pound a side took place at a tavern in Bristol, between a dog fancier of Bristol's dog Fang, and a dog named Spot belonging to another of the fraternity at Cardiff. The number of rats killed by each was twenty-five; Spot commencing first. The time occupied by this animal in killing the rats, which it appeared to do quite easy, was three minutes and a half. Fang did his work in about four minutes and a half, he being evidently not in his usual form. The Cardiff hero was therefore declared winner, having been freely backed at two to one from the commencement."

We hear of fast women in our days, who form, we sincerely trust and believe, an exception to the general rule, but cruel unfeminine female characters, except in the lowest grades of society, are not to be heard of. Albany in addressing Goneril exclaims:—

> "See thyself, devil!
> Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
> So horrid as in woman."

Thank Heaven we have no such fiends in our days.

George Bentinck was for many years the most nervous speaker in public I ever heard, and I have heard many. At Lynn, at a political meeting, or at a social floricultural or agricultural gathering, the perspiration would drop down over his fine open brow when rising to make a few observations, and he would hum and haw in a manner truly painful to his listeners. At political meetings, after humming away for half-an-hour in a voice almost inaudible, he would gain a little more courage and occupy an hour more, wearying his audience with sentences slowly dragged forth. Being the senior member, of course he took precedence of me, and this naturally enabled me to curtail my speeches; had I done otherwise, I doubt much whether the room would not have been speedily cleared. Nervous as George Bentinck was before men, he was tenfold more so when ladies were present, and as we always during the year attended at least two public dinners where the fair sex were not excluded, his martyrdom was awful.

I remember once being present at a dinner, with the late lamented Prince Consort in the chair, when a general officer got up to return thanks for the army. "May it please—may it please—Your Royal—Your Royal Highness—I rise—I rise to return thanks for the—for the British—British—and—Your Royal—" At this moment the toast-master caught hold of the General by the skirts of his coat, and said, "Thank the gentlemen and sit

down," which the gallant soldier accordingly did. Then again, I have heard of a post-prandial speaker who, wishing to pay a compliment to the land of his birth, shouted out, "England is an island—England is an island—" then forgetting the fervent eulogium he was about to make, abruptly concluded by saying. "and long may she remain so." Neither, however, of these speakers was less fluent, less self-possessed, than my colleague during the early part of his career.

Another failing he had, but this was not caused by nervousness—horror of dancing. I shall never forget his saying to me at a Lynn ball, "Now I must go and do duty. What a bore!" Off he went, and asked the daughter of one of his constituents to dance the next quadrille. The young lady had unfortunately overheard the conversation, and being somewhat *spirituelle*, replied, "Oh, don't think of doing this duty. What a bore!" repeating the latter syllables in a voice not unlike that of her would-be partner. Poor George looked rather chap-fallen, and began to stammer out an apology. The young lady, who was quite the belle of the ball, declared she was engaged until after supper, and the speech my colleague had to make at that symposium in proposing the health of the ladies, completely drove every other subject out of his head. Although nervous in speaking, no man could write a better letter than George Bentinck. His letters, lucid, copious, eloquent, and condensed, would take their stand beside those of the best writers

of our day. He was an early riser, temperate in diet, and abstemious to the greatest degree.

There is always a reverse to a medal, and there can be no doubt that George Bentinck was not free from many infirmities of temper which often led him into scrapes. Although a warm friend, he was, when offended, an enemy "to the knife," and woe to him who fell under his just displeasure! With all his faults, whenever he did get into a scrape, he never failed to act a noble part, ready (to adopt the phraseology of the days of duelling) to "give satisfaction," for his courage was as keen and as polished as his sword. He was equally prompt in explaining away any misapprehension, or in offering an apology when in the wrong.

The death of George Bentinck left a *hiatus valde deflendus*. Politicians and turfites felt the effects of it; but Empires and States have had their decline and fall, how then could it be expected that tho turf should be exempted?

Few writers have done greater justice to the memory of this departed nobleman than the present Earl of Winchelsea, who, as Viscount Maidstone, in the dedication of his poem of "Abd-el-Kader," thus speaks of him:—

"Not his those spurious arts that win the crowd,
For such base fame he was a world too proud.
He made no reckless bid for place or power;
Offspring he was—not parent—of his hour—
And yet, he serv'd his country to the knife,
And gave her what she valued most, his life.
* * * * *

His form, how glorious! his dark eye, how clear!
How cower'd a rogue before his damning sneer;
How small a trickster show'd—how more than base,
Struck by his club, all phases of disgrace;
Before his stern rebuke, bronz'd lawyers quail'd;
And thieves detected, trembled as they rail'd.
With all the guileless spirit of a child;
Mail'd in the proof of honour undefil'd;
Slow to receive malignant slander's breath,
But to a convict, pitiless as death;
A friend's misfortune ever prompt to feel,
He pass'd not by aloof—but stoop'd to heal;
The good Samaritan—too oft repaid
With injuries, and wrong, for vital aid.
* * * *
Grey morning saw thee bright with kindly cheer,
Dark evening brooded pall-wise o'er thy bier;
A voice of mourning chill'd the Winter's blast;
Along mute wires the electric tidings past;
Palace and castle, hall and peasant's cot,
(In grief united) all but grief forgot;
Friends wept—foes pitied—envy ceas'd to chide;
All felt the loss of merit none denied.
Long shall that day, that miserable day,*
Be mark'd with black—till I, too, rest in clay;
Long shall the sturdy farmer's honest heart
Deplore his loss, and his unfinish'd part;
The plain well-wisher to the common weal,
Shall miss his home-spun style, and dauntless zeal;
And those who fill his place perceive with dread
What matchless talents center'd in the dead."

* The 21st of September, 1848.

SPORTSMEN.

CHAPTER II.

JAMES MORRELL, THE BEAU IDEAL OF A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN AND SPORTSMAN—"THE NOBLE SCIENCE"—"WILKES AND LIBERTY"—HARVEST HOME AT HEADINGTON HILL—AN OXFORD DENTIST.

> "A hardy race of mortals trained to sport,
> The field their joy."
>
> LUCRETIUS.

"HUNTING is the soul of a country life; it gives health to the body and contentment to the mind; and is one of the few pleasures we can enjoy in society without prejudice either to ourselves or our friends."

So writes Beckford, and following so excellent an authority, I shall devote a few chapters to some of our mighty Nimrods; more especially as within the last few years the memoirs and lives of many eminent masters of foxhounds have been published both in books and magazines, and from the demand for them, it may be fairly inferred that the subject has been one in high favour with the public at

large, especially with the sporting community. Approving, then, as I do of the principle of recording the merits of those who still are able and willing to carry the huntsman's merry horn, I feel that it would be worse than ingratitude to forget those "past masters" whose names are identified with the glories of the chase.

With this impression strong upon my mind, I shall select from a large number a few with whom I have been intimately acquainted, the late James Morrell, Esq., formerly Master of the Old Berkshire Hounds, the Earl of Coventry, Frederick Delmé Radcliffe, Esq., formerly Master of the Hertfordshire Hounds, the Berkeleys, and Sir William Massey Stanley, Bart.

Mr. Morrell was born in 1810, and like a worthy scion of a most worthy sire, inherited a love for field sports; his father having hunted the Heading-ton harriers from 1820 to 1832. The pack originally consisted of fourteen couples of the old southern breed, and when "Jem Morrell," as he was familiarly called by his intimate friends, became master, he kept it up by drafts from Mr. Drake's, the Heythrop, and the Blackmore Vale. It would be impossible to conceive anything finer than the pack, which consisted of twenty-five couples, twenty couple of which were foxhound bitches, and five foxhounds—all level to a nicety, twenty-one inches high, and very fast. So famed were the Heading-ton Harriers that Jem Hills, no mean authority, said if he had them for one week, he would kill any

fox in England. Hannibal, who had a strong touch of the harrier about him, was ever ready to assist the "ladies," when struggling for their currant-jelly prize.

The above pack, when Mr. Morrell became a master of foxhounds, were sold to Mr. Locke of Ashton-Gifford in Wiltshire, who kept them for two seasons, and then passed them on to Sir John Cam Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton. Mr. Morrell was educated at Eton, and there, among noble and gentle aspirants for venatic fame, fostered that love for every manly pursuit which ever after characterised him.

As a practical and theoretical follower of the "noble science," as a good shot, and as a thorough and liberal supporter of the sports of "Merrie England," the owner of Headington was *nulli secundus*. I know not what studies Mr. Morrell took most delight in when an Eton boy, but I should fancy from his tastes in maturer life, that he must have selected those passages from the classic authors which treat of the chase; that he preferred Somerville to Livy, Beckford to Euripides. Unquestionably the breeding, feeding, and exercising of his hounds were such as to place them, even on a higher footing than those of Sparta; thus rendering them up to their work, so forcibly described by the Mantuan bard:

> "Urge the bold chase, and joining in full cry,
> O'er hills and dales, thro' thickest woodland fly."

From the above remarks, I am far from meaning

to convey an impression that Morrell did not go through the usual routine of a public school education with credit to himself, or that he was at all deficient in his scholastic studies. Suffice it to say that all his leisure hours were devoted to manly amusements. He was of a kind and humane disposition, and no one felt more acutely the unfortunate death of a younger brother of the present Earl of Shaftesbury, who was accidentally killed in a pugilistic encounter, than Morrell, who conveyed him from the shooting-fields to his dame's. In March, 1848, Mr. Morrell became Master of the Old Berkshire Foxhounds, and after retaining the services of a first-rate huntsman, and two efficient whippers-in, he proceeded to purchase a stud of hunters for himself and men. From the above year, until 1858, when the hounds and horses were brought to the hammer, Mr. Morrell did all in his power to improve the breed of his hounds.

During the above period nothing could exceed the hospitality of the Squire of Headington; no sportsman ever came within the reach of the Old Berkshire, without being made welcome at Mr. Morrell's board. The testimonial presented to him at Abingdon by the Old Berkshire men, proved the respect they entertained for him, and on retiring from his Mastership, there was but one feeling that pervaded every class, from the earth-stopper up to the noblest peer of the realm, and that was regret at losing so excellent a sportsman and so good a fellow. The memorial consisted of a

massive silver plateau, representing the death of a fox, with an equestrian statue of Morrell, accompanied by his huntsman Clarke, dismounted and surrounded by his hounds. It bore the following inscription:

"This group — commemorative of days in the Old Berkshire county — is presented to James Morrell, Esq., by his friends and neighbours, in testimony of his excellence as a sportsman, and of his great liberality, urbanity, and kindness as Master of the O.B.H. from 1848 to 1857."

I must now digress to offer a few remarks on the "noble science" itself.

Does the man live whose soul is so insensitive as not to feel an ecstasy of joy and animation at the exhilarating tongue of the foxhound, and the thrilling cheer of the huntsman.

> "If all the year were playing holidays,
> To sport would be as tedious as to work;
> But when they seldom come, they wished for come."

Out of respect to Shakespeare, I am willing to award to him the merit of being correct, as he mostly is touching, when describing the passions and habits of mankind; although I fancy there are many who would not esteem foxhunting "tedious work," even if it lasted all the year round—nevertheless, all doubtless return to it with greater animation after an interval of rest.

"Always get as much hunting as you can before Christmas," was the advice of a celebrated master

of foxhounds, who flourished more than half a century ago, and there can be no doubt that of the last three months of the year, November is the best, and no one should miss a day during it, who can help it. November, a sort of proscribed month to the world at large, is a perfect one to the fox-hunter; there's music in the sound of it? Others may libel it, call it gloomy, foggy November, dark, dirty November, suicidal November, or any other sort of November they like; but the sportsman welcomes it as the cheeriest, the liveliest, the pleasantest month of the calendar; masters of hounds and a few of the right sort whose hearts are in the chase, enjoy the peep-o'-day work of cub-hunting in September; and the white frosts of October, which cause a sigh from the yachtsman, the cricketer, and the fisherman for departed Summer, is pleasant to the sight of the Nimrod, as tending to loosen the leaves, prepare the ground, and clear the ditches.

True it is that fox-hunting is said to commence in October; but the real sport does not begin until the first of November, when the meet of the Quorn is advertised for Kirby Gate, and other meets appear in the columns of the newspapers. Then, when the high winds have showered down the "seared and yellow leaf," and the heavy driving rains have saturated the ground, and the hedges and ditches have become less blind, a man takes the field with the consciousness of the sport being in season.

Early in the fourteenth century hunting was becoming an organised as well as a popular pursuit, as is proved by the writings on the subject of that period. Among these, that in the highest estimation was the production of William Twici, huntsman to Edward II., written in Norman French, a translation of which is yet to be found among the Cottonian MSS. As the vast forests fell before the axe of the cultivators of the soil, the wolf and wild boar became dislodged, and as the face of the country became more open, the wealthy landowners were encouraged to hunt the deer with hounds and horses.

In the succeeding centuries the fox which had previously been hunted under ground, in common with badgers, by means of vermin terriers bred for the purpose, now became an object of sport; but when fox-hunting, according to our present notions began, is still uncertain, neither the holy Prioress of St. Albans Dame Juliana Berners, Markham, nor any of the old writers on such subjects are able to satisfy us on this point, but on the authority of the Reverend William Chafin, in his anecdotes respecting Cranbourn Chase, the first really steady pack of foxhounds established in the Western part of England, was by Thomas Fownes, Esq., of Steepleton in Dorsetshire about the year 1730.

I have been unable to trace the origin of the Royal Hunt, which unquestionably is of very ancient date. The office of Master of Buckhounds existed in the time of Edward II., and probably the

old treatise on hunting was written by that monarch; the office was hereditary, and frequently a sinecure until the restoration of Charles II.

The character of the hound before the period of the Restoration I have no means of ascertaining. Up to the reign of Elizabeth, I glean that a certain dog resembling the deerhound, that is still to be met with in Scotland, was principally used in hunting deer. Shakespeare, however, describes a very different animal in his "Midsummer Night's Dream," and he was much too close an observer of nature not to carry great weight in all he writes. According to his description, his hound must resemble what we call the bloodhound. At the Restoration, judging from a portrait of a foxhound which appeared in a picture of the Duke of Monmouth, I conclude that the Duke, who was a thorough sportsman, introduced this breed.

James II. followed the chase, and, when Duke of York, was one of its warmest supporters.

Of the hounds of that day we have a proof of the strength and endurance in the following account of a run recorded by Robert Nunn, the huntsman, dated August, 1681:—

"A stag was roused at Swinley Rails, in Windsor Forest, which, bending his course northward, crossed the River Thames at Maidenhead, and through the county of Bucks, between High Wycombe and Beaconsfield; passing by the towns of Amersham and Chesham, he made over the hills towards Berkhampstead, in Hertforshire; then

turning eastward to Redburn and Hatfield, crossed a river a little below Hoddesden, and entered the county of Essex; was afterwards driven to Epping, High Onger Park, Kelvedon Common, Pilgrim's Watch, Brentwood Bound, and Thorndon Park, near Lord Petre's Park, where he fell gloriously, after running a course of seventy miles and upwards. The Duke of York rode the whole chase, and, with five persons more, was in at the death. His Royal Highness dined with Lord Petre. The next morning he returned, and when he came to Court related all that was done to the King."

I can find no account between this event and the accession of George III. The establishment, as then constituted, consisted of a huntsman, one whipper-in, and six yeomen prickers. These, as the term implies, were men of independent means, and the word "pricker" did not, as it has been thought by some, mean a person who had to prick the deer when the scent was so bad as not to be made out by the hounds. Prickers in olden times were riders, and they retained the title; hence in Spenser I find:—

"A gentle knight was pricking o'er the plain."

These yeomen lived in the neighbourhood, and were expected to attend only on hunting days; they had service money and their dress given; they carried each a French horn, which they sounded at certain parts of the chase to set tunes, thus denoting the part going on. When the deer

was uncarted, the hounds were led up to the spot, the prickers heading them in a line, blowing a set piece, which, in concert with the tuneful melody of the pack, animated the whole scene. It was their duty to do the like when the hounds were stopped, which was done at least twice, to give further law to the deer, to allow tail hounds to come up, and to give His Majesty and the Court a chance again to resume their place in the hunt. The forest at this time was not enclosed, and the roads, all diverging from one point, completely intersected the vast space as far as the eye could range, some in a straight line for many miles; this enabled the Royal party to make their point. The King, commonly called "Farmer George," was an ardent lover of hunting, and his robust constitution enabled him to enjoy it to his heart's content. He devoted six days to the sport, dividing his time between his private pack of harriers, the buck-hounds, and agricultural business.

His Majesty was not a rider up to hounds, even in those slow times; he had early been taught in the school, and his seat was strictly military. He rode heavy, and his choice of horses was such as we rarely see now, not exceeding fifteen hands, but with form, strength, and activity. His pace was an easy canter, hence the necessity of stopping the hounds to let the Royal party come up; there were two or more second horsemen, who acted as beacons, to show the direction the hounds went.

The dress worn by the King, the Master of the

Hunt, and the Court, was a pale blue coat, with black cuffs and a collar, and a black velvet hunting cap. Nothing could exceed the affability of His Majesty towards those who joined the hunt; he was quick at a joke and repartee, and enjoyed a smart saying amazingly. I could relate many Royal anecdotes—one must suffice.

Marsden, the horse-dealer, was a great favourite with the King. A horse was shown to His Majesty as he was about to mount to join the hunt. It was ridden and approved of, but the King, with his usual quickness, saw Marsden put into the hands of the groom a piece of paper.

"Hey, hey! What is that? what is that?" asked the monarch.

"The horse's pedigree, and may it please your Majesty."

"Ay, well, Marsden, well, hey! what? And if I don't like it, I suppose you will give me another, hey?"

Upon this Farmer George rode off chuckling, and evidently delighted with his happy retort. The establishment as it now exists was formed in 1813, when the fourth Duke of Richmond presented his pack of foxhounds to the Prince Regent for the purpose of stag-hunting; these hounds combined stoutness, activity, and courage.

So many works have been written upon fox-hunting by men more competent than myself to do justice to the subject, that I will not dwell further upon it; suffice it to say, that it

never met with more encouragement than it does in the present day. Melton has not fallen off, and the shires can boast of some first-rate packs; foxes, despite the great increase of game, are plentiful, and vulpecides extremely scarce.

Few more graphic descriptions of the covert side have been given than the following, from the pen of Mrs. Charles Gore, in her novel, the "Banker's Daughter."

"It is generally admitted that the covert side is one of the most social gathering places of a sporting county; the fountain head of its feuds and reconciliations, its politics and scandal. All men 'qualified to bear arms' hasten thither, as if in proof of their metal; and even the veteran sportsmen of the neighbourhood, long retired from the active pleasures of the field, make it a point to repair to the 'coffee-room' whenever a meet takes place within reasonable distance.

"Few country spectacles are more exciting, in short, than the rendezvous of a favourite pack, to which, on all sides, equipages of every sort are repairing in full animation, from the family coach of the Squire to the knowing dog-cart of the trainer. Natty grooms, leading their masters' horses, but jealously watching the condition of the grooms and horses of other masters; the sportsmen themselves, arriving singly, doubly, or in groups, on their road hacks, in their mouth a cigar, or a reprimand for their luckless lad, who is sure to be too late or too early, or to have heated their hunters in zeal to prove

over-punctuality; and finally, the weather-beaten, shrewd-faced old huntsman and sturdy whipper-in, centaurs whose man moiety is encased in scarlet and black velvet, followed by, or following, the pack of eager, high-couraged hounds, who move together vivacious and compact as though a quarter of an acre of snow were suddenly endued with life and muscularity; all conspire to impart to the winter landscape a degree of vigour and vitality such as, amid the more vivid impressions of summer, a race-course alone avails to call into action.

"All the world, animate or inanimate, is in towering spirits; care is forgotten, business laid aside. The statesman renounces his politics, the country doctor neglects his patients, the bridegroom

"'Forgets the bride
Was made his wife yestere'en.'

The farmer defies his wife's prohibitions, and the farmer's son the farmer's, the moment the hounds are heard or seen making their way towards the spot where two to four hundred healthy happy individuals are met together for the annihilation of a monster two feet long, whose direct offence against the community consists in robbing a hen roost." And here I may remark that in consideration of the truth and sportsman-like character of the above sketch, the tiny sneer with which it concludes may be pardoned.

One word upon hare-hunting, which, although it cannot be compared with fox-hunting, still ranks

high as a quiet, sober, old English, gentlemanlike amusement, and there are many men who carry out successfully the science of hare-hunting. Among them may be named Mr. Morrell's brother-in-law, Mr. C. Dundas Everett of Besselsleigh, Berkshire. His pack for size, shape, condition, and symmetry cannot be matched in the United Kingdom. These beagles are what such hounds should be, high-bred, keen-nosed, well-matched, well-shaped, sleek-skinned, and strongly limbed. These "wandering minstrels," (as they have been termed) for their prowess is not confined to Berkshire, gave rise to the following extemporaneous lines :—

"What notes are now heard so harmoniously sweet?
Through the woodlands their melody bursts on the ear;
'Tis the accent of Gaylass, 'tis Caroline's breath;
'Tis the voice of a Bonny Lass, gentle and clear.
Hark! Blackcap, and Crafty, Bertha, Honesty too;
Susan, Tomboy, and Vivian join in the strain;
While Jollity, Butterfly, Fair Rosamond true,
Like the rush of the whirlwind, fly over the plain."

The master, whose urbanity and agreeable deportment are proverbial, has received substantial proofs of his popularity, as the landowners and tenants, wherever he has once hunted, have warmly invited him to come again. I had the good fortune to be out with these beagles during my visit to Headington Hall, and a prettier day's sport was never seen. We found a hare upon Mr. Morrell's property. Crash went a burst of as lovely melody as ever saluted the ears of the followers of the "merry beagles." Away they raced, as beautiful a cry

and spectacle as ever eye hath seen or ear heard; and, after a fine hunting run, poor puss was killed near Nuneham village.

While on the subject of hare-hunting, I cannot refrain from giving the following anecdote of Wilkes, the celebrated politician, or, as he was familiarly called, "Jack Wilkes," Member of Parliament, Alderman, fine gentleman, scholar, coarse wit, and middling writer. The popularity to which he had attained at one time was immense. "Wilkes and Liberty" was the motto of the entire English nation. It was on every wall; sometimes on every door, and on every coach (to insure it a safe passage); it stamped the butter-pats, the biscuits, and was emblazoned in golden letters on the gingerbread; in short, so identified was the name of the patriot with liberty, that a wit, in writing to a stranger, commenced his letter, "Sir, I take the 'Wilkes and Liberty' to assure you." Wilkes was wont to tell an excellent story of Alderman Sawbridge, a city hero, who was induced to go out hunting. The sport was quite novel to him, and having an indistinct idea, from reading accounts of tiger-hunting in the East, that danger was connected with it, the gallant alderman went forth in the full uniform of the City trained bands, to which he belonged. Being told that the hare was coming his way, he boldly laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, and replied with perfect self-possession, "Is he, Sir? Let him come."

I must now return to the subject of my memoir.

After doffing the "pink" and ceasing to fasten the cheering horn to his saddle-bow, Mr. Morrell contrived to amuse himself with his greyhounds and his gun. Many a good course have I seen at Culham, and many a hare, pheasant, and partridge have I knocked over at Whitley, and in the adjoining stubble.

In February 1853, Mr. Morrell was appointed High Sheriff of the County; in September, 1860, he gave a grand banquet to Lieutenant-Colonel North, and the officers and members of the Oxford City Rifle Corps, which was attended by the Lords-Lieutenant of the counties of Oxford and Berks, the Bishop of Oxford and other influential personages. In proposing the host's health the Duke of Marlborough spoke as follows :—

"No one thing, however, contributed more to the greatness and prosperity of this country than its commercial activity, and it was very gratifying to find men, by steady, earnest application, amassing for themselves an independent fortune, and at the same time attaining the highest position and respect. He thought those present would agree with him that his respected friend Mr. Morrell was one in whose person the justice of these observations was exemplified. His commercial prosperity represented what an Englishman might attain by uprightness and integrity of conduct, while his acts showed that in amassing the wealth which God had placed in his hands, he desired to make his neighbours happy, and to promote every object of public

usefulness, as a magistrate, a neighbour, and a citizen, and in aiding and abetting this glorious Volunteer Movement, and bringing all in one united feeling of good-will and fellowship."

Upon the principle of the Old English Gentleman, immortalized in song, who, "though he feasted all the great, he ne'er forgot the poor," Mr. Morrell determined that the humbler, as well as the higher, classes should participate in this celebration. He accordingly caused to be distributed at the Town Hall three thousand pounds of mutton, two thousand quartern loaves, and two thousand quarts of beer to one thousand five hundred poor families resident in Oxford, the total number of persons who thus shared his bounty amounted to five thousand five hundred and fifty-six.

Many a happy hour have I passed at Headington Hill. In addition to the host's own horses, he always had a pair of job horses ready at a moment's notice to take any of his guests into Oxford. At breakfast plans for the day were arranged; an excursiou to Blenheim on his well appointed coach and four; a day's coursing, or shooting, or a party to lionise the city of learning.

One of the most interesting scenes I ever witnessed was a harvest home which took place in October. The labourers upon his own estate, and upon that of his neighbour, Farmer Fry, were all invited to this annual gathering. It was indeed a joyous sight to witness the sons and daughters of labour

lay by their toil for a day to indulge in harmless recreation. Let us accompany them to a large tent, which had been erected for the occasion in the farm-yard of Blackbird Lees, where they did justice to the ample fare provided for them, and following the fashion adopted when describing other large entertainments, I must mention, in the usual phraseology, that "the tables groaned under the luxuries of the season," which, instead of *pâtés de foie gras*, galantines, mayonaise, cold chickens, ham, game, sweets and ices, consisted of beef, mutton, veal, pork, rabbit pies and plum pudding; two barrels of excellent beer were tapped upon this occasion, and were as much enjoyed by the humble tillers of the land as claret-cup and iced champagne are by the upper ten thousand. At the termination of the meal, pipes were lit, and dancing commenced, a fiddler having been engaged for the occasion. The peasants, clad in their Sunday attire, led forth their rosy-cheeked partners, who skipped over the green sward, if not with the lightest of steps, yet with the lightest of hearts. Listen to the laugh, the jest; watch the mirth and merriment of the younger folks, as they trip it gaily, and mark the joyous yet more sedate looks of the matrons and their "gude old men," as they gaze upon a scene where,

> "Each village lass is proud to wear
> Her newest gown and bonnet,
> While dames of three score whisper near
> And moralize upon it."

How they danced! they never seemed to tire, old and young, light hearts and happy times—

> "The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
> By holding out, to tire each other down."

It was a happy scene, and was long remembered, not only by the recipients of Mr. Morrell's kindness, but by all who witnessed it. Happily the stream of public feeling is evidently flowing in favour of occasional freedom from toil. Rest from labour is a privilege that ought to be granted to everyone; and in all ages of the world recreation has been the resource of the million, without reference to rank, sex, or condition. Let me then ask the canting lachrymose ascetics who unfortunately exist in our day, and who consider the enjoyment of the humbler classes a crime, why the mind of the hardy son of the soil is to know no respite, why the sturdy arm is never to move except in toil, and why popular diversions and manly exercises are to be enjoyed exclusively by the higher orders? National advancement will not be retarded by public sports duly regulated, and we shall rue the hour when harvest-homes, May-day games, and Christmas revels are banished from the land where once they flourished, and where legal provision was made for public pastimes.

An amusing adventure occurred to me during a visit to Heddington Hill. I had been out shooting all day, and naturally not in a very tidy state, for the day was wet, and the ground muddy. At

luncheon, being "troubled with a raging tooth," I made up my mind to walk into Oxford and seek the first dentist I could to extract it. It was dusk when I reached the High Street, where I went to a practitioner to whom I had been recommended; he was from home so I sought another. Upon inquiring if Mr. —— was at home, I was informed that he was, but that the hours of attendance were over; this was told me by a page, who from my appearance evidently did not think me likely to be worthy of any extra attention, and suggested that I should call again in the morning. A sudden pain gave me confidence, and I told the youth that it would not be in my power to call again. Upon this I was shown into what has been fairly termed the "Chamber of Horrors," and, after being kept for nearly twenty minutes, the dental-surgeon made his appearance. He, too, did not seem particularly struck with my appearance, for my shooting-jacket had been torn when getting though a fence, my cord trousers were stained with mud, and my boots were covered with dirt.

"After hours," said Mr. ——, in rather an off-hand manner, "there, sit down—I'll soon have it out."

I need not dwell on the operation; when concluded, I asked how much I was indebted for it, "Five shillings," he replied, looking as much as to say, "I doubt his being worth that." I handed half-a-sovereign, when I fancied I saw a slight change of countenance, which I interpreted into an

idea that he regretted not having named the latter sum. After pocketing the change, I inquired whether a little cotton would not keep the cold out?

"Tie your handkerchief over your cheek, that's sufficient."

"I haven't far to go," I said.

"Really!" he replied.

"No, only just to Headington Hill, to my friend Morrell's."

Then came a sudden change of countenance.

"A friend of Mr. Morrell's, eh?"

"Oh yes;" I responded, "I've been with him for the last three weeks."

"Pray sit down again," proceeded Mr. ——. "You might possibly take cold, let me insert a little cotton steeped in Eau-de-Cologne."

This was accordingly done, and I took my departure. Next day we were to drive to Woodstock, so I made an arrangement that Mr. Morrell should pick me up in the town and, mischievously disposed, I named a spot immediately opposite the dentist's door; this would, I thought, confirm my statement that I was on a visit to Headington Hill. Next day at one o'clock, Mr. Morrell's carriage and four, with two postilions, drew up at the appointed place, and I took my seat by the side of Mr. Morrell ou the box-seat. As we drove off, I looked up at the window of Mr. ——'s house, where I saw him standing, his eyes and mouth evidently out of the usual dimensions. I laughed

heartily over the incident; but not wishing to do the dental surgeon an injury, I confided it to my host under a promise of secrecy.

Upon one occasion Mr. Morrell, during a temporary indisposition, was told by a medical friend to confine himself to a glass of wine at dinner.

"One glass!" said he, with astonishment.

"Yes, you may select a large one," responded the other.

"Well, come and dine with me to-day, and you will be able to judge whether I follow your prescription."

Overhearing this conversation, I walked into Oxford with a view of purchasing a large glass, and to my surprise and delight, I found at an old curiosity shop one capable of holding two ordinary wine bottles. This I bought, and letting Mrs. Morrell into my secret, the butler was ordered to fill the huge goblet with dry champagne, and at a given notice to hand it to his master.

"And now, doctor," said the host, as the entrées were being handed round, "I may as well have my glass of champagne, you don't object to this small tumbler."

"Certainly not," responded the medical man.

"Bring me the champagne!" exclaimed Morrell. I gave a sign to the butler, who immediately handed him the glass worthy the table of the Emperor of Brobdingnag.

"Why what's this?" asked the host, evidently taken aback.

"A small present I purchased for you this morning," I replied.

The whole party laughed; the doctor owned that he had been fairly outwitted, adding that next time he would prescribe so many ounces, and not trust to measure. After taking a good draught, Morrell passed the glass as a "loving cup," of which all the party partook.

I was present with poor Morrell when he met with an accident, which led eventually to his death. I was driving with him in his phaeton from Brighton, towards Preston, when a run away carriage, driven by a lady, with a gentleman by her side, galloped past us. We proceeded quietly, keeping at a respectful distance, and after going about a mile, found the carriage had been upset against a bank by the roadside. In descending from the phaeton to offer our aid, my companion fell, but immediately recovered himself and we approached the party, preparing to drive the lady back. She, however, gallantly refused, saying that she was sure she could manage the pony who had been frightened by a dog, but who was usually very quiet.

"Let me look at your leg," I said to Morrell, as the lady drove off. "Here's a public-house, we can easily be shown into a private room."

On inspecting the wound, all I could see was a slight abrasion about the size of a florin. I washed away the gravel that had penetrated through the trousers, tied a piece of linen rag round it, and we

drove back to the Albion Hotel. At that period my friend lived what is termed "generously," and as he had a large party staying with him at the hotel, the bottle was pretty freely circulated. The next morning, upon coming down to breakfast, I was told that Mr. Morrell had passed a very bad night, and was extremely unwell, inflammation having set in and carbuncles were making their appearance. Thanks to the attention and skill of one of the most kind-hearted medical men I ever knew, Sir John Cordy Burrows, Morrell was able to go home in about three weeks. I was pressed to accompany him, which I accordingly did. During that period I saw evident changes for the worst in my host's health, and, when about to leave at the end of the three weeks, he begged me to remain as he felt far from strong. It is always painful to watch the progress of a disease, and I could not but help feeling that poor Morrell was sinking slowly; such proved to be the case, for within a few months I attended his funeral.

Up to his last moment, though borne down by sickness, he never forgot one of the golden rules of life, that of lending a fostering hand to those in distress. Of him it may be truly said during his life, "When he looks around him on the world, he is soothed with the pleasing remembranee of good offices which he has done, or at least studied to do. How comfortable the reflection that him no poor man can upbraid for having withheld his due; him no unfortunate man can reproach for having seen and

despised his sorrows; but that on his head are descending the prayers of the needy and the aged, and that the hands of those whom his protection has supported, or his bounty has fed, are lifted up in secret to bless him.

"He's gone! he's gone! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born.
Thee, *Morrell*, Nature's sel shall mourn,
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd.
Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash of state;
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth,
And weep thee ae best fellow fate
E'er lay in earth."

BURNS.

SPORTSMEN.

CHAPTER III.

LORD DEERHURST—HONBLE. W. COVENTRY—FAGGING AT WESTMINSTER—BARCLAY OF URY—FOOT-RACE—A JEU D'ESPRIT.

"What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!"
GOLDSMITH.

AT Westminster I was fag to the Honourable William Coventry, fourth son of the seventh Earl, who, I am happy to say, is still thriving, and as kind-hearted as ever. One Saturday, just as we were "locked up" at our dames', and I was busily employed in preparing my master's boots, for he was an awful "buck,"—the word dandy was not then in vogue—and nothing short of the brilliancy of Day and Martin would satisfy him, the trusty porter, Dick, rapped at the door and announced Lord Deerhurst. Great was his Lordship's surprise to find me with blacking-brush in hand, giving the last polish to a pair of Hessian boots, and greater still was it when he saw on the window

seat a dirty, greasy gridiron, which I told him I was about to clean.

"Your brother," said I, "is in Erskine's room, shall I call him?"

"I'll not trouble you," responded the new arrival.

"He'll be here immediately," I continued, "as he was to dress at three o'clock."

In a few minutes my master entered, and introduced me to his brother. There was something peculiarly captivating in Lord Deerhurst's manner, who after a time turned to me and said,

"If you are not going home to-day, perhaps Dr. Dodd would allow you to come with us to Coventry House; the family are out of town, and we can give you a bed."

To this I joyfully assented, and suggested that a note should be sent to my worthy tutor to obtain his permission.

"I think I can do more with him in an interview," responded Deerhurst. "Send in my card, Willy," he proceeded, addressing his brother.

The interview was short but satisfactory, and permission to remain until Sunday night was granted. I started off to dress and pack up my portmanteau, and soon found myself sitting by the side of my new acquaintance in a phaeton behind a splendid pair of horses; my master, out of school, giving me precedence. Upon reaching Coventry House, I was introduced to Lady Mary Deerhurst, a

daughter of the Duke of St. Albans, whom my host had recently married. Nothing could exceed her beauty, except, perhaps, the charm of her manner, and she received me most cordially. A drive in the park in an open carriage, a first-rate dinner, and a box at the opera house formed the programme for the afternoon and evening.

For conversational powers, sparkling wit, and exuberance of spirits, few could surpass Lord Deerhurst in those days, and these qualities he enjoyed to his latest hour. My Westminster master was also full of fun, and as we met on an equality, I, for the moment, forgot that in Dean's Yard, as his fag, I was little better than a menial servant, though of course I blamed the system, not him who carried it out.

I will here say that William Coventry was an excellent master, a great contrast to one whom I afterwards served, and who was an awful tyrant. I do not mention his name, as he has within a few years been gathered to his ancestors; he, however, carried on his eccentricities—I adopt a very mild phrase—in after-life, having once, in a fit of temper, fired at and wounded his gamekeeper.

This youth, a Scotchman by birth, was an expert skater, a good fives-player, an excellent cricketer, and a fair shot, so his fags had no sinecure offices. When we were not employed as in-door "servants-of-all-work" we were obliged to attend him in his amusements—fastening on his skates, lacing his boots, looking out for his lost balls at fives, fagging

out at cricket, and carrying his leaping-pole shot-bag, and powder-flask when he went out with his gun after a traditionary snipe in Tothill Fields.

His amusement during a half-holiday was to put a team of boys together, and drive them through the yard and passages; fortunately, for him, none of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals knew of his proceedings, or he would have been severely dealt with for his unmerciful infliction of the lash. Now and then, by way of varying the scene, I was ordered to "cag a sky," anglicè, turn a blackguard out of the yard, with the cheering encouragement from my master, "If you don't lick him, I'll lick you." This foray was usually attended with at least a black-eye, and a flow of the "purple stream" from the olfactory organ.

Being himself in the sixth form, he was permitted to have two fags, and no two galley-slaves ever worked harder. We called him at seven, lit his fire (often purchasing firewood from our miserable weekly pittance of sixpence) attended to the boiling of his hot water, cleaned his boots, brushed his clothes, filled his pitcher (a huge stone jug) at the pump in Dean's Yard—no joke on a cold, raw, frosty morning; scoured the frying-pan and grid-iron which he had used on the previous evening in cooking sprats, sausages, beef-steaks, mutton-chops, or kidneys, and prepared his breakfast.

That the system of fagging was carried out to too great an extent at the period referred to cannot be denied, often to the detriment of the sufferer's health, and continually to the drawback of his learning. Still, many a fine fellow, who proved an ornament in after-life as a clergyman, statesman, lawyer, soldier, or sailor, underwent that severe code of duty which reminded one not a little of the hard task-masters of the Egyptian King of ancient days, or the more modern Pharaohs of the cotton-mills, before legislature stepped in and put an end to their cruelties. What rendered our lot harder was that our work was great and our wages small; an occasional treat of bread, cheese, and beer in the cricket-field on match days, the drained leaves of the three-shilling Hyson, the wretched remains of a cold greasy crumpet, the tail end of a half-penny bloater, and the reversionary interest of a Britannia-metal teapot formed our remuneration.

But I have lingered too long sub tegmine *fagi*. Westminster, with all thy faults, I love thee still. Doctor Cary, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, was the best of masters. Poor Page possessed an honest warm heart under a rough exterior. Dr. Dodd my tutor, whose warnings I have remembered but too well, though too late, when I have erred, and whose counsels I have but followed when I have done well or wisely, was, as Byron said of Dr. Drury, the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed; and here I have a pride,

a pleasure, in acknowledging that to him do I owe all that I know; I never think of "Jemmy Dodd," as he was irreverently termed, but with gratitude and veneration, and should more gladly boast of having been his pupil, if by more closely following his injunctions I could reflect any honour upon my instructor. Smedley, Campbell, Knox, Ellis, and Longlands were the other masters, and with the exception of Smedley, I served under all in their respective forms, from the under petty to the upper fifth.

Few delights are greater in life than a retrospection of past pleasures. As I write, what scenes come crowding to my mind's eye! how vividly do the friends of my boyhood appear before me! how plainly do I see Dean's Yard, and the crowd of merry urchins revelling in visions of happy days. I was then young and free from care; years have passed away, and the world looks darker. Still there are comforts left, a happy home, health, and a disposition to enjoy the society of a few old and valued friends.

The Earls of Coventry may trace their origin to John Coventry (who lived in the reign of Henry VI.) whose father was a citizen of Coventry, and who himself was placed in the humble situation of a mercer in London. By honest industry, he became the architect of his own fortune, and having acquired great riches was chosen Sheriff of London in 1416, and Lord Mayor in 1426. He was one of the three executors appointed by the famous

Richard Whittington, the hero of our childish days, to complete the building of Newgate, part of Guildhall, and the library of Grey Friars, Christ Church. He is praised by all our early historians for the firmness and discretion with which he several times interposed in the furious contest for power so long maintained between Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and his uncle, Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, which terminated in the murder of the one and in the miserable death, six weeks after, of the other.

Lineally descended, it is said, from him (and a more honourable origin could not be wished for), though separated by the wide distance of more than a century, with no remaining records to form the chain of connection, was Viscount Coventry, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII., at Cassington, near Yarnton, Oxfordshire.

His son and heir, Richard, left issue two sons: John, who inherited the paternal estate, and Thomas, who was raised to knighthood, became serjeant-at-law, King's serjeant, and was appointed one of the justices of the Common Pleas by James I. It was he who purchased for his family inheritance the estate and manor of Croome d'Abitot, in Worcestershire.

Passing over a brief period, I come to Lord-Keeper Coventry, whose portraiture may be seen, vigorously, although somewhat partially, drawn by Clarendon, in his "History of the Rebellion," slightly but beautifully touched by Grainger in his

"Biographical History," and roughly yet spiritedly sketched by Fuller in his "History of the British Worthies," and who was born at Croome in 1578, and died in 1639. John, the eldest son of the Lord-Keeper, by his second marriage had a son, Sir John Coventry, who was a steady supporter of the Country against the Court party; he was member for Weymouth in the Long Parliament and in all the Parliaments of Charles II. In the month of December, 1670, it had been proposed by the Country party to lay a tax upon play-houses, to which one of the courtiers objected, stating that "the players were the King's servants and part of his pleasure." In reply, Sir John asked, "Whether the King's pleasure lay with the men or the women?" This stroke of satire aimed at the "Merry Monarch," who, besides his mistresses of higher quality, had at that time two actresses—Davis and Nell Gwynne, so fired the King with anger that he took a most unjustifiable way of avenging himself. Sir John was waylaid by some of his guards, acting under the Sovereign's orders, and although he bravely defended himself, he was overpowered, and his nose was cut to the bone, to teach him, as he was told, the respect due to Kings. The Commons were greatly and justly offended by this attack upon a gentleman and a member of their House, and they immediately passed a law—ever since known as the "Coventry Act"—which made it a capital offence to maim any person, and which also, by a special clause, declared the criminals in

the present instance incapable of receiving the Royal pardon. Sir John soon recovered from his wounds, and survived this barbarous outrage many years.

To return to the Lord-Keeper's family. His eldest son, Thomas, who was the father of the third Baron, seems to have withdrawn almost from public into private life. John we have referred to; Francis, the third son, does not appear to have made any prominent figure in public life, while Henry, the fourth son, had numerous diplomatic honours heaped upon him. He was twice ambassador at the Court of Sweden, and was sent with Lord Holles to the Congress at Breda, where the treaty of peace was signed with France, Denmark, and the States-General. Clarendon describes him as "an able negotiator, and equal to any business." Bishop Burnet, who knew him personally, says that "he was a man of wit and ardour, of spirit and candour," and relates an instance of a happy turn of expression in one of his Parliamentary speeches which was much noted at the time. He had been attacked for some assertion he had made on a former occasion, when, among other things, he declared that "he had always spoken sincerely, and as he really thought; and if," exclaimed he, "an angel should come from Heaven, and should say otherwise"—here general attention was aroused, all wondering how he would finish a sentence so strangely begun, when after a moment's pause, he added, "I am sure such a spirit

could never get back to Heaven again, for he would be a lying spirit and a fallen angel." Of George William, the sixth Earl, it was said, "Vita omnis consulariter acta verendum pene ipsum magis quam honorem faciebat." At Croome, under his fostering care and well directed skill, he saw with pleasure, and the whole country with wonder, a park, gardens, islands, clumps of trees, shrubberies, lakes, springing out of a mere bog, and a barren waste converted into productive soil, and in some parts into land of rich fertility.

"The most skilful drainer I know," wrote Mr. Darke in his 'Agricultural Survey,' "was the late Earl of Coventry. His part of the country was a morass not much more than a century back, but it is now perfectly dry, sound for sheep and cattle. It may be justly called a pattern farm to the whole kingdom, from its well-formed plantations, and its judicious and extensive drains."

His Lordship was twice married; first to the beautiful Maria Gunning, and secondly to Barbara, daughter of Lord St. John. By his first wife he had one son and three daughters; by his second, two sons and one daughter, who died in her infancy.

George William, seventh Earl, succeeded his father in 1809. He married twice. His first wife left no issue; by his second he had a numerous family, the eldest being Viscount Deerhurst, afterwards eighth Earl of Coventry, the subject of this memoir. His father, who was devoted to the chase,

met with a very severe accident, which deprived him of the sight of both eyes. It occurred when hunting with the Duke of Beaufort in Oxfordshire. The noble lord, who was an excellent and keen sportsman, and who belonged to that class who never crane or turn away from a brook or fence, charged a stiff post and rail which his horse refused; again he made a similar attempt, when at last the animal breasted it, and fell over with his whole weight upon his rider's head. It appeared almost a miracle that Lord Coventry was not killed on the spot; he, however, recovered, and for years was happy and content under the sad affliction, greatly soothed by the care of a devoted wife, sons and daughters.

I have now traced the genealogy of the Coventry family, and must return to my Westminster patron, Lord Deerhurst, to whom, from the day I first became acquainted with him until that of his death, I was bound by the strongest ties of friendship.

Croome has ever been the scene of the greatest hospitality; in the seventh Earl's time it was graced by the presence of five beautiful and accomplished daughters, and four sons devoted to every manly amusement The hunting in the neighbourhood was good, and the covers were well-stocked with game and were strictly preserved.

Among the constant guests there was the late Duke of Gloucester, who certainly did not merit the title of "Silly Billy," which some would-be wit

of the day nick-named him; for if not as brilliant in conversation as some of his royal cousins, his mind was well stored, no pains having been spared in his education.

A more eager sportsman with a gun I never met, and in truth I am bound to add a more indifferent shot I never saw. His Royal Highness reminded me of a story which has been told of a noble lord, still flourishing, who upon saying to a keeper,

"I suppose you've scarcely ever met with a worse shot than I am?"

"Oh yes, my Lord," responded the other, "I've met with many a worse, for you misses them so cleanly."

The Duke's prowess in the field in 1823 is thus described by the Reverend Francis Trench, M.A., in a very amusing work entitled "A Few Notes from Past Life." "A couple of dinner parties have just taken place. At the last Mr. Weld dined, who had just come from a large shooting party at Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh's. It came, we heard, to an untimely end, from the Duke of Gloucester severely injuring one of the Walpoles, by shooting him in the face before they had been out ten minutes. This royal carelessness is no joke. It is a point of etiquette, unless the damage is very severe, not to inform the high personage of the accident; so you have not even this consolation, not even royal sympathy, when so well deserving it. In fact, the gentlemen, who are accomplished

companions of His Royal Highness, pride themselves on not even squeaking when peppered by his shot. He is very good-natured, and it would vex him. I have heard very amusing accounts of his performances. He is a very bad shot, and so when he fires at a pheasant, a keeper immediatly calls out, 'Well shot, Your Royal Highness,' and emerges from a coppice with a bird in his hand, kept for that purpose in the bag at his side."

I give the extract as it appears, but whether the reverend writer's information as to the keeper's bird can be relied upon I will not stop to inquire; but I cannot bring myself to believe that the companions of His Royal Highness prided themselves on never "squeaking" when peppered and I think that the writer has drawn largely on his imagination for what he describes as a fact.

Gronow tells rather a good story of dyeing. "The Duke of Gloucester frequently visited Cheltenham during the season. Upon one occasion he called upon Colonel Higgins, brother to the equerry of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and on inquiring of the servant if his master was at home, received for answer,

"'My master is dyeing.'

"'Dying!' repeated the Duke, 'have you sent for a doctor?'

"'No, Sir.'

"His Royal Highness immediately ran back into

the street, and having the good fortune to find a medical man, he requested him to come at once to Colonel Higgins, as he was on the point of death. The Duke and the doctor soon reached the Colonel's house, and after again asking the servant how his master was, that functionary replied,

"'I told you, Sir, that he is dyeing.'

"They mounted the staircase, and were rather amused to find the reported invalid busily occupied in dyeing his hair."

During the time I was at Westminster I became acquainted with one of the most sporting men of his day, Barclay of Ure; he was an intimate friend of my uncle, the late Marquess of Huntley, afterwards Duke of Gordon. On Saturdays and Sundays when Huntley was in town he lived at my father's residence Richmond House, Privy Gardens, and the "Cock of the North," as he was called, being rather fond of manly sports, pugilism included, found a genial companion in the gallant Captain. Barclay's wonderful feat of walking a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours, at the rate of a mile in each and every hour, is well known, but not only as a pedestrian did he strive conspicuously, he was equally good as an amateur sparrer. One wet afternoon when I and a young Westminster friend of mine were practising with the gloves, the Captain entered the room, expecting to find Huntley there.

"Bravo, youngsters," said the delighted visitor, "I never saw two better attitudes, no stiffness,

knees elastic, body a little bent, head and shoulders forward, hands well up; capitally stopped and returned, a good judge of distance, never fight at the body, well hit. There, my boys, that will do," continued Barclay, as the last commended blow drew (what, in the language of the ring, is called) a considerable quantity of "claret" from my nasal organ.

"I have not hurt you, I hope," said my Westminster "chum," holding out his hand.

"Not at all," I replied, although for the moment my feelings belied my tongue, for a right-hander on the nose is no joke when put in by an athletic youth.

"You are both brave fellows," said Barclay, taking a couple of guineas out of his purse. "It's a drawn battle, and you must divide the stakes."

We thanked the gallant Captain, who, before he took his leave added, "I hope some Saturday, when your uncle dines out, you will come and take a chop with me at the 'Blue Posts,' and we can drop into Tom Cribb's for an hour afterwards."

"What's this I hear about my friend, Tom Cribb?" asked Huntley, who now entered the room.

"I've invited these young fellows to dine and accompany me to Cribb's," responded Barclay.

"I'll make one," said Huntley. "What say you to next Saturday week?"

"That will suit my arrangements," replied

Barclay. "Remember, young 'uns, the 'Blue Posts,' Cork Street, at six o'clock."

Before I give an account of the dinner, I will lay before my readers a slight sketch of my new acquaintance. Robert Barclay Allardice, of Ure, was born in Scotland, and at eight years of age was sent to England for his education; he was four years at Richmond, and three at Brixton Causeway School, and afterwards went to Cambridge.

He entered the service of his country as an ensign in the 23rd Fusiliers, and accompanied his regiment to the Continent in 1805, his corps, forming part of the army which was sent for the protection of Hanover. He was afterwards promoted to a company, but saw no actual service until the fatal expedition to Walcheren, where he acted as aide-de-camp to Lord Huntley, embarking for that pestiferous climate a few days after he had finished his pedestrian performance at Newmarket, and, although greatly reduced by his exertions, he escaped the dreadful fever.

Barclay, whose weight was twelve stone, thirteen pounds, and whose height was five feet ten inches, was a most formidable amateur with the gloves; he however, occasionally selected too powerful an antagonist, as was the case when he set to with Shaw the Lifeguardsman.

When this redoubtable hero first made his appearance at the Fives Court in Little St. Martin's Lane, nothing would satisfy the undaunted spirit of the

Captain but having a bout with the new recruit. Shaw was, to use his own description, "a main good 'un" at planting body-blows. I have slightly varied his expression, as the original language would not sound very well to ears polite. In weight the gallant soldier was fifteen stone, and in height six feet and half-an-inch, which gave him a decided advantage in his set-to with Barclay. The brave Scot, however, never shrunk from punishment, and for some time held his own: but finally the length and weight of Shaw enabled him to plant so tremendous a blow in the Captain's ribs that many were broken.

As a practical farmer, Barclay was second to no one, and through his excellent management brought his estate to the highest point of perfection. At an early period of his life he was master of a pack of foxhounds in Kincardineshire, and distinguished himself as much in the chase, the "faint image of war," as he had done in the reality.

His pedestrian performance already referred to took place at Newmarket Heath on the 1st of June, 1809, and wonderful as was the undertaking, it has been more than equalled by another, viz., that of Thomas Standen of Salehurst, near Silverhill, Sussex, who, in the year 1811, finished the arduous task of walking eleven hundred miles in as many successive hours, going one mile only in each hour. He was nearly sixty years of age at the time.

To resume, on the day and hour appointed, my friend and I drove up in a lumbering hackney-

coach to the door of the "Blue Posts" in Cork Street; within a few seconds we were joined by Huntley and Barclay, and followed them into a snug little private room within the bar. In the days I write of there were very few clubs, and those that did exist were more famed for their extravagant charges than for the goodness of their dinners; it was, therefore, the fashion to dine at Jacquiere's in Bond Street, Grillon's in Albemarle Street, the Piazza, Covent Garden, or the "Blue Posts," Cork Street—the two former being celebrated for their French dinners, the two latter for pure English fare.

"Serve dinner," said my Amphitryon. "Bring a bottle of punch and a bottle of sherry to begin with, and be careful how you decant the magnum of port."

Scarcely had the order been given, than the landlord entered, followed by a waiter and waitress, bearing sundry dishes, covered with tin, and smoking through the apertures; the first contained some slices of Severn salmon, fresh from that river; the second, three fine soft-roed mackerel, boiled to perfection and served upon a crockery dish, with a strainer, of the same material.

Reader, in case I ever have the pleasure of dining with you, let me entreat you never to permit your cook to send up the fish upon a napkin, which only tends to the extraction of some *essence de savon* from the linen, and which is naturally imbibed, in consequence of its heat, by that variety of

of the finny tribe that comes in contact with it; a silver or crockery perforated flat dish drains the water from the fish, without furnishing you with mottled soap sauce.

To return to our dinner. Butter-boats containing parsley and fennel sauces and green gooseberries were placed upon the table, with a wooden bowl of steamed potatoes, and a plate of dressed cucumbers, the Covent Garden market price being for the latter forced article half a guinea each. On removing the fish course, we found lamb cutlets, hot and tender rump steak, followed by ducklings, asparagus, and cold rhubarb tart. During the repast, the attentive and well disciplined waiter dispensed the liquids in the most orthodox manner. A glass of real Glenlivat whiskey was recommended after the salmon, sherry after the mackerel, gin punch throughout the dinner, and port with the cheese.

No sooner was the cloth removed than a glass of sixty year old rum was handed round, and the magnum of "bee's wing" placed on the shining mahogany; olives, devilled biscuits, and thin dry toast alone formed our dessert; infinitely better than the sour oranges, tasteless apples, stale figs, and soft sponge-cake that were wont to appear in this course.

After imbibing *quantum suff.* of wine we proceeded to Cribb's, the champion, who at that time kept a public-house in High Holborn. The room we were ushered into was the parlour, a small room in

which the odour of stale tobacco was very redolent.

"Welcome, my Lord, welcome, Captain, and you two young gentlemen, names unknown," said mine host, as he entered the room. "You'll take a friendly glass. What shall it be? Here, Sam, attend to these gents." Orders were given for a bowl of punch, when Tom proceeded. "I've nothing to offer you this evening, but if you'll accompany me to the old "King John," Holywell Lane, Shoreditch, you'll meet lots of the fancy; it's for Burrows' benefit, who showed such pluck in his late fight at Coombe Warren."

A hackney-coach was at the door, and after a somewhat tedious drive we were landed at the house named after the hero of Magna Charta; here we were warmly welcomed by the host, who was known as the "countryman." What his real patronymic was I never discovered.

The bill of fare for the evening included singing for the lovers of music, ratting for the fancy, gymnastic exercises for the athletic, a show of bull dogs for the Corinthian order, and sparring for the amateurs of pugilism. The company consisted of patrons and professors of the fistic art, dog-fanciers, pedestrians, and novices about to enter the ring. After paying our footing liberally by purchasing sundry "birds' eye" pattern handkerchiefs, the colours of a recent brave though vanquished man, and taking tickets for at least a dozen sparring benefits, we were informed that the

concert was about to begin; so, seating ourselves near the chairman, we listened to a variety of sporting and Bacchanalian songs, and certain toasts were then given, Huntley, the Cock of the North, Barclay the brave, and Tom Cribb. The champion returned thanks very facetiously, though a little prolix, still a good speech, bating some sad omissions and misapplications of the aspirate.

It was late before we reached home, somewhat fatigued in body, and suffering not a little from the fumes of rank tobacco and adulterated spirits. Five-and-twenty years had elapsed before I again met Barclay of Ure, and then in a rather different and more bracing atmosphere than that of the King John's Head. I was returning from shooting one day at Gordon Castle, when, about a mile from Fochabers, the gilly that accompanied me exclaimed, "There's Ure, your honour, talking to his Grace," and turning round I recognised my old Dean's Yard friend, altered, of course, considerably, but still looking hardy and vigorous. Hearing my name, he grasped me warmly by the hand, and reminded me of our day at the Blue Posts.

"I am sorry," said my brother, "I cannot prevail upon Barclay to stay, dine, and sleep at the Castle. He knows it well. Many a glass of the real Glenlivat has he drunk with poor Huntley."

"I should like it of all things," responded Ure, "but I've a twenty mile walk to accomplish before dinner, and I've already done half the distance; pretty well for an old one who broke his thigh last

year." Then turning to me, he added, "I hear you will be passing through Aberdeen next Saturday week. I shall be on a visit there to the Duke's friend, Lumsden; he will be delighted to see you at dinner, and you can go on board at night for London."

To this I gladly assented. Mr. Lumsden received me most heartily, and after a delightful evening I embarked for London. This was the last time I ever saw Barclay.

While upon the subject of pedestrianism, I cannot refrain from giving an account of a match for a hundred sovereigns between the late John Spalding and myself. I was dining at Crockford's with Earl Fitzhardinge and a few friends during the month of July, and had indulged in all the luxuries of the table, when the above-mentioned "light-weight" made his appearance. During the time he had served in the 9th Royal Lancers and the Life Guards, he was known as one of the fleetest amateur runners of the day, and having dined early, was likely to prove a formidable competitor to any, more especially to one who was slowly undergoing the process of digestion. After a slight pause, the new comer commenced the subject of pedestrianism, and finally offered to give any person present ten yards in a hundred, and run him for the same number of pounds. The challenge having thus openly been made, I was urged to throw down my gage, which I eventually did; when turning to Spalding I said, "We had

better draw up the match to come off within four-and-twenty hours."

"To-night or never," he replied. "It's a beautiful evening, let us start punctually at twelve; the streets will be tolerably clear at that hour."

My backer, Lord Fitzhardinge, agreed, and the match, which ran as follows, was drawn up and signed by the respective parties :—

"One hundred sovs. each, PP., to come off in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, at twelve o'clock, P.M. J. Spalding, Esq., to give Lord William Lennox ten yards in a hundred. Lord Fitzhardinge and Colonel Standen to be umpires; Count D'Orsay referee."

No sooner had our names been affixed to this document than the odds rose to six to four against me, which were finally increased to two to one. The condition and age of the competitors had been taken into consideration, independent of which a report gained ground that I had been beat in a trial. The fact was that a knowing gentleman, Mr. Crommelin, had proposed to both of us to run to the bottom of St. James's Street; he first started off with Spalding, and found him to be not only a fast runner, but in excellent wind. He then tried me, and as I was wary enough to see his object, I went at half speed, puffing and panting like a broken-down poster.

For the next hour and a half I took gentle exercise, and five minutes before the clock struck midnight I was at my post. There had been a

slight shower of rain, and the ground was so slippery that one of my backers fell when measuring the ground; this was looked upon as an unlucky omen, and five to two was offered in rouleaux in favour of the young one.

"I shall give the words, one, two, three, and away," said the starter, placing me ten yards in advance, "and at the latter word you will both be off, running between the two umpires."

While the course was being cleared, for so novel a sight as a foot race in this aristocratic neighbourhood had attracted a crowd of idlers, I determined not to throw away a chance, so quietly divested myself of my shoes. In the meantime my opponent's friends were not backward in the cause, and an old brother officer of mine, the late Lord Londesborough, who had invested a couple of hundreds on the match, gave a hint to his *protégé* to cross to the stones on the side of the pavement, to avoid the chance of slipping upon the wet macadamised road. This generally clever backer either forgot that, in following the suggestion, the distance given to me would be increased in a trifling degree, or considered that the advantage gained would counterbalance the drawback. No sooner had the word been given than I shot off like an arrow from the bow; my opponent was even quicker on his legs, but, unfortunately, in running for the pavement he came in contact with the very individual who had tendered the above advice, and the concussion, though not severe, threw him out

of his stride, and I went away and won in a canter. As we were placed in the centre of the road, and as the winning-post was between the two umpires, Spalding, in following Londesborough's advice, gave me at least one, if not two, additional yards in his "tacking" to the right and to the left, instead of steering a straight course. My feet were cut with the sharp stones, my silk stockings sacrificed, my shoes lost or stolen; but the balance was in my favour, for the following morning I received sixty pounds as my share of the original stakes and odds that I stood on this my only pedestrian feat.

Although not a professed humourist, few men were more ready with a smart saying, a pointed epigram, or a quick repartee than Deerhurst, and in any "keen encounter of wit" his adversary generally had to succumb to his rival's power of satire. It was Deerhurst who gave Mr. Auriol, a great frequenter of Crockford's, the nickname of "Crocky's ugly customer;" the said Auriol being one of the plainest men, heaviest players, and successful gamblers that visited the *salons dorés* in St. James's Street. Upon another occasion, when it was told Deerhurst that a frequent visitor at Crockford's and distinguished officer, who was about to marry a handsome widow, had, through the instrumentality of a fashionable hair-dresser, transformed his grey hair into a luxuriant black, he replied,

"That reminds me of Braham's popular song:—

"Young Henry was as brave a youth
As ever graced a martial story;
And Jane was fair as lovely truth,
He *dyed* for love, and she for glory."

Deerhurst altered the names to those of the respective parties, but I do not give them, as the publication might cause pain to still surviving relatives of both families. Deerhurst wrote a remarkably clever poem on shooting, which was to the lover of the trigger what Somerville's "Chace" is to the mighty Nimrod.

In conclusion, the present Earl is grandson to the subject of my memoir, his father served in the Life Guards, and was one of the most popular men in that distinguished corps. At the tender age of five, George William, ninth Earl, came into his title and estates, and never did the mantle fall upon one more capable of sustaining the honours of his ancestry. He commenced his education at a private school in Gloucestershire, then went to Eton, was for a short time with a tutor in Lincolnshire, and subsequently entered Christ Church, Oxford. At an early age he devoted his leisure hours to the manly sports of England, and soon became an expert cricketer, a good shot, and a first-rate horseman. During the above period his studies were never neglected, and few noblemen have attained greater honours for a sound, practical, and classical education.

The noble Earl came of age May, 1859, and the heir to the splendid estate of Croome was received

by every class of men in the country with a warmth of feeling and a devotion that were never exceeded in feudal times. In a modest and unprepared speech, the youthful lord at once endeared himself to his tenants and those friends and relatives who gathered round the festive board, by the manly sentiments that fell from his lips. His public conduct since, when presiding at the Worcestershire and other meetings, or when engaged in the affairs of private life, combined with an affability of manner and an unbounded fund of good-nature, prove that the early and fair promise which his coming of age gave upon that occasion has been fully ratified in more mature life.

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SPORTSMEN.

CHAPTER IV.

FREDERICK DELMÉ RADCLIFFE, HIS BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EDUCATION—HIS LOVE FOR FIELD SPORTS—HIS PROWESS ON THE TURF—AN ANECDOTE OF EDWIN LANDSEER—LEGEND OF THE ALDERWASLEY RAM—LINES ON TWO FAVOURITE HUNTERS.

"A fine old English gentleman,
One of the olden time."

I NOW turn to another sportsman, Frederick Peter Delmé Radcliffe, Esq., author of the "Noble Science of Fox-hunting," &c. He whose friendship I have enjoyed for more than half a century claims direct descent from the Earls of Derwentwater, being in unbroken line descended from Radcliffe of the Power in Lancashire, and Earl of Sussex. His residence is Hitchin Priory, where his family have been located ever since Henry VIII., expelling a brotherhood of White Carmelites, bestowed the edifice and domain upon Sir Ralph Radcliffe. He is also doubly "blended with the line" of those who boast "the blood of all the Howards," his grand-

mothers, Lady Betty Delmé, and her sister Lady Frances Radcliffe, being sisters of Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle.

Educated at Eton, at the age of eighteen he joined the Grenadier Guards, but as at that period the country enjoyed the "piping times of peace," he shone only as foremost in what is termed "all in the ring," gaining his full share of credit and success as a gentleman jockey, making his public début at Hampton, and on Ball Hughes Elephanta, not named in the betting, winning the Gold Cup against Lord Wilton, the Berkeleys, and the best amateurs of the day. In the Red House pigeon-shooting club, of which he was an original member, he was the best of the young ones; and on the grand trial for what was called the "All England's Stakes," a sweepstakes amounting to four hundred sovereigns, shot for by Lords Kennedy, Pollington, Anson, Honorable George Anson, Captain Ross, and Squire Osbaldeston, with other crack shots, he was on the fifth day left alone as outsider, to shoot off the ties with Captain Ross, the first favourite. When, after each killing nine birds, the Captain missed, the outsider then had only to kill, to carry off the "blue ribbon" of the trigger; but by fatality the deciding bird flew directly towards the young guardsman, who waiting for its rise, killed it in the air; it fell behind him, which in those days reckoned as a miss.

Subsequently, during one Spring Meeting at

Newmarket, the late Mr. Peareth, who had practised daily until he had reduced his twenty-nine out of thirty, and often all thirty, to a certainty, sent a challenge to the whole of the members of the Red House Club, then at Newmarket. All for different reasons declined, but Captain Radcliffe accepted, and the match at twenty-five picked birds, for £50, came off at Botisham, four miles on the Cambridge Road. On the Saturday of the race meeting, amidst a great concourse of people, Mr. Peareth killed twenty-three, and Captain Radcliffe twenty-four of the twenty-five blue rocks. He also shot an amicable match at partridges, late in October, with the present Lord Verulam, winning by one bird and a shot, killing twenty-one in twenty-five shots—Lord Verulam, then Lord Grimston, twenty in twenty-six. But it was not until he left the Guards after his succession to the property, and his appearance on the hustings, as proposer of Lord Grimston for the county, and by his speeches at various public meetings, that he became celebrated for fluency and eloquence, attained by few who have not gone long through the mill at St. Stephen's. He can not only harangue a mob, but reply off-hand to an opponent with a facility which "astonishes the natives." He twice refused the offer of being returned for the county, the deputation on the first occasion, long before railways were in prospective existence, undertaking to pay the very turnpikes to Westminster. A love of country

life and rural sports prevailed over all ambition.

The "country squire," who, as far as letters are concerned, is a genius of no ordinary stamp, was contented with the fame attached to several choice little poems, innumerable hunting songs, and *jeux d'esprit.* The lines on hunting *v.* yachting," are stereotyped as a gem of the first water, and he is responsible for many of those epigrams and conundrums which are as "household words" with the many—few, very few aware of their paternity. It is not with what he has been, might have been, or is, in the literary world, that I have to deal—I represent him as a sportsman, and I shall best convey an idea of his general qualifications in the words of two *literati* of the first class.

The late Lord Lytton, at a great agricultural meeting at which his friend and neighbour had spoken with wonted brilliancy, in rising to propose his health, said, "he was proud to exhibit to Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, so rare a specimen of unrivalled combination of talent as that of a country gentleman able to hold his own in every field sport with all his fellows, and no less qualified to take his seat in the cabinet of the statesman, or the closet of the scholar and philosopher."

John Wilson Croker, at a great dinner of the Literary Fund in London, said, "The whole Punch party have been fairly beaten at their own weapons by the "country squire" (the *nom de plume* under which the choicest productions had appeared) asso-

ciated with them in theatricals at Knebworth; and were I called upon to bestow the prize for the greatest amount of wit and pungency, I should not hesitate to award it to the Knebworth epilogue." This epilogue for Ben Jonson's play of "Every Man in his Humour," was composed and recited by the author at the express request of the author of "Rienzi," and is indeed a *chef-d'œuvre*.

"The noble science" is a work which is admitted to be without equal for instructive information, and for classical style one that has become a standard work in every sportsman's library. For three seasons Delmé Radcliffe hunted chiefly on his own extensive estate round Hitchin a pack of dwarf foxhound-harriers which he disposed of to Sir J. Flower on taking the foxhounds, and hunting that part of Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire previously under the mastership of Mr., afterwards Sir Thomas Sebright. Here, for five seasons, with a good stock of old foxes, and incessant labour in collecting an effective pack (at once drafting all but fifteen couples of that to which he succeeded), and in the second season having sixty-five couples, which by the next reached perfection, he showed an amount of sport quite incredible, and laid the foundation of a system since ably followed up by Lord Dacre, to whom, under a serious failure of health, Delmé Radcliffe resigned the hounds in 1839. He dabbled for a little upon the turf, owning nothing better than platers, such as "Norman William," "Cottager,"

"Wilna," and others, calculated for his own riding; but in 1834, when contending for a hunter's stakes, seeing T. Wisby on a mare, called "Vesper," leaving him hopelessly behind, he quitted the course, and steering so as to cut off a mile and see her win, at once purchased the mare for three hundred and fifty guineas, altering her name to "Lady Emily," after the late Lady Craven. With this superior animal, he in the course of the next three seasons won twenty-two out of twenty-nine races, twenty of which were ridden by himself.

In those days he seldom missed Newmarket, and betted heavily upon or against the objects of his fancy or prejudice, and, as Mr. Harry Hill can testify, would lay and stand a thousand between first and second for the Derby; but of late years his visits to Tattersall's have been rare, and his speculations limited. He has been an expert angler ever since he caught the leviathan trout of Eton days off the Cobler, and, like many of our leading fox-hunters, has been and is devoted to yachting, being, as an *élève* of the late Lord Yarborough, an old member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and having made more than one trip to the Mediterranean and Baltic. That "like begets like" is a proverb amply sustained in the Delmé family. The grandsire, the husband of Lady Betty, the toast of the town, and the reigning beauty of the court of Queen Charlotte, as a sportsman, perhaps as a fast man, was never surpassed.

At one time possessed of Erle Stoke, in Wiltshire,

a seat in Berkshire, and Cams Hall in Hampshire, he had stag-hounds, harriers, and fox-hounds at these respective places. He had teams of greys, black, and cream colour. At his town mansion in Grosvenor Square, dinner was daily, during the season, served at five o'clock p.m., for any eight friends who chose to put down their names, the host himself rarely appearing, unless, as was often the case, any member of the royal family had signified his intention of dining. He was the leading whip, outrivalled in putting horses together, driving in the same team one horse with a plain snaffle, and another in a chifney. He taught the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., to "handle the ribbons," and every year, with relays of horses, drove a tandem from Grosvenor Square to Castle Howard. At his death no less than ninety-five of his horses and ponies were put up to auction at Tattersall's. His son, the father of our Squire, entered the 10th Hussars, then commanded by the Prince of Wales, whose friendship he enjoyed through life, riding all his races at Bibury and managing his stud, in which capacity he continued as Gentleman of the Horse, both to George IV. and William IV., when the colours of those monarchs adorned the turf. As an amateur jockey he had no equal, as may be gathered from the fact that for a great sweepstakes of one thousand guineas each, between Lord Foley, Lord Egremont, and Sir John Shelley, Chifney and Buckle being engaged for the two former, Sir John sent

to Hitchin for Delmé, who won a severe race by a head between the two, the third beaten by a neck. He rode jockey weight, and was put up more than once by his confederate, the Duke of Rutland, for the Derby and Oaks. I will not enter into domestic affairs affecting the subject of this memoir, further than to say that, amidst a large share of the sweets, he has endured much of the affliction of this life, but I am happy to find he is in good preservation, that he still rides well to hounds, pilots his yacht, the 'Fair Rosamond,' to foreign ports, knocks over the pheasants and hares in a sportsmanlike manner, and keeps up the hospitality of Hitchin Priory in a manner worthy of "the fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time."

During the Crimean war his elder son, a gallant Fusilier, fell on the field of glory, lamented by all who knew him, and creating a void in the family which no time can efface. Delmé Radcliffe lost the sight of the left eye by an accidental shot; but I heard a first-rate gun-maker, who had seen him shoot, say that he would not advise anyone to offer many dead birds in a pigeon match. His seat on a horse has ever been acknowledged a pattern, and without ever being a bruiser, such as his friend Robert Grimston, he could always bring his theory into practice, and prove that he could ride as well as write on the method of putting horses at their fences, and keeping a place. I have been informed by one of the best men in Hertfordshire, that Squire Delmé, as they call him,

continues to go as well as anyone, when anyone has to go, and that he still may always be seen in the first flight. In Frederick Delmé Radcliffe we find a living illustration of the country gentleman described by a popular writer:—

"A country gentleman naturally stands in a great station; he is one of the strongest links in society between government and the lower orders of mankind; and he is a real blessing to the district where he lives, when he unites the four grand characteristics of a country gentleman, a good neighbour, an excellent magistrate, and a first-rate sportsman."

Here I may well leave him, with no better wish than that he may long occupy the place he has maintained in the field, and in the hearts of a numerous tenantry, and all around a neighbourhood in which words cannot exaggerate, flattery cannot reach, the esteem and veneration entertained for this specimen of a country squire, whom I therefore present as an example to the rising generation. When I last visited the Priory, upon my way to a favourite meet of the hounds, Delmé Radcliffe told me the following anecdote of the late Sir Edwin Landseer. It is now some twenty years ago that a large party were assembled at Badminton, and among the guests expected was Sir Edwin. During the day the question turned upon which was the handsomest of two dogs, one a King Charles's spaniel, called Dash, belonging to the Duchess of Beaufort, and a terrier, the pro-

perty of a gallant officer in the navy, now an admiral. After describing the merits of the two dogs, an Englishman's argument, a wager, was resorted to, an argument of which Butler with more point than politeness remarks,

> "I've heard old cunning stagers
> Say, fools for argument use wagers."

Be that as it may, the bet was made; the Duchess, if winner, to receive a dozen of Houbigant's best gloves from Paris, the Captain to receive the beautiful hunt waistcoat of buff silk, ornamented with gold frogs, should his terrier, Tyke, carry off the prize. An understanding was then come to that Landseer should be the judge, but not a hint or remark was to be given or made to him. For an hour before dinner, and during the entire evening, Dash was moving about the room, or stretching himself upon the rug before a blazing fire. Next morning a visit to the stable was made by all the guests, headed by the host and hostess. While admiring one of the Duke's hunters, Tyke made his appearance. 'What a beauty!' exclaimed Sir Edwin. The Captain gave a look at the hostess, who immediately replied 'fairly won,' and within a week he appeared at table in the hunt waistcoat.

During the visit a sketch was made of Tyke, who afterwards appeared as "Impudence" in that splendid work of art "Dignity and Impudence." Fifteen years elapsed, when one day the Captain

found himself in a railway carriage bound for Chatham to join his ship, when who should enter the compartment but Landseer? For some time he looked at the gallant sailor, and appeared anxious and perplexed; at last, as if in despair in not remembering the name of his companion, he blurted out 'Tyke,' a recognition followed, and a talk about old times whiled away the time until they reached Chatham, where they parted.

Tyke met with a sad end; he was bitten by a mad dog and destroyed. Poor Landseer, "take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again;" many a happy hour have I passed in his society at Kinrara, Edinburgh, Goodwood, and London, and a more kind-hearted, simple-minded man I never met. Although not a practical joker in the worst sense of the word, Sir Edwin was always ready for any harmless jest. One day at Goodwood, the youngest of the late Duke of Richmond's children, who would play at ball in the library, broke a large pane of plate glass, and was of course ordered to his room, there to study his lessons. Upon the following day great was the surprise of my elder brother to find the window that had been thoroughly repaired, starred, as if another ball had been hurled at it.

"That incorrigible boy," he exclaimed, "send for him." Down came the supposed culprit, looking innocence itself, and who upon being interrogated stoutly denied the accusation. The housekeeper was about to be sent for, and a thorough

investigation about to be made, when Landseer exclaimed:

"I'm the guilty party, but it's not as bad as it looks." Approaching the window, he with a silk handkerchief immediately put all to rights, when it appeared that with simply a wax candle he had made the marks that invariably look like a starred pane. The youth was forgiven, and the glazier's services were not required.

I have digressed, let me return to Delmé Radcliffe, and give the following lines, which will furnish a good specimen of his talents. The poem is entitled:—

A LAY OF THE EARL'S CHAMBER;

Or, The Legend of the Alderwasley Ram.

Respectfully dedicated to Miss Hurt.

"The old Earl sate in his chamber hight
On a Sabbath afternoon,
The scene so fair, he may well tarry there
Till the rising of the moon.

"For, oh! 'tis indeed a lovely bower,
In sooth 'tis a winsome spot.
Such a view all round is rarely found.
And once seen never forgot.

"Around him you see his compagnie,
And the kindred of his estate,
The youth from the Hall, both little and tall,
And the stranger within the gate.

"Some played with the dogs, some reclined on the logs,
And the guest who came from afar,
Lay stretch'd in delight, enjoying the sight,
And likewise his cigar.

"But 'tis time to descend, the party must wend
Down the hill to the ladies fair.
To the choice repast, for they keep no fast,
And then to the evening prayer.

"There is nothing to fear, for the wild red deer
Is away to his haunts in the wood,
The savage blood-hound to his kennel is bound,
The tiger is at his food.

"Around I ween, it is all serene,
From the hill to the castle keep,
For upon my word it would be rather absurd
To have fear of a flock of sheep.

"But the classical sage, on an ancient page,
Which a lady need not retreat to,
Says of horns take care, the he-goat beware,
'Cornu ferit ille caveto.'

"And well I trow, wherever you go,
You will find ere you come back
That in every fold, it is true as you're told,
One sheep will appear that is black.

"You may laugh as you will, take of laughter your fill,
But certain and sure I am,
Be you not over nice, you will not want twice
To encounter the Aldersley ram.

"The flock they meet, the ewes retreat,
But the black ram stamps with rage,
Earth shakes with his tread, he lowers his head,
He looks out for a foe to engage.

"The stranger stands first, prepared for the worst,
He is donned in his Sunday best.
Let him look out for falls, the ram hates striped smalls,
And at him he charges with zest.

"The stranger jumps back, gives the brute a whack
With his cudgel across the nose,
Repeats one and two, but a third won't do,
And the stick snaps in twain with the blows.

"They held down the beast, and thumped him at least
For ten minutes; no sooner then free
Than he charg'd o'er the plain, caught the stranger again,
And dodged him all round a big tree.

"A sweet maiden so bright, who had witnessed the sight,
On perceiving the guest come to grief,
Like the Orleans maid, at once boldly essayed
To the rescue to render relief.

"The knight down as he fell, saw the dear demoiselle
With her shelter protecting his poll.
The ram was quite scared, and perhaps unprepared
To contend with a green parasol.

"And is this then the man who boasts that the van
Has been ever his own proper place.
Who to none in the field of fox-hunting will yield,
And has won more than one steeple chase?

"Nothing more, nothing less, he is free to confess,
He was saved by the Earl's lovely daughter,
But he swears by the Pope that he lives in the hope
Of drowning that ram in the water."

Many other poems and lines I could give, but they have appeared in print, so I have confined myself to the above and the following, which are not generally known.

LINES ON GUARDSMAN'S GRAVE.

"Seest thou yon mound where the violets bloom,
And the golden laburnums wave,
'Tis a fitting spot for a courser's tomb,
'Tis gallant Guardsman's grave.
He was noble in figure—his colour grey
As the mountain's mist at the dawn of day,
And fleet as the wind that sweeps it away.
His arched crest and his eye of fire
Bespoke the blood of a northern sire;

But none might doubt his pedigree
Who marked him bounding fair and free,
Whether in venturous steeple-chase,
Or on the turf, where beaming eyes
Of beauty, assembled to see the race.
Made triumph itself alone a prize
Well worth the winning beyond the rest,
When, patting his neck, I've been proud to tell
That Guardsman was foremost among the best,
And again had borne me well.
But 'twas not yet for deeds he had done,
For feats in the field, and for wagers won—
'Twas not alone for his usefulness
That I prized him living, and grieve him gone.
I knew his worth, but it moved me less
Than thoughts that to my memory thronged,
Of those who in days of deep distress,
For untimely loss of a darling son,
Well knowing with me he would ne'er be wronged,
And that I for a much loved friend could share
Their grief, consigned him to my care.
That gift I trust was well bestowed;
None but myself that horse bestrode;
And I tended him as a man should tend
A steed once cherished by his friend.
He bore me ten seasons, and well to the last;
And when sixteen Summers had o'er him past,
When his days were ended, I laid him low
Under the mould where the violets blow,
And the golden laburnum and lilac wave
Their odour around poor Guardsman's grave.
"April, 1836."

Let me conclude this brief allusion to Radcliffe's poetical powers with some lines upon another favourite hunter who lies buried in the garden of Hitchin Priory.

"Guardsman and other noble steeds
Have died the death and had their deeds

Recorded o'er and o'er,
And now thine hour hath come at last,
Brave Inniskilling, thou hast past
Where they have passed before.
Thou too shall live in fame renowned,
For hunter never followed hound
More honest, stout, or willing;
And when I look upon thy grave
As often I shall wish to have
Thine equal, Inniskilling."

SPORTSMEN.

CHAPTER V.

THE HONOURABLE MORETON BERKELEY—BORN AND BRED A SPORTSMAN—ENCOUNTER WITH A SAVAGE DEER—STAG-HUNTING—DESPERATE ATTACK BY POACHERS—BERKELEY CASTLE.

"His zeal had no limits, his science no bounds,
As a boy he could ever ride up to the hounds;
And when, as a master, he took to his pack,
He swore 'they should be nothing less than the crack.'"

ALTHOUGH Cranford can no longer boast of a pack of staghounds, it may not be uninteresting to my readers to lay before them a brief description of hunting as it was some fifty-five years ago, with a few remarks upon sporting men of that day. Of the members of the Cranford Hunt two remain, viz., the Honourable Moreton and Grantley Berkeley. The latter has published his reminiscences, which have attained a large circulation. I therefore commence with the Honourable Moreton Berkeley, than

whom, as I shall show, a better sportsman never existed.

The education of Moreton Berkeley was under the care of the Reverend John Hughes, Rector of Cranford, and Chaplain to the Berkeley family. Under this gentleman he became a good classical scholar, more particularly was he proficient in Greek; and as he was always constantly residing at home or at one of the family mansions, his amusements were entirely formed and pursued under the guidance of the Earl, his father.

The late Earl of Berkeley was an excellent sportsman, and the old Berkeley hounds were as remarkable as the hounds of the late Earl Fitzhardinge for their uncommon hunting qualities. Moreton Berkeley first became interested in the Berkeley kennel when it boasted of the renowned Tom Oldaker for its huntsman, William Hill and James Lait as its whippers-in.

In addition to his knowledge of hunting, the noble Earl had a perfect acquaintance with the management of a deer park and the preservation of game; indeed, as a trapper of vermin few could equal his knowledge of the various snares and devices calculated to destroy vermin, whether winged or four-footed, and an acquirement of that knowledge suited Moreton better even than Xenophon. The late Earl Fitzhardinge was aware of the early proficiency of his brother Moreton as a trapper, and when Oldaker took the "Old Berkeley" to Buckinghamshire, where they were kept by subscription

at Gerrard's Cross, and Earl Fitzhardinge established foxhounds at the Berkeley Castle kennels, he used to instigate his brother Moreton, then between ten and eleven years of age, tempting him, by the offer of half-a-crown a piece, to entrap cats in the castle pleasure grounds, at which to enter a fine breed of terriers attached to his pack of hounds, and the boy was consequently the terror of the whole tribe of tabbies, whether human or feline, in the town of Berkeley.

On one occasion a very fine cat belonging to the late Dr. Jenner, who lived adjacent to the Castle, had been caught but escaped, and the Doctor, who was upon the most intimate terms with the Berkeley family, and breakfasted and dined at the Castle whenever he thought proper, one morning made his appearance, and calling Moreton, sat down and said.

"My dear boy, my favourite cat has been telling me a piteous tale. He is dirty and wet, and has lost his bell; he says he has been in one of your wooden dungeons."

"Of course, out on the hunt after our young pheasants and leverets," replied the boy.

"Perhaps so," continued the Doctor, "they do like game, but now I am going to ask you a favour; if ever my pet cat gets ensnared again, pray don't let your brother's terriers have him. Promise me that."

The young trapper gave his word, and more than

once afterwards sent the Doctor's pet cat home in a bag.

Moreton Berkeley with his brother Henry, late Member for Bristol, were the constant companions of their father in all his sporting excursions, and on one occasion succeeded in rescuing him from the attack of a savage foreign deer. The deer, a buck and doe, were kept in a paddock which adjoined the park, a door passing through a wall from the park into the paddock. On a previous visit the doe had shown some vicious airs and knocked down poor little Moreton, of which he had an unpleasant recollection, and before going in he resolved to reconnoitre; accordingly when Lord Berkeley and his sons had secured their ponies outside the gates, Moreton ascended the wall while his father applied his key to the door, and while the key was in the lock, the boy shouted from the top of the wall,

"Oh, don't go in, he is furious, churning with his mouth, and threatening the door with his head."

In went the Earl, and the buck made his rush; the Earl, a powerful man, seized him by the dangerous straight horns, but was pushed back through the door into the park. With a tremendous effort he dragged the furious brute back into the paddock, the boy having tried to assist his father in vain; and then in his terror cried out,

"Mount, Moreton, mount, and ride to the Park lodge for the rifle."

The poor little fellow came down from the wall, mounted his pony, and started in a tearing gallop. The death struggle went on, pass after pass the deer made, the Earl never relinquishing his hold; in one pass his waistcoat was ripped clean up; the attempts of his son Henry to pull off the deer were continued, but were unavailing. At last, Lord Berkeley fell, but still retained his hold, and the deer finally stood on him.

In this frightful moment the Earl, pale as death, gasped out,

"You—mind me—knife—waistcoat-pocket."

The knife was sought for and found.

"Cut his throat!"

The boy tried in vain.

"The point!" gasped the Earl, brave and cool to the last.

The son stabbed the deer in the throat, the animal gave a convulsive bound, broke the Earl's hold, and trotted off with a bloody throat and husky cough. At that moment of suspense and terror, a sound broke on the ear of the boy who had assisted his father to a sitting posture, and was dreading the return of the deer. It was the galloping of a horse; directly afterwards the magnificent mastiff deer-dog, old "Keeper," bounded over the wall; he looked around him, rapidly his bristles rose, and off he dashed and throttled the deer, which had crouched, exhausted from loss of blood, in a ditch. Moreton, white as a ghost, followed the dog.

It was Sunday, the park-keeper was out, the rifle locked up; at once Moreton, with great presence of mind, let loose the dog—an old playmate—and such was the result of a quarter of an hour which to the parties appeared a year of agony. The Earl kept his bed for six weeks, and strange to say, laid an injunction on his sons not to divulge the cause of his accident, which they strictly obeyed; nor was it known, until the park-keeper, going to the Castle with a haunch of venison, accosted Lady Berkeley with the question,

"Please, my Lady, how is his Lordship?"

"Thank you, something better, but still very stiff from his fall."

"It was by the blessing of God, my Lady, that the young gentlemen were with my Lord. I always thought them deer dangerous; the old dog finished off the buck, and I put a bullet into the doe."

Thus in this vague way the affair became known.

As the knowledge of trapping and all kinds of woodcraft was acquired by Moreton Berkeley direct from his father, so the foundation of his knowledge of hunting and the management of a kennel was acquired with his brother the late Earl Fitzhardinge, and, the manner in which young Moreton rode across country on a capital Galloway, answering to the euphonious appellation of "Yellow Belly," was the theme of general remark.

After the death of his father, Moreton resided with his mother on the Cranford property in Middlesex, and there he had soon an opportunity of divulging his taste for hunting, as the late Lord Fitzhardinge, then Captain Frederick Berkeley, on returning from service, brought a small pack of harriers, to whom Moreton at once became kennel huntsman, and whipped-in to the gallant sailor who was huntsman in the field. After Captain Berkeley had given up these harriers, as he soon did, he appeared in Gloucestershire as one of the hardest riders that ever followed a hound, and afterwards established that character at Melton.

As Frederick Berkeley went at a very early age to sea, I know not who instilled the love of hunting into him, but unquestionably he proved an apt scholar. He might have taken a hint from the following popular song; if so, he fully carried out its principle.

"Be sure you're in time at the dark covert side,
Throw away the cigar, leave the jest and the song;
Get down and keep quiet in some likely ride,
Sit still to be ready to send him along.

"Watch closely the hounds as they carefully draw,
More closely the true one that first throws his tongue;
Then list for the halloa, 'away! gone away!'
And down like a lightning flash send him along.

"He's away! he's away! and you're well away too;
You've got a good start, and there's nothing gone wrong;
The pack's just before you, the fox is in view,
Rise up in your stirrups, and send him along.

"Some big fences well over, you're in the first flight,
Never heed those that follow, ding dong and ding dong,
Never look to the left, never look to the right,
But keep your eyes forward, and send him along.

"Now the fields they are large, and the brooks they are wide;
And the timber it looks tremendously strong,
But the low racing nag will take all in his stride;
Sit you down in your saddle, and send him along.

"Near an hour they've been at him, the pace it must tell,
And tails they are shaking like tails in Hong Kong;
Now give heed to your head, and your hand too as well,
As you sit close and nurse him, yet send him along.

"The fox is fast sinking, they're close at his brush!
Who, whoop!" they have got him—one crack of your thong,
Give your whoop too and holloa, you're in with a rush,
And thank him who taught you to send him along."

Moreton belonged to a subscription pack of hounds, which went by the name of the Duke of Clarence's hounds, who subscribed to and patronised them, and were hunted by Mr. Westbrook, of Heyton, Moreton officiating as whipper-in, and saving the hunt the expense of a servant, while his efficiency was double that of anyone they could have obtained. Moreton Berkeley considered Mr. Westbrook good in the field, but even at that early age was critical as to his merits in the kennel, thinking there was great room for improvement in the condition of the hounds. Among the patrons of this pack of harriers was Mr. Cockburn, then our *chargé d'affaires* at Stuttgart, the father of Sir Alexander, our learned Chief-Justice. Between him and Moreton Berkeley there sprang up an intimacy, but the friendship of the hunting-field,

which often assumes a lasting form, was cut short by the family mandate for matriculation at the college of Corpus Christi at Oxford, to which University Moreton's brother Henry had preceded him by a year, being of Christ Church. At college the brothers saw little of each other. Moreton's propensity for hunting was not to be repressed, and in spite of proctors and dons, and big wigs of all description, he, in conjunction with Mr. Salkeld, both gentlemen commoners of Corpus, had the temerity to keep a pack of harriers in the suburbs of the town of Oxford—Moreton, huntsman; Salkeld, whipper-in. The pack was a rough and uneven one to look at; but, as may be supposed from their chief projector, a strong, hard-working, and killing body of hounds. Messrs. Berkeley and Salkeld felt the necessity of keeping cats only which could catch mice; indeed, their little pack numbered merely seven couple, but ran close enough together in any scent to be covered with a tablecloth. Among these hounds were a couple gifted in a superior manner—Forester and Tosspot, of whom I have a word to say presently.

These aspiring gentlemen commoners soon became friends with many farmers, and had excellent sport. On one occasion they found a hare close to Oxford, and ran her across the Thames in the vicinity of those clumps of trees which are adjacent to Benson, and then lost her. She well earned her escape; the run from point to point could not be less than ten miles. During their residence at

Alma Mater they were never detected, the secret of which seems to have been early departure and late return.

On Moreton Berkeley's quitting Oxford, after passing an examination, but declining to take a degree, he returned to settle at Cranford, and there he proceeded to raise a stock of game for which the coverts, as well as the soil at that place, are particularly favourable. The ground is a rich loam with a gravel foundation, well watered, and there are no coverts of any consequence in the vicinity, so that after harvest there is no protection for bird or beast unless in the woods within the Manor of Cranford Le Moat and Cranford St. John. To raise a head of game there at that time was no easy task; in this part of the county of Middlesex the population consisted of a pleasing commixture of country ignorance and London ruffianism, and as this same rural body of born savages had not been kept in order by the residence of a game-keeper for many years, they had made paths throughout the property wherever they pleased. Hares, pheasants, and fish, they looked upon as delicacies appropriate to the palate of the carter, ploughman, or thresher of corn; the mower wilfully cut off the head of the hen pheasant and took her eggs home in his handkerchief to fry or sell, and the reaper diversified his work by pleasant chases after backward bred leverets, sickle in hand. The young innocents of the village for miles round followed the recreation of birds'-nesting in the

coverts whenever they pleased; their good mammas (dear hard-working creatures) amassed any amount of fire-wood and faggots from hedges, fences, and park pales, and their good papas sat, not under the clergyman, book in hand on the Sabbath, but under the wholesome shade of some alder tree, rod in hand, their lucubrations being, not of the waters of Babylon, nor of weeping thereby, but of the waters of the Crane and the fish therein; and clearly, when these fish would not bite, they were less likely to pray than to swear.

Such was the state of things which Moreton Berkeley had to deal with, and he was very well qualified for the task. Active, strong, cool, and resolute, he was personally a very awkward customer; his temper, placid and equal, was frequently tried sorely, but never betrayed him into violence. He had often heard his father, to whom he had been deeply attached, say that a cool, steady keeper, although not physically brave, was far preferable to a hasty man of uncertain temper, let him be courageous as a gladiator. Oaths, menaces, challenges to single combat, passed by Moreton Berkeley unheeded; but let him find a man breaking the law, as assuredly as he laid his hand on that man he was captured. Let the menace, the ribald abuse, the execration, assume the character of assault, and the party would bitterly find out and rue his mistake.

As an assistant in keeping the country in order, Moreton Berkeley had a valuable dog given to him

by his brother Augustus; he was a bull mastiff, and the Honourable Grantley Berkeley has recorded some traits of this animal in his pleasant reminiscences. Those who are conversant with Grantley Berkeley's writings—and who is not?—will not fail to remember Grumbo and his faithful watch of the deer-cart. The use of a dog is dangerous, unless the mode of using such animal be carefully attended to. When Moreton, accompanied by a younger brother, Craven, occasionally took Grumbo to watch snares, or upon some expedition where a conflict was not impossible, they used him more as a watch dog, and to give notice—which he invariably did by a low growl—of the approach of persons, than for his aid to secure evil-doers, and I am not aware of any case in which the dog was used by Moreton or any of his brothers offensively or defensively. Grumbo was, however, much dreaded from the fact that he had captured one of the most desperate characters in Middlesex in the act of poaching. This man was a burglar, sheep, and fowl-stealer; poaching and night fishing were merely amusements resorted to in order to while away his leisure hours. This man had registered pot-house oaths out of number never to be taken alive, but to put to death any one that attempted to take him.

The watching certain snares set by this hopeful person, who had lined the hedges of several fields with them, was intrusted to an old keeper then resident at Cranford, by name Milton. This man

would face anybody or anything, but the joints of sixty years of age are not flexible, and young poachers won't wait for old gamekeepers. Under these circumstances Milton took with him his son, a stripling of eighteen or nineteen Summers, and the dog Grumbo, and proceeded to the ensnared fields to lurk and lie hid for the advent of Mr. Brown, for so was the renowned named. There was a hare caught, and behind an adjacent dung-hill the Messrs. Milton and Grumbo took their station. About dawn Mr. Brown made his appearance, and looked carefully up and down the hedges where his wires were set, putting those to rights which were at all disarranged. In his hand he carried a dangerous weapon, no less than a boat-hook cut down to about six feet, with the iron point and hook carefully sharpened. When he came to the hare hanging in one of his snares, he knelt in the ditch, removed the hare and re-set the wire; he then deposited his game in some receptacle beneath his smock-frock, and was walking off when young Milton started after him, and old Milton followed, holding the dog. Mr. Brown was running, having thrown the hare away, at the rate of about three yards to two of young Milton, when old Milton slipped the dog. Mr. Brown, wide awake, observed the rush of the dog, and when Grumbo had approached within a few paces of him, he faced about and presented his boat-hook in an attitude offensive and defensive, but the son of Bull, for so was the father of Grumbo named, was not to be

so had, and the feints made by the quadruped to get in, and by the biped to keep him out, were curious to behold; but when Mr. Brown observed that the two Miltons in a few seconds would be up to aid Grumbo, he very correctly thought that to escape he must cripple the dog, so he made a desperate blow at him. The animal avoided the blow, and the next moment, leaping in, had Mr. Brown fast by the breast of his smock-frock, and the Miltons coming up, seized him on either side of the collar and the poacher surrendered at once, loudly however declaring that the whole family of Miltons could not have taken him without the dog. And here I may remark that in the preservation of game at Cranford the greatest difficulties present themselves. The property is nearly circular, and literally presents the aspect of a fortified camp situated in an enemy's country. As long as the game keeps within bounds it is safe, but let an unlucky pheasant or hare be caught beyond bounds, they are viewed as enemies, and whole regiments of vagabonds turn out to destroy them. The least lapse of vigilance is fatal, and Moreton Berkeley had as perfect a police established as possible.

There may be excellent game-keepers and faithful servants, but to come as near perfection as possible in any pursuit, you must have the details inspected by the eye of a master perfect in its theory, and who is prepared in person to carry theory into practice. It has been well remarked that poachers, and that word is comprehensive of

all rural depredators, do not generally select preserves and well-watched lands near which to take up their places of residence; on the contrary, they commonly haunt loosely preserved estates, which landlords only occasionally visit—well preserved manors have a strong tendency to get rid of bad characters. Occasionally they visit heavy preserves, but it is generally when a strong muster of rogues can be made, and the raid usually takes place under fear and apprehension, only smothered by the fumes of gin, and murder frequently occurs from the desperation of fear.

There was a strong instance of this kind of outlawry which occurred to Moreton Berkeley and his brother Craven. At the time when incendiarism in the rural districts was prevalent, and reached the county of Middlesex, the Berkeley family and others had been prepared to oppose "the crowing of the red cock" in their barn-yards, and the two brothers had been sworn in as special constables.

Some farmers of a neighbouring parish who had been particularly hostile to Moreton Berkeley, and would not permit him to cross their lands when hunting, one day presented themselves at Cranford House, and humbly requested his assistance. Every Sunday morning, they said, a couple of ruffians, one Henry Baldwin, a brickmaker, and another person with gun and dog, regularly sported over their farms, going right through the standing corn. When their conduct was objected to, they uttered oaths and imprecations, and gave dark hints of

fire-raising. The farmers, frightened for their ricks, dared not oppose them.

Moreton Berkeley remembered that there was a warrant out against Mr. Henry Baldwin, who had absconded, for poaching at Cranford, which was in his hands; so he told the farmers they did not deserve any kindness from him, but that he thought it good to rid the country of such a blackguard as Mr. Henry Baldwin, and he would look after him.

On the following Sunday, Moreton and Craven, the latter then an officer in the 2nd Life Guards, betook themselves very early to Mr. Henry Baldwin's new sporting ground, each of them carrying in his pocket the constable's staff of the police force. Shortly before sunrise in the dawn, the two gentlemen sportsmen presented themselves with their dog, and one gun between them, and proceeded to beat a field of standing barley.

Approaching as silently, and keeping as much out of sight as possible, the two brothers could get no nearer than about twenty yards, when they were discovered. Instantly the trespassers turned and fled separately. Moreton chased Mr. Henry Baldwin and Craven chased his unknown friend. We will follow the fortunes of Mr. Henry Baldwin.

In a course of some five hundred yards Moreton ran into him, and going at him with a rush, seized him by the collar, but carried part of his brick-

layer's attire away in his hand, and there stood the parties face to face,

"Mr. Henry Baldwin, I have a warrant against you," said Moreton, "and you are my prisoner."

Thereupon Mr. Henry Baldwin, a strong-built, powerful fellow called down a vast number of ugly wishes on his heart, soul, and limbs, and condemned his sanguinary eyes, if he would not rip up the intestines of Mr. Moreton Berkeley (intestines were not exactly the word used) should he attempt to touch him; and suiting the action to the word, he put himself into an attitude of offence with a large open jack-knife in his hand, the blade about six inches in length.

Moreton thereupon drew his staff from his pocket, and advancing, said,

"No nonsense, Mr. Baldwin, hand me that knife."

Mr. Baldwin replied by making a thrust at Moreton's abdominal region with it, and lunged near enough to penetrate his waistcoat. Moreton then struck the ruffian on the wrist with his staff, and the knife flew out of his hand at the distance of some yards. There was then a rush of both to obtain the knife. Moreton reached the spot first, but fell as he laid hold of it. Before he could rise, Mr. Baldwin endeavoured to kick him in the head with his heavy nailed boot, but luckily missed, when Moreton, rising on one knee, struck him with his staff across the head, just as he had

brought his foot back to repeat the kick. The blow felled him to the earth; stunned for a moment or two, he shortly raised himself in a sitting posture, but the fight was clean taken out of him and he roared for help and cried murder.

At that moment of time Craven returned from the chase of Mr. Baldwin's friend, whom he had run into a brick-field; but the young Life-Guardsman knew that it was as much as his life was worth to venture into such a hornet's nest after him, and so returned to his brother. Between them they conveyed the prisoner to Cranford House, and the next morning took him before a magistrate, by whom he was committed on the warrant already in force against him. The farmers were actually afraid of appearing against this man for the trespass, although profuse in their thanks to Moreton Berkeley for taking him into custody.

I must now return to the period when Moreton Berkeley left Oxford; he took with him the *élite* of his hounds, and established a pack of harriers at Cranford. The hounds were mostly foxhounds; he had them from the Royal kennel at Ascot, and from the late Earl Fitzhardinge's pack. I have spoken of a couple of hounds, Forester and Tosspot; these hounds had been accustomed to hunt deer, and had remarkably fine noses. Tosspot was a decided harrier; Forester, a white hound with ears lightly spotted with yellow, no doubt was a cross of the bloodhound probably with the greyhound; his tongue, heavy and continuous, was

that of the bloodhound. He was beautifully and symmetrically formed, legs straight as an arrow, not at all heavy about the head, not throaty; the head and stern those of a foxhound; with a burning scent. The fastest hounds could not run away from Forester, there was no tailing with him; he would be with the body of the pack, and in cold scenting days he was safe to be at their head, hit after hit falling to his exquisite nose; in no hound could, what old Virgil calls, the *odora canum vis* be more splendidly exemplified. Moreton Berkeley was extremely fond of him; in the Summer he would occasionally take Forester from the kennel into the hay-fields and in the coverts among hundreds of hares, which, on such occasions, the hound appeared never to see or notice. At this time Henry Berkeley whipped in to Moreton, and they commenced to run bag foxes, which, by a certain mode of treatment, is recommended by the late Sir John Dashwood, chiefly in the manner of housing and feeding them, ran with particular stoutness.

They then took to hunting small deer and red deer, kindly supplied by William IV. from Bushey Park. On one occasion the late Earl Fitzhardinge attended with Captain Frederick Berkeley, a couple of horses having been sent down by Elmore, the dealer, for trial. The noble Earl, probably one of the best judges of the condition of a hound in England, and a man not given to flatter, passed the highest encomiums on the evenness of flesh, and the brightness of the coats of his brother's

hounds, and not less so for the way they were handled in the field. The run with a red deer was brilliant, as I can vouch for, having been on the occasion mounted on a splendid hunter of poor Hubert de Burgh's, Captain Berkeley had such an opportunity of trying his horse that he bought him at once, calling him "Cranford" after the day's sport; and subsequently the gallant captain made the merits of the clever little bay evident for several seasons in Leicestershire.

I cannot refrain from referring to another day with these hounds, for the sake of recording a trait of the hound Forester. It had been apparently in the morning a good scenting day, and the quarry hunted was a fallow doe; she had given them a brilliant wide ring, and then run through the park and homestead of Cranford House. The hounds, although many of them had previously run hare, carried the scent steadily through whole flocks of hares into a field at North Harlington, where all trace of the doe appeared lost. Cast after cast was made by Moreton Berkeley, and having made as he thought his ground good, he was about lifting the pack forward in another direction, and had turned his horse's head and touched his horn. "To him away!" cried the whipper-in, and away to him they all went, except old Forester, who stood for an instant waving his stern with his nose raised in the air. At length off started the hound in a trot exactly in the opposite direction from his huntsman,

and over the soiled ground, on which had been made cast after cast.

Moreton paused, reflected a moment, then turned short round, and followed his white monitor with the hounds at his horse's heels. Forester was by this time three or four hundred yards a-head, had crossed a road, and was feathering with his stern busily in a fallow field beyond. Presently his head was seen in the air, and the tolling of the old hound's true bell, which had brought death or capture to many a quarry, was faintly heard. The pack rushed to him, he went up a furrow in a trot, throwing his heavy tongue occasionally—none of the pack owned the scent, some slightly feathered. Many indiscreet young gentlemen expressed an opinion that the true hound was a babbler.

"By the powers!" said a good cavalry officer, but a bad sportsman, "how long is Berkeley going to follow that ghost of a dog?"

For a whole field the hound hunted the scent alone. Moreton, who, with his whipper-in, or more properly yeoman-pricker, had sought for the spot in vain, here jumped off his horse, and in an instant was up again with an air of quiet satisfaction; although he said not a word, he had at length found the slot of the doe, and proved that which he had not for an instant doubted, his old favourite's truth.

Through the hedge went old Forester into a grass field, up went the head again, but the trot was exchanged for a gallop. The pack then broke into full cry, they soon got on terms with the doe,

and after a brilliant burst ran into her. How many men got off to pat old Forester on the head at the conclusion of the run, or how the "white ghost of a hound" was the theme of conversation at the Hounslow mess, many officers of a cavalry regiment, mostly Hibernians, there quartered, being present, I must leave to my readers to conjecture. Certain it is that at the various meets Captains Hammersley, Burton, and Mr. Bayley never failed to ask after White Forester.

I know that it is impossible to draw the line between reasoning powers and instinct, to say where one begins and the other ends. That a hound should be gifted with a tenderness of nose beyond his fellows in a pack is no matter of marvel, but that that hound who had, with the approbation of his master, killed many a hare at once without any instruction or training, should become aware that hares were to be let alone in the Summer, or that he was to follow the faint and almost obliterated scent of a deer, with hares actually running between his legs is unaccountable, unless you agree with the poet that the dog is "denied in Heaven the soul he held on earth." That White Forester should own a scent, and run it on cold fallow land, when excellently nosed hounds could not discover it, is merely a proof of his superior faculty, the power of the *odora canum vis;* but what gift made the hound the most ductile and obedient in the pack, set his opinion up against that of his huntsman, and in dumb language say to

him, "Old fellow, you are wrong, you have made your casts sportsmanlike, and well in the right direction, but not far enough; I can't go with you in another direction, and I have no power granted me of telling you why. I hope you have sufficient trust in me to let me alone, and not send your whipper-in to rate me back. Just follow me awhile, and may I never dine on oatmeal and horse-flesh again, if we don't run into that pert doe, in spite of her dodges." Well said, hound, and well done, huntsman. It is a lesson to all young sportsmen to study the nature and intellect of the hounds entrusted to their charge, a matter, perhaps, not enough regarded.

At this period Craven Berkeley was too young to do more than go out on a pony, but he was well entered under the instruction of the best of sportsmen, and commenced his career early. Augustus Berkeley used to come up from Sussex frequently to hunt with Moreton's hounds, and he made himself, as usual, conspicuous in the field—particularly so in riding a horse of his brother Henry's, called Sultan, a large brute, and a slug, but a horse of endless bottom and a great fencer. On one occasion, having got into Feltham Park, he pounded the whole field by riding over the pales with a frightful descent into the road, a deep ditch being on the opposite side.

The next day numbers of people and almost every officer off duty at the cavalry barracks, Hounslow, went to view the spot and the monstrous leap

achieved in safety solely by the horse having the tact to strike the bank before he descended into the road. Captain Hammersley, who rode hard on a clever little Irish thorough-bred horse, called "Claret," was one of those pounded, and although he had no occasion for gasconade, yet his brother officers said that his exploits never lost in the telling. On that day, after dinner, he made the following pleasant bull, "I have, you know, boys, often ridden Claret over six feet stone walls, with a turf upon the top of them; but I did not believe the horse and man were foaled who would do what that great brown horse did with Augustus Berkeley."

I have now brought Moreton Berkeley to the period when he lost his whipper-in, Henry Berkeley, who was disabled by a fall in riding a horse called "Sunbeam" at a fence, and went from horseback to a pair of crutches, which never quitted him for three years. The hounds were subsequently taken up by the Honourable Grantley Berkeley, who has given a most graphic account of them in his reminiscences. They were well supplied with stags by Earl Fitzhardinge, and had excellent sport—Moreton became first whipper-in, Mr. Henry Wombwell second.

Eventually the country became too hot for them, market-gardeners did not like cucumber-frames and gooseberry-bushes being interfered with, and farmers refused permission to cross their land; actions at law took place, and the hounds were given up.

Grantley Berkeley then took the Oakley country in Bedfordshire, and converted his staghounds into foxhounds.

I remember perfectly well being out with the Cranford hounds, when the deer took us right through a nursery garden near Brentford. I had cleared the fence that led into it, and was looking out for a path where I could avoid the cucumber frames, when the owner rushed out, pitchfork in hand, kneeling down infantry fashion to receive cavalry, threatening to do for me if I attempted to proceed. My horse was within a few yards of being impaled when I turned him short to the right, and charging an asparagus-bed, got into a path which led through the garden. My friend followed, but in his haste to overtake me, tripped up, and the last I saw of him was sprawling on the ground. Next day a placard was posted all over the neighbourhood, offering a handsome reward to anyone who would furnish the names of the offenders, more especially the gentleman on a brown horse with a white star on his forehead, that individual being myself! The affair soon died away, as it would have done if the entire buildings of this market-gardener had been burnt to the ground, and himself smothered in the ruins.

In Bedfordshire, Moreton Berkeley lived entirely at the house of his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Grantley Berkeley, occasionally visiting Cranford to look after the game. On one occasion

on his arriving there, he was met by an untoward occurrence. Mr. Grenville Berkeley, who I am happy to say is still flourishing, and his wife were on a visit to Lady Berkeley. The Ladies Berkeley were gone to a ball at Hampton Court, Moreton had retired to bed.

On the ladies' return, as the carriage drove up to the house, about two in the morning, they were astonished by hearing the discharge of fire-arms in the coverts. Lady Mary ran up to call her brother. Lady Emily, afterwards Lady Emily Capel, dashed off to the lodge to arouse the keeper. It was not a good night either for ladies or white satin shoes; it was dark, gusty, and rainy, with thunder and lightning; but these ladies had a higher motive for their solicitude than the life of a pheasant. They knew they were beset by a powerful gang of ruffians—seventeen guns were clearly counted; they knew that Moreton's force, even if they could face such odds, must be overpowered, and they knew that, if he went alone, go he would.

Lady Berkeley was aroused from her slumbers, and with that energy which marked her character, took the command of the household. She felt that her son was about to meet danger. She never attempted to dissuade him, but saw him pass downstairs without a word, his cutlass belted on. What her feelings were may be imagined. Lady Berkeley knew that she might as well attempt to persuade a rock to move as Moreton to stand by and see ruffianism unopposed, and the old place insulted.

Her measures were promptly taken; she caused the whole house to be lighted up, she caused her chaplain, Moreton's old tutor, to go to the church and toll the bell, and furthemore she caused torches to be stuck up lighted round the sunk fence in the garden.

Too much praise cannot be given to the ladies of the family for their gallant bearing in carrying out Lady Berkeley's commands. Moreton, on leaving the house, found that he had three men to lead —the keeper, the coachman, and a footman, each armed with a cutlass; to rouse the watchers, who lived at a distance, was impossible.

The dark, gusty night, relieved by flashes of lightning, sickened the footman before he had gone ten yards, and his white cotton stockings betook themselves back to the house. The coachman shook from head to foot as if he had the ague, and Moreton doubted the keeper, although he gave no actual symptoms of cowardice. The plan Moreton had laid down for himself was not to attack the gang openly, but to approach as near as he could, and if he was fortunate enough to get one of them detached, to cut him down and handcuff him with his arms round a growing tree; failing that, to follow the gang, watch them on their departure and thus gain a clue.

Moreton and his two men succeeded in getting within about thirty yards of the nearest gun, when, whether it was the church bell, or whether the lightning which gleamed on the cutlasses of himself

and men, and revealed their presence—and this Moreton rather inclined to believe—but a panic seized the gang, and they tore away through the coverts and burst bodily through some pales at the bottom, and effectually escaped. Moreton and his two men followed, and he detached them different ways to endeavour to fall in with a fugitive, but in vain. It is doubtful whether the keeper and coachman, when divested of the presence of their leader, took any great pains in the matter, and probably were right thankful to find themselves in a whole skin. The poachers left some of their pheasants, mostly blown to pieces, and it is supposed they had not killed more than six. The gang was identified, in several of their nocturnal visits to various preserves, by their having among the guns one heavy gun, evidently carrying a great charge, probably a duck gun. Subsequently the gang was taken by a powerful body of keepers and watchers at Oatlands, having, however, visited Claremont with impunity. After this invasion, Moreton reinforced himself by half a dozen from the A division of the London police, who kept watch and ward with him for more than one season, but their services never were required.

I have now given my readers some of the incidents in the life of a true sportsman; one who finds in nature a perpetual fund of information and amusement perfectly unknown to those who pass their time in towns in Summer, who ride

horses after hounds and jump over hedges and ditches in Winter; who shoot at stags and pheasants, grouse and hares and partridges in the Autumn; and who would be sorely puzzled to explain on what principle they did all or any of these things. Moreton Berkeley, on the contrary, has realised the old precept, "To drink deep or taste not." Follow him in every class of amusement he has entered upon, and you will find that he has mastered the theory and carried it out in detail. A fine horseman, a good shot; as a huntsman, understanding the constitution and treatment of his hounds in kennel; in the field, knowing the natural history and the habits of every beast of venery, and applying that knowledge for their capture or destruction. Of Oldaker, the famous huntsman, it used to be said that he seemed always to have his foxes on a string, so well did he know their habits. The same tact and knowledge are attributes of Moreton Berkeley. From the rat up to the fox there is no vermin whose habits are strange to him; from the noisy jay up to the solemn kite and harsh raven no bird can escape from one who knows every motion and habit from the egg upwards.

In his early days it was the habit of noblemen and gentlemen to fight mains of cocks; Lords Derby, Ongley, Sefton, *longo ordine gentes*, indulged in the now forbidden and cruel sport. No amateur breeder—I speak from what I have heard, not what I have seen, for I was never, except once many years

ago, present at a cock fight—could feed a main of cocks like Moreton Berkeley. I cite these instances from whence to draw the conclusion that, whatever pursuit he undertakes, to that he gives his whole mind. Accustomed to the open air by day and night, he appears gifted with the attributes of Cooper's "Woodman," and his senses of hearing and seeing became sharpened by continued use of them. The late keeper at Cranford, under the orders of Moreton Berkeley, by name Chapman, was a Guardsman, and subsequently in the C division of police. When he first received his instructions from Moreton, who, in fact, educated him as a keeper, he was amazed and incredulous at the knowledge of natural and open air phenomena possessed by his instructor. I give this instance.

One stormy and rainy night, when a wood presents a confusion of sounds to the ear, when the bending and cracking of boughs and limbs of trees are mingled with the thunder of the gales, Chapman and his employer stood in a wood together. There had been indications which the latter considered to point to the probability of some stranger having been in the coverts. A twig turned as if accidentally, or a knot of twisted grass that had been moved, were Moreton's indicators of the presence of a foreign body. In the middle of a squall which roared through the trees, he suddenly said,

"There, do you hear that?"

"What, Sir?" asked Chapman. "There is such a noise I can hear nothing."

"You are deaf, then, for there was an air-gun discharged just before I spoke."

"Where, Sir?"

Moreton pointed to the place in the remote corner of the wood in which they stood.

"Why, Sir," continued Chapman, "how can you possibly hear so small a sound as the report of an air-gun in a night like this?"

"Because," was his answer, "I know the sound of the woods under the influence of wind and rain, and the sound of an air-gun is totally distinct, and unless you are a fool you will acquire the same knowledge. This night is too dark for us to attempt to get up to the man, and if I know my customer he is now off. Meet me to-morrow morning at six, and I'll show you that you have been within a couple of hundred yards of a night shooter."

The keeper met his employer as ordered, and exactly opposite the spot described by him as that where the air-gun had been discharged, there were the recent marks of a man having climbed over the pales of the covert, and footsteps in the dew leading away from it.

"Now, Mr. Chapman, what do you make of those marks?"

"I don't know I'm sure, Sir, but I think you must be a witch."

Moreton laughed.

"No, Chapman, it requires no broom-stick, but

the use of the organs nature has given to us all, to know this and a good deal more."

Moreton declares that of any or all the keepers and watchers he has known by long experience, including the police force, he never knew more than two men who were not afraid in the dark. One was a certain Richard Biggs who had been a keeper at Cranford: he would go to the darkest and most dismal corner of the Manor alone and unarmed, with as much carelessness at night as if it were broad daylight.

"No men more evade the lonely beats in the country," I still quote Moreton, for I do not indorse the sentiment, "and are more frightened at them, than the London police, although allowed to wear the cutlass of the force; bold and daring man to man though they may be, they are partial to gas."

Moreton, who has Shakespeare in good knowledge, is of opinion that when the great writer tells us that "the thief sees an officer in every bush," he might have added that "officers see a dozen thieves in every bush, and don't like the sight at all."

While Moreton Berkeley hunted the Cranford hounds he had two bay mares, both excellent hunters, but one a very superior animal, her sire Hugh Capet. This mare was barely fifteen hands high, but she was indeed the *multum in parvo*. Her head was rather large, but not coarse, her ears blood-like, her shoulders well back, closely ribbed

up with fine loins; she did not care for weight; her arms powerful, short from the knee downwards, but below the knee the leg large and flat; the foot round and roomy, her hocks enormous. No fence was too large for her; she took the widest brooks in her stroke, and seemed merely to gallop over them; her speed was extraordinary, and no ground stopped it. To see Moreton in the field to the best advantage, you must have been present when his hounds were running fallow deer, and himself on this bay mare; and it was obvious that he must be close at hand when they ran into their quarry, to save the animal's life. He rode steadily at the first part of the run, alternating with his brother Henry, being near to the hounds, but always near enough to take his place as huntsman at a check. At the moment the hounds denoted that they were on good terms with the deer, as the cry diminished to a whimper, as the sterns of the hounds drooped and their heads were raised, the scent being, as it is termed, breast high, you could see the Hugh Capet mare coming up; one by one she would pass her horses; straight as a line did her rider keep her head, until, let who would be present, that mare was in advance of all; and as assuredly as the deer was run into, Moreton rode into the last field with his hounds, and jumping off, had the panting, distressed animal in his safe custody. There was a doe in particular, called from a tremendous run, the Harrow doe, of which he was very careful, and he has often played the part I

have described in her defence, with that extraordinary mare.

On one occasion a good-natured hard rider, whom I have previously mentioned, Captain Burton, said, speaking to Henry Berkeley, "Why, where was your brother in the run? I saw you, but not him, until within the last ten minutes, when he passed me like a rocket."

The answer was, "It would not do if we who act as servants to the hunt, were to pump our horses out as you do the first burst."

"Nay, my dear Sir, I deny that Buffer was ever pumped out."

"Well, at least, just as my brother was riding to save the deer, and I was pressing my horse Sunbeam, who has nothing like the speed of his mare, as fast as I could to the rescue, I saw Buffer on his head at a very small fence, and with anybody on his back but yourself, my dear Burton, he must have been down!"

"Ah, you are very good to say so, but Buffer only made a slight mistake, he was not pumped out as you call it. Here, boy, take this silk handkerchief to that pond and make it wringing wet."

The boy obeyed, and Buffer was all the more comfortable for having it squeezed into his mouth, and his eyes and his nostrils lubricated with it, while the boy was all the better for a shilling. In addition to these mares, Moreton Berkeley had a horse called The Dandy, very good, and a black

mare, and a brown horse, fair hunters. When the Hon. Grantley Berkeley took the pack, and Moreton whipped in, his horses Robin Hood, Steeltrap, Billy McDaniel, and Yeoman were well known in the hunt. On one occasion with Yeoman, a very large field being out, he was one of four who charged and got over the Yeading Brook in the Harrow Vale, then a bumper, and it was during this run the late Sir George Seymour declared that, previous to Moreton's riding at the brook, he overheard him hold a private conversation with his horse. The gallant Admiral having made a good story of it, Moreton did not deny that he had said a few words to the animal to this effect: "Now mind me, old Yeoman, the stag and hounds are on the other side of that ugly piece of water, you can do it, I think, but if you jump short, it will be swimming, not hunting. Now then, old fellow, gently does it usually with you, but gently won't do it this time."

"Well," asked Sir George, "what did Yeoman say?"

"What did he say? Ah, that's between him and me, but you saw he pricked up his ears, as much as to say, 'Master, we will be on the other side of that brook in no time.'"

A wit remarked that Sir George ought to have held a similar conference with his horse.

The principal horses which Henry Berkeley rode during his connexion with his brother Moreton's hounds, were Sunbeam, Sultan, Fra Diavolo, Don

Giovanni, and Waverley, a brown horse, whom he had the misfortune to lose by the rupture of a blood-vessel, after leaping a brook out of deep ground, in turning some hounds; the horse cantered about twenty yards, neighed in a distressed tone, and fell under his rider, dying instantly. Of Sultan I have spoken; few horsemen could make this animal work, he was a gross feeder, always muzzled at night, or he would devour his litter, savage in the stable, and a slug in the field. Augustus Berkeley, of whom it may be fairly said that he was a fine, powerful horseman, as well as a hard rider, rode this animal better than any one else. In addition to spurs, the rowels of which were well looked to, he carried a racing hand-whip; he very soon found that Sultan could do almost anything, but would do as little as he possibly could, and if not urged and pressed at his fences he would absolutely fall into them from laziness. Before Augustus Berkeley took him in hand, on one occasion Sultan got into a muddy weedy brook and stuck fast, at least he was sitting on his hams, just the bow of the saddle out of water. How engaged? Not nervously struggling as ninety-nine horses out of a hundred would be; but quietly eating the weeds within his reach, when a couple of countrymen finally got into the brook, and threshed His Majesty out of his recumbent position with sticks, the field in roars of laughter at the cool trick the old horse had played. After expending a couple of handwhips, and returning from hunting

several times with spurs that bore marks of having been used, it was astonishing how Sultan took the hint at the apparition of Augustus Berkeley in hunting costume, and how hopeless it was to attempt to follow that gentleman on Sultan in a line of stiff gates, which he always preferred. Sunbeam, a stout horse, but not fast, a good fencer, but prone to rush. Don Giovanni, a dun coloured weedy horse with racing speed, a thorough good hunter. The Don was in training for some hunt.races at Hounslow, and a trial with another horse being deemed useful, it took place in Dawley Park, Henry Berkeley's groom riding the Don, Moreton Berkeley riding the trial horse. Just as they were coming home, the trial horse evidently winning, and the Spanish libertine making a game struggle, he fell as if he had been shot, projecting the groom fully five yards over his head; the man was unhurt, but the horse was dead. Thus in three seasons Henry Berkeley had the misfortune to lose two valuable horses. Fra Diavolo was a black horse purchased of Captain Frederick Berkeley, afterwards Lord Fitzhardinge. This animal had been ridden with *éclat* by the gallant sailor in a light country with high stone walls; his fencing was marvellous, but he was a very ugly brute, as well as the softest and worst horse that ever attempted to cross a heavy vale, and was soon parted with.

I cannot forbear mentioning a droll occurrence which befell Henry Berkeley when whipping-in to

his brother Moreton's hounds. There was a farmer named Trimmer, living at Heston, who was always on the watch to prevent sportsmen passing over his land. It so chanced that Moreton had received a couple of young hounds from Lord Derby's pack of staghounds, then hunting in Surrey, and kept at the Oaks; Mariner and Malapert. They were wild as hawks, and Malapert given to skirting, and otherwise breaking away from the pack, and she had given the whipper-in no end of trouble.

On a certain day Mr. Trimmer had ensconced himself in a hedge close to a gate to pounce on some unwary sportsman and warn him off; however, he had never warned the Berkeleys off, when this erratic young lady, Miss Malapert, thought proper to break away from the pack, then at a check, and scour the adjacent country.

Away goes Don Giovanni, and upon him Mr. Henry Berkeley, after Miss Malapert, and no form of speech in which angry whips indulge when rating a hound at fault was spared. Down Mr. Trimmer's field goes Malapert, down a lane galloped Don Giovanni, and over the hedge close by the gate near which Mr. Trimmer had concealed himself, jumped the horse, heading the faulty hound.

"Ah, Malapert, will you? Will you? (a severe cut with the whip). Back with you, ba—ck," or rather pronounced "baick" to him. "Go along with you! To him! baick! baick!"

Away back went Malapert, and as the angry whip followed her over the hedge within five yards

of Mr. Trimmer, he gave vent to his indignation, *sotto voce.*

"Skulking brute, ought to be hanged, useless cur, spoiled sport. Tell Moreton so (aloud). What, will you, then, baick! baick to him, Malapert!" Crack, crack, crack, and away they went.

Forth comes Mr. Trimmer, boiling with rage. He had been grossly insulted, called Malapert, a skulking brute, a spoil sport, ought to be hanged. That evening he signed notices, and sent them to warn all the Berkeley family off his land. He would hear of no explanation. It was a done thing, one of the Mr. Berkeleys had discovered his hiding place, and had taken that opportunity to let him know it. He would not hear of Malapert being the name of a hound, it was not a hound's name. Ponto, or Juno, or Don were the proper names for sporting dogs. Malapert was only an abusive epithet for a man or woman, and used for the occasion to him.

In all the Berkeley family have done in the way of sporting, they have evinced a determination thoroughly to understand the theory of the work in hand, and to carry that out in detail. The duties of a huntsman were not only thoroughly known to the late Earl Fitzhardinge, but practically put in force; so, too, his father, the Earl of Berkeley, who could tell you in an instant the faults of a kennel-huntsman by the mere looking at the coats of his hounds.

The Earl of Berkeley was an excellent rifle-shot,

and could break up a deer better than his park-keeper; his eldest son, Earl Fitzhardinge, was not so, but a good shot at game, and a first rate huntsman in field and kennels. It was perfectly beautiful to hear him draw for a fox; the musical tones of his powerful voice would come down to you on the wind in a most pleasing and telling cadence, even if you were on the opposite side of the largest cover. I have now almost in my ears the "Hie, find him, lads," prolonged with a splendid crescendo, and the "Yoi, drag him, boys," equally so. The words "find" and "drag," being prolonged most melodiously. It was likewise a perfect treat to see the late Earl meet his hounds, steady, well-governed as they were; their frantic joy carried them beyond the bounds of even *dog-matic* decency, and as he jnmped off his hack, or got out of his carriage, his scarlet coat, buff waistcoat, and white cords became one mass of mud from canine caresses, to his Lordship's great delight, who had a word of encouragement for each hound. For the great renown of his pack of hounds Earl Fitzhardinge always accounted by saying, "In a pack of hounds, nose is speed, and I breed for speed. All hounds can go too fast for horses, any cur can race after a good scent. I hope my hounds can make a good scent out of a bad one."

The sporting exploits of the Honourable Grantley Berkeley are familiar to the public through his reminiscences; of him it may be said in the words of the great father of English poetry:

"He coude hunt at the wild dere,
And ride a hawking for the rivere
With great goshawk and hound."

In conclusion, I must not omit to mention that the present owner of Berkeley Castle is second to none as a sportsman and master of hounds, and is in every respect a worthy scion of a most worthy sire.

A few remarks upon Berkeley Castle and the late Earl Fitzhardinge may not be here out of place.

Berkeley, according to Sir Robert Atkyns, the historian of Gloucestershire, derives its name from the Saxon *beorc*, a birch tree, and *leas*, a pasture, from which it has been inferred that the parish was remarkable for the growth of birch trees. From the fertility of the soil, and its contiguity to the river Severn, it has always been a place of importance, and at a very early period gave name to the great Manor of Berkeley, which, during the Heptarchy, was held of the Crown at £500 17*s*. 2*d*. per annum, by Roger de Berkeley, a near relative of Edward the Confessor, and Lord of Dursley, from which the earliest pedigree of the Berkeley family is deduced. Berkeley, notwithstanding the residence of the elder branches of their family in the Castle of Dursley, was a market town and had a nunnery endowed with the large Manor of Berkeley. The time of the foundation of this establishment and the name of the founder are unknown; but its suppression, prior to the Con-

quest, was brought about by the heartless profligacy and perfidious avarice of Earl Godwin, who received a grant of its possessions as a reward for his treachery in plotting the seduction of the sisterhood by his nephew, and afterwards reporting to his Sovereign the degraded state to which the frail nuns had been reduced.

A few years afterwards, William the Conqueror, possessing high respect for all the relatives of Edward the Confessor, granted the Manor of Berkeley to Roger Berkeley, of Dursley, by whose descendants it was held till the reign of Henry II., when refusing to pay the fee farm rent, and also taking part with Stephen, they were dispossessed by the former monarch, who granted the Manor to Robert Fitzhardinge, at that time Mayor of Bristol, the descendant of a younger son of the King of Denmark. Fitzhardinge, however, was so greatly annoyed in his new possessions by the Berkeleys of Dursley, that Henry II. interfered to make peace between them, which he ultimately effected by arranging a marriage between Maurice, son of Robert Fitzhardinge, and the daughter of Roger de Berkeley, upon which the former assumed the name of Berkeley, and from this union descended the present family; the male issue of the Berkeleys of Dursley became extinct in 1382. The castle erected during this reign at the south east-end of the town, out of the ruins of the ancient nunnery, was considerably enlarged by successive proprietors in the reigns of the second and third Edward, and

became one of the principal baronial seats in the kingdom.

There are many historical and political events connected with the castle. In the reign of King John it was one of the places of meeting for the Confederate Barons who compelled that monarch to grant the Magna Charta; it was here, too, that Edward II., after his deposition, was detained a prisoner under the alternate custody of Lords Berkeley, Maltravers, and Gournay, and during the illness of the former, by whom he had always been treated with kindness and humanity, was barbarously murdered by the two latter. History thus records the event:—

"When the death of this unfortunate monarch had been resolved upon by the Queen and Mortimer, her infamous paramour, he was removed to Berkeley Castle, and committed to the custody of Thomas, third Lord Berkeley. Owing to the humanity with which this Lord treated the captive monarch, he was soon after obliged to relinquish his castle and prisoner to Lord Maltravers and Sir Thomas Gournay, by whom the King was soon afterwards murdered, through the wicked subtlety of Adam, Bishop of Hereford, who wrote unto his keepers these few words without any stops or points between them:—

"Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est."

That by reason of their different sense and con-

struction they might commit the murder, and the impious prelate excuse himself."

These enigmatical words have been thus translated:

"To murder King Edward fear; not to do it is praiseworthy."

"To murder King Edward fear not; to do it is praiseworthy."

And again:—

> "To seek to shed King Edward's blood,
> Refuse to fear I think it good."

Thomas de la More, who was privy councillor to Edward, and wrote his life, says that the murder was committed with a plumber's iron, "*cum ferro plumberri intense ignito*, &c." Walsingham, in his history, says:—

"His crie did move many within the castell and town of Bircklie to compassion, plainly hearing him utter a wailefull noyse, as the tormentors were about to murder him; so that dyvers being awakened thereby (as they themselves confessed) prayed heartilee to God to receyve his soule, when they understode by his crie what the matter ment."

A small apartment, called Edward's room, over the steps leading to the keep, is pointed out as the scene of this dire cruelty. At that time all the light it received was from loopholes for arrows, the windows have since been introduced. After the murder, Lord Berkeley was arraigned as a participator in the foul deed, but was honourably

acquitted by his peers of being accessory to the death of the ill-fated monarch. The interior of Berkeley Castle, despite its age, is as warm and comfortable as any modern house. It contains many valuable and historical relics. In the great hall, now used as a dining-room, is a splendid specimen of workmanship in silver, representing the fatal combat between the seventh Lord of Berkeley, and his relative, Talbot, Viscount Lisle. The cause of the quarrel was as follows:—

"Upon the death of the Countess of Shrewsbury, Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, succeeded to her claim of right to Berkeley Castle; and having failed in the several underhand methods and stratagems he made use of to get possession thereof, at last sent the Marquis* a challenge requiring him 'of knighthood and manhood to appoint a day and to meet him half way, to try their quarrel and title, to eschew the shedding of Christian blood, or to bring the same day to the utmost of his power.' Unto which the Marquis returned an answer in writing, 'That he would meet him on the morrow at Nybley Green, by eight

* William Lord Berkeley, being created Viscount Berkeley by Edward VI., and two years afterwards made a privy councillor. He was in like favour with Richard III., who made him Earl of Nottingham; but he entering into the interests of the Lancastrians, and joining the Duke of Buckingham in endeavouring to dethrone King Richard, was forced to fly into Brittany, to Henry, Earl of Richmond, by whom after he had mounted the throne he was constituted Earl Marshal of England, and in 1488 was created Marquis of Berkeley—MAGNA BRITANNIA ANTIQUA ET NOVA.

or nine o'clock, which standeth (saith he) on the borders of the Liverode that thou keepest untruly from me.' They met accordingly on the 20th of May, 1470, attended by their respective followers, amounting to near a thousand men, of whom a hundred and fifty fell in the combat, and amongst them Lord Lisle, who, with visor up, was shot in the mouth with an arrow, and this put an end to the contest."

Owing to the modern march of improvement, a great portion of this once celebrated scene of bloodshed is now built upon and cultivated, and fields of waving corn, gardens of floral beauty, snug homesteads, and rural cottages—emblems of peace and plenty—thrive where once rank grass, weeds, and wild flowers grew. No longer is Nibley Green the arena for deadly conflict, the trumpet of civil war has ceased to sound, the noise of gathering retainers "in arms and eager for the fray" has ceased, and the only sounds that greet the traveller or wayfarer are the bleating of sheep, the lowing of oxen, and the ploughboy's whistle.

Earl Fitzhardinge, as I have already said, was a first-rate master of foxhounds, a thorough sportsman, an excellent shot, and a practical yachtsman. His talents as an amateur actor I have referred to in a former chapter.

SPORTSMEN.

SIR W. MASSEY STANLEY.

CHAPTER VI.

SIR W. MASSEY STANLEY—HOOTON PARK—BIRKENHEAD—HAROLD LITTLEDALE'S MODEL FARM—LIVERPOOL STEEPLE-CHASING—MELTON—RIDERS TO HOUNDS.

"I'll ne'er forget the splendid days from Melton which I've seen,
And jovial nights, which chased away all sorrow, care, and spleen,
Oh, no; those scenes of early life come o'er me like a dream;
One brilliant ray to cheer the gloom of life's fast ebbing stream."

HUNTING SONG.

"But Stanley flitteth by, 'On, Stanley, on,'
Stanley who reads and rides his Marmion."*

"What ever-smiling face now meets my view?
'Tis Errington."

MELTON PINDARIC.

THERE is an ancient axiom, that "to view our social life aright, in its true national character, you must be permitted to see and mingle with the circle of a country mansion well filled;" and there

* A celebrated hunter belonging to Sir Massey Stanley.

can be no doubt that only in the country house, or in the midst of his park, his farms, his woods, and plantations, an Englishman breaks from his habits of reserve, and gives vent to his natural feelings. Many a man who passes in London for a mere frivolous lord of the creation, comes forth in the country in a manner that would astonish those who have formed an estimate of his character in the circles of Belgravia, at the bay-window of White's, or lounging in the Row in Hyde Park. These reflections came across my mind during a visit to Cheshire some thirty years ago.

It was early in the month of October that I received an invitation to pass a few days at Hooton, then the property of the late Sir William Massey Stanley; and as the worthy baronet was not only one of the most popular men of the day, but a true sportsman in every sense of the word, I gladly availed myself of his hospitality. The morning of the 11th of October arrived, and at ten o'clock I found myself at the Euston Square Station. At that time I had a horror of railroads; the monotony of the journey, and the feeling that you were to be boxed up for a certain number of hours, without being able to leave your seat, were to me annoyances of the greatest magnitude. I often sighed for the team of other days—the well appointed coach, or the barouche and four; but it was useless to grumble, or, as wags say, to *rail* at the rail, so there was nothing left but to grin and bear it. Since that period, great improvements have been

made—the carriages are more comfortable, luncheon baskets are to be had at the stations, thus enabling you to save the annoyance of the crowded refreshment-room, foot-warmers have been introduced, and the speed has increased rapidly; added to the above, Pullman's cars run on the Midland Line, in which a traveller may sleep as soundly as in his or her bed, so I now bear the journeys with a smile, not a grin.

After a tolerably interesting journey, we reached Birmingham, and there my eyes were gladdened at seeing Sir William, who had just arrived from Derbyshire, where he had been killing a considerable quantity of pheasants on the well preserved covers of Lord Chesterfield. After a delay of an hour, during which we bipeds were all fed very much after the manner of the quadrupeds in the Zoological Gardens, we left the refreshment-room, entered the train, and were whizzed off to Chester. Nothing of any interest occurred during our journey; for what can occur to amuse one in the rapid flit from station to station? We passed Ranton Abbey, the property of Lord Lichfield, where not many years since, that noble lord, accompanied by Lord Alvanley and Massey Stanley, killed their five hundred and fifty pheasants, at that period considered a good day's sport.

Happy was I to find myself safely landed at Chester, that quaint old city, with its venerable rows and ancient houses; and still happier was I to see Sir William's four handsome chestnut horses,

with two neat postilions in attendance. The carriage was soon taken off the railway-truck, horses put to, and away we trotted at the rate of twelve miles an hour to the hospitable mansion of my companion. Massey Stanley, I drop the William for his more familiar name, was that year High Sheriff of the county, and it must have been a goodly sight to have witnessed his turn out upon the day he went to meet the judges. Upon that occasion, all those who were in the habit of hunting with the Hooton hounds appeared in their scarlet coats, and were well mounted. The tenantry, too, produced a cavalcade of horses that would have gladdened the heart of the smartest cavalry colonel in Her Majesty's service, had he been able to have them transferred to his troop stables. These added to the High Sheriff's own stud, and that of his brother John (who, *en passant*, I must remark is one of the best fellows in the world, as was the late head of the family, Sir Rowland), with one carriage and six, and two out-riders, two other carriages and four, of Barker's best build, and Whippy's harness—need I say more!—formed a procession that, to adopt an American phrase, could not be "dittoed" anywhere.

The entrance to Hooton is very picturesque, the park is extensive and well wooded, and the view of the river Mersey most beautiful. The house—a modern one—was replete with every comfort; and if for a moment I regretted the demolition of the Gothic hall with its associations of feudal barons,

ancient knights, long galleries, narrow chambers, and dark passages, I was amply repaid by the comforts and luxuries of modern days.

While the carriage was unpacking, I rambled into the well-stocked library; and in turning over the leaves of Lyson's "Magna Britannia," I found the following account of my host's ancestors:—"The Stanleys, who are a branch of the ancient Baronial family of Audley, took the name of Stanley, from Stanleigh, or Stanley, in Staffordshire, where they were some time settled. Sir William de Stanley, in consequence of his marriage with the heiress of Barnville, became possessed, about the year 1315, of the bailiwick of Wirrall Forest and the manor of Great Storeton. His son, by a marriage with the heiress of Hooton, became possessed of that lordship, which has ever since been the seat of his descendants. In consequence of a younger son of this family succeeding by devise to the estate of the Masseys of Puddington in 1715, he assumed the name of Massey in addition to his own; but upon this branch coming into possession of Hooton, by the death of Sir William Stanley, Bart., in 1792, they re-assumed their ancient family name.

"The Earl of Derby is descended from the elder son of the first Lord Stanley, Comptroller of the Household to King Henry VI. (descended from Sir John Stanley, K.G., younger brother of the first Stanley of Hooton). The Stanleys of Alderley Park, and the Stanleys of Cumberland, are also descended from the Stanleys of Storeton in Wirrall,

the ancestor of the present Baronet. The township of Hooton lies about nine miles N. by W. from Chester. The ancient hall at Hooton was a large building, chiefly of timber; it was taken down in 1778, and the present mansion built from a design of Mr. Samuel Wyatt. The stone is from the Storeton quarry."

Since the above was written Hooton has passed into the hands of Mr. Naylor.

Having digressed to give a slight historical sketch of the ancestry of my amphitryon, I now return to the hospitable hall, where, as the clock struck seven, a huge gong announced that dinner was on the table. Pleading Byron's excuse, so poetically told in that righte merrie conceite, that flighty, wild, extravagant, and immoral tale, "Don Juan:"

> "Great things were now to be achieved at table,
> With massy plate for armour, knives and forks
> For weapons; but what muse since Homer's able
> To draw up in array a single day-bill
> Of modern dinners?"

I shall be silent upon the subject, except to say that the artist, Monsieur Comte, was quite first-rate. Connected with good living, there is a wrinkle which I take the liberty of throwing out for the benefit of the country householders at large, and which I, for the first time, heard of at Hooton. At breakfast there was always a bill of fare sent up from the kitchen, containing the name of every *plat* that the most fastidious epicure could fancy.

Instead of having the sideboard covered with dishes of cutlets, grills, kidneys, &c., which get cold and clammy unless they are instantaneously attacked, a *menu* is put into your hands, of which the following will serve as a specimen :—

Cotelettes de mouton, sauce piquante.
Rognons au vin de Madère.
Saucisson.
Filets de Volaille à la Parisienne.
Grilled fowl, pheasant, partridge, turkey.
Sole au gratin.
Eperlans.
Turbot, sauce génévoise.
Terrine de foie gras,

with other delicacies that I cannot at present call to mind. No sooner is the order given than a *portion pour un* appears smoking hot. But enough of gastronomy, let the reader accompany me to the kennel, where he will find a pack of from thirty to thirty-five couples of foxhounds, which at that period hunted three days a week under the management of John Stanley, assisted by a huntsman and two whippers-in. The hounds were in excellent condition, and the kennel arrangements undeniably good. The stables were large, airy, and well-ventilated.

In the first six-stall stable were four as clever-looking hunters as I ever saw—a grey horse, Forester, Vakeel, thoroughbred; a bay mare and a chestnut mare. In the other stables were Silver, Perfection, Warwick, Jack Sheppard, Garry Owen, Baronet, bought of Sir Francis Good-

ricke, a chestnut, and a grey gelding—all in first rate condition. A lady's horse attracted my attention; it was in every way worthy of its fair owner, Mrs., now Lady Stanley, *née* Talleyrand, a lady who possesses the *naïveté* of her country, France, combined with all those graces and accomplishments which characterize the daughters of the country to which, by marriage, she is naturalized.

The master of the hounds, huntsman, and whippers-in were all well mounted; and there were five-stalls of rough-and-ready-looking ponies; "first turns out" for any visitor who wished to ride to cover, or go out shooting. There were a few empty stalls, as the High Sheriff was looking out to replace the two-and-twenty horses he had sold in the Spring at Tattersall's.

The carriage department was worthy a visit; it contained nearly ás many vehicles as those enumerated in the celebrated driving song of the late Charles Mathews; buggy, whiskey, gig and dog-cart, curricle and tandem. For there were literally one four-horse drag, one travelling chariot, one town chariot, one tandem, two phaetons, three ladies' ditto, one tilbury, one break, and a dog-cart. There were six chestnut carriage-horses in work, and three phaeton horses.

In the kennel I found fourteen brace of pointers which had been educated by that king of dog-breakers, Tom Taylor, formerly in the service of the late Mr. Gell, of Hopton Hall, Derbyshire. From

the kennel we strolled into the farm-yard, piggeries, and kitchen-garden. The swinish multitudes were of the Midland counties breed, and looked of the right sort, while the sheep were principally Cheviots, and the stock Ayrshire short-horns.

In the commencement of this brief memoir, I touched slightly upon the difference of the life of what is called "a man about town," in the metropolis, and the same individual at his country home, which certainly I saw exemplified in the person of my host, who entered into the business of rural and agricultural pursuits in a manner that quite astonished me. I could perfectly understand Massey Stanley being *au fait* with the hunting stable and kennel; his apprenticeship at Melton, when the Quorn hounds were under his and his brother Rowland Errington's management would have quite effected that; but to hear him giving orders to his bailiff upon every subject connected with practical farming, to listen to his remarks upon draining, manuring, planting, ploughing, subsoil, guano, and all the old and modern systems of cultivation, did, I own, make me exclaim with the erudite Dominie Sampson, "Prodigious!"

Here was a man that in London would have gone home to change a soiled glove, or boots with a speck of dirt upon them, grubbing up dead roots, picking out the mould at the eye-hole of a decaying potato suffering under the disease, or feeding his pigs from a very unsavoury bucket, which, as he

poured the contents into the trough, splashed his nether garments not a little.

The game at Hooton was strictly preserved, in addition to which, Massey Stanley rented Glenshiero in Scotland, which furnished excellent sport. Here, during the Autumn, a party consisting of Prince George, now Duke of Cambridge, Lords H. Bentinck, Maidstone, and Cantilupe, Honourable James Macdonald and their host killed three thousand eight hundred and eleven head of game, at that time considered a great feat.

Hooton, contained some very good pictures, among them an exquisite game-piece by Schneider, and a landscape worthy of Poussin. The dining-room contains a sporting painting of the race for the Gold Cup at Knutsford in 1822, three miles, and which came off as follows:

Sir Thomas Stanley's b. h. Tarragon, 1.
Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Princess Royal, 2.
Lord Stamford's b. c. Peter Lely, 3.

The sideboard boasted of thirty-five gold cups won by Sir Thomas, father of my host.

While upon the subject of racing in the hundred of Wirrall, it may not be out of place to give an account of this sport in the olden time, which is to be found in Mortimer's description of Leasowe Castle, the residence of Sir Edward Cust. "In the drawing-room there is, among other valuable pictures, a very ancient one of James I., including portraits of that Monarch and his sons sharing in

the sport; in which also a buxom lady in a carriage driven by servants in the Royal livery participates.

"The Wallasey Leasowe is probably the oldest gentleman's race-course in the kingdom, being noticed by Webb as existing in the early part of the seventeenth century. The races at the Rood Eye, at Chester, or at Smithfield, and other places, were comparatively the sports of a mere fair, and could offer no rivalry to the aristocratic amusements of the Leasowe course, which in 1683 had rather an illustrious jockey in the person of the famous Duke of Monmouth.

"Attended by a great retinue of gentry; the Duke was on a tour courting popularity in the Western counties. At Chester, he condescended to become sponsor to the daughter of the mayor of that city, and, amid the festivities attendant on that event, hearing that the principal families in the county had assembled at the Wallasey course, he went thither, rode a race himself, which he won, and bequeathed the prize to his infant god-daughter.

"In addition to the high antiquity and noble jockeyship of the Leasowe race-course, it also claims to have once offered the highest prize in the kingdom, for in 1721 the great families of the West entered into an agreement to subscribe liberally for a sweepstakes, to be run for ten seasons on this course. In conformity with this arrangement, the Grosvenors, Stanleys, Cholmondeleys, Egertons, Wynnes, and some others subscribed

twenty guineas each annually, and undertook that their own horses should be brought to contest the stakes. The last of these races occurred in 1732; they were then removed to Newmarket, where for many years the "Wallasey Stake" formed a leading prize; but the Leasowe continued to be a trial or training ground until the middle of the last century.

"An old building in the village of Wallasey, said to have been the Grosvenor stable, yet exists, on the door of which the horses' plates remained until the last three or four years."

Upon the morning but one after my arrival, my host proposed driving me to Birkenhead, and from thence to Liskard, to see Mr. Littledale's model farm; to this I gladly assented, as Harold Littledale was one of my oldest and most valued friends. At eleven o'clock the phaeton was at the door, and after an agreeable drive we drove up to Mr. Jackson's house at Birkenhead. To those who, like myself, could remember this spot some ten years previous, the transformation must have appeared almost miraculous; but I will quote other authorities than my own, for the cursory glance I was compelled to take of it does not enable me to speak with that precision I ought to do. Let a Liverpool journalist and a noble diplomatist describe the Aladdin-like changes that had taken place, "A new Carthage has risen on the left bank of the Mersey, and here, if you ascend as far as Oxton, the lines of Virgil will not be inappropriate:

"They climb the next ascent, and looking down,
Now at a nearer distance view the town;
The prince with wonder sees the stately towers
(Which late were huts, and shepherds' lowly bowers);
The gates and streets, and hears from every part
The noise and busy concourse of the mart."

All is bustle, life, and activity. New streets, spacious squares, market places, churches, chapels, crescents, paragons, and parades have risen up; while picturesque villas dot the environs. The noble diplomatist, supposed to be the late Earl of Clarendon, gives the following graphic account:

"I have made a very agreeable trip to Birkenhead, which is a place rising as if by enchantment out of the desert, and bidding fair to rival, if not eclipse, the glories of Liverpool. Seven years ago there were not three houses on that side of the Mersey; there are now about twenty thousand inhabitants, and on the spot where within that time Sir William Stanley's hounds killed a fox in the open fields, now stands a square larger than Belgrave Square, every house of which is occupied. At Liverpool there are now ten acres of docks, the charges for which are enormous; at Birkenhead there will be forty-seven acres, with rates two-thirds lower, which will gradually diminish until (supposing trade to continue prosperous) they will almost disappear, and the docks become the property of the public at the end of thirty years. It would have been worth the trouble of the journey to make acquaintance with the projector

and soul of this gigantic enterprise, a certain Mr. Jackson. With his desire to create a great commercial emporium proceeds, *pari passu*, that of improving and elevating the condition of the labouring classes there; and before his docks are even excavated, he is building houses for three hundred families of work-people, each free of all taxes, and plentifully supplied with water and gas, for two shillings and sixpence a week each family. These houses adjoin the warehouses and docks where the people are to be employed; and thence is to run a railroad to the sea, and every man liking to bathe will be conveyed there for a penny. A hundred and eighty acres have been devoted to a park, which Paxton has laid out, and nothing at Chatsworth can be more beautiful. At least twenty thousand people were congregated there last Sunday, all decently dressed, orderly, and enjoying themselves.

"Chapels and churches, and schools, for every sect and denomination, abound. Jackson says he shall create as vigorous a public opinion against the public houses as is to be found in the highest classes. There are now three thousand workmen on the docks and buildings, and he is about to take on two thousand more. Turn which way you will, you see only the most judicious application of capital, skill, and experience, every good from other places adopted, everything bad eschewed. And as there is no other country in the world, I am sure, that could exhibit such a sight

as this nascent establishment, where the best interests of commerce and philantrophy are so felicitously interwoven. I really felt an additional pride at being an Englishman."

The *Liverpool Standard*, in some comments upon the above letter, states that it is not true that seven years ago there were only three houses at Birkenhead, but that there were nearer three hundred. The writer adds that Hamilton Square was partly built, and the centre enclosed more than twelve years ago; and that Liverpool, which is said to have one hundred and eleven acres of enclosed water space, has upwards of nine miles quay room, and forty acres of new docks now forming. Since the above was written, wonderful additions have been made to the town, the suburbs, and the docks; at the last census the population of Birkenhead had increased to 65,980.

After viewing the docks, the park, and partaking of luncheon at Mr. Jackson's, we proceeded to Liskard, where the model farm of Harold Littledale, Esq., was, and probably is, one of the best of the day. No expense was spared to make it complete, and as the whole arrangements were made under the direction of one of the best practical farmers in the United Kingdom, Mr. Torr, of Lincolnshire, the result was, as might be expected, most satisfactory. The veriest detractor in the world could scarcely detect a flaw in the whole system. Every modern invention of merit, every scientific improvement, is here concentrated, and

my companion, Massey Stanley, who understood farming well, affirmed that, great as the outlay had been, it would eventually repay the spirited owner.

The farm consists of four hundred and forty acres of arable land; the model buildings include a neat, picturesque brick house for the bailiff, a dairy, four cottages for the labourers, stabling, cowsheds, rick-yard, and every other requisite convenience. There are one hundred stalls for cows, commodious and well ventilated, independent of the proper buildings for calves. There are piggeries, with Torr's patent troughs, one of the neatest and most useful inventions ever made. There is a poultry yard with as fine specimens of the feathered creation as any in existence. The dairy, which is attached to the bailiff's house, is a very neat building, containing a marble fountain which would put to shame those exquisite specimens of national taste in Trafalgar Square. The dairy walls are made hollow, so as to keep out the Summer's heat. Attached to this building is a small room, where, upon a sultry day, strawberries and cream and fresh syllabubs may be enjoyed. Among the farm offices are a place for smoking hams, one for curing bacon, a slaughter-house, a smithy, compost sheds, manure tanks, while a large pond supplies a tank which extends over the whole of one of the buildings, and provides the horses and cattle with water. At this model farm the old saying is realized "a place for every-

thing, and everything in its place." Among these modern inventions was a steam-engine, which threshed the corn, divided the grain by the same operation into three qualities, No. 1, 2, and 3, ground the corn into flour, cut dry and green food for the cattle, conveyed it to the steaming-house, steamed it, supplied a drying kiln for taking the moisture out of damp corn, crushed beans and oats, mixed food for the pigs, and churned the butter. The above, unlike many "Jacks of all trades," is really master of all. If some of our revered ancestors, the gentlemen-farmers of a hundred years ago, could rise from their graves, and see this monster engine at work, doing by machinery the labour of some dozen hands, they would indeed be scared out of their senses. The buildings were erected by Messrs. Holmes and Son, of Liverpool, and added not a little to their former reputation. After enjoying my old friend's hospitality, Massey Stanley and myself paid a flying visit to New Brighton, which is a thriving watering place. There is everything to recommend it; fine sea views, with constant shipping passing, excellent sands, and a splendid pier, recently erected, from which steamers ply to Liverpool every half hour throughout the day. Upon the New Brighton side of the Mersey, all is quiet, retirement, calmness, and peace; while upon the Liverpool side, bustle, activity, and all the turmoils of the busy world are in constant operation.

During my visit to Hooton, my host, his brother

John, and myself received an invitation from the Mayor to dine at the Town Hall, which we accepted; and being anxious to lionize the town, we arranged to go over early, pass the day there, dressing and sleeping at the far-famed Waterloo Hotel, now the site of the Central Railway Station. "London, being the centre of arts, science, and luxury, has not been inaptly called the modern Babylon; Edinburgh, from being the seat of so much learning and wisdom, has been termed the modern Athens; while Liverpool, from its immense commerce and mercantile connections, has received the name of modern Tyre;" so says the guide, and few who now witness its spacious docks, its noble public buildings, its handsome squares, its costly shops, and its broad streets, can bring themselves to believe that within little more than a century this city has sprung up from an insignificant fishing village. In 1736 the population was 19,396, in 1841, taking in its suburbs, it amounted to 286,487, exclusive of at least 12,000 seamen belonging to the port, and at the last census it had increased to 493,340.

Through the courtesy of a friend of Massey Stanley's, a steam tug was placed at our disposal, and from its deck we saw miles of masts and spars in the various docks. In the river might be seen a flotilla of merchantmen, while the rapidly passing steamboats were flitting about like so many fire-flies. An American liner was at anchor, with the "star-spangled" banner of the New World, await-

ing her passengers, while Spanish, Norwegian, Swedish, Dutch, Danish, and Indian vessels were hourly arriving from foreign parts; the flags, banners, and standards of all nations were gaily fluttering in the wind, while the Union Jack, "that for years has braved the battle and the breeze," floated triumphantly over them all.

From the Prince's Dock the view is extremely fine. To the southward you can see the Cheshire woods in the distance, and northward the Irish Channel, Bootle Bay, Crosby on the Lancashire Coast, the Rock Light-house, and Fort Here; the eye takes in all the Cheshire Coast, New Brighton, Egremont, Seacomb, Woodside, Birkenhead, Tranmere Rock, New, and Eastham ferries.

Before I quit the water-side, I cannot refrain from giving my readers an account of some celebrated feats in swimming that came off in the Mersey some eight-and-forty years ago, and which, to use an Americanism, beat Leander's exploit "by a long chalk."

In July, 1827, a match was made between Dr. Bedale and a person of the name of Vipond, both Manchester men, to swim from Liverpool to Runcorn, a distance of twenty miles, in one tide. This was won by the Doctor, who accomplished his task in three hours and thirty-five minutes, beating his opponent by about five minutes. Some misunderstanding having arisen, the vanquished hero challenged his successful competitor in the ensuing Summer to swim against tide from Rock Point to

Runcorn, a distance of twenty-six miles. For some reason the Doctor declined the contest, and Vipond performed the task in little more than four hours. Happily, neither of the Manchester men shared the fate of the youth of Abydos, and fell victims to their temerity; although probably they experienced that which befell our noble poet Byron after swimming from Sestos to Abydos, and which he thus describes in a comparison between himself and the enamoured Leander :—

> "'Twas hard to say who fared the best,
> Sad mortals! thus the gods still plague you,
> He lost his labour, I my jest;
> For he was drown'd, and I've the ague."

The dinner at the Mayor's went off well, and altogether I enjoyed a most delightful day. An account of Liverpool may be found in the local guides. The house in Duke Street where Mrs. Hemans was born, interested me much. Here, too, lived the modern Sardanapalus, George IV., when Prince of Wales, and his brother the Duke of Clarence, and it was with a sort of morbid feeling that I gazed at No. 46 in the same street, the house in which Bellingham, who shot Mr. Percival, May, 1812, resided. He was a native of Huntingdonshire, and after many changes and chances settled in Liverpool, in 1802, as a ship and insurance broker. Some supposed or real injuries received from the Russian Government, which the British Minister declined attending to, caused the fatal deed.

After passing a most delightful three weeks shooting and cub-hunting, I left Hooton Hall to visit Knowsley and other places in the neighbourhood, but not before my host had made me promise to pass a week or ten days the following year with him and his brother Rowland in Leicestershire. Early in November I left Leamington, where I had established myself for my winter quarters, in company with the late Lord Howth for Melton, Massey Stanley and Errington being then joint Masters of the Quorn. As the house they occupied was not spacious enough to put up all their visitors, they engaged another in the town, all meeting at breakfast and dinner.

One evening, after a hard day's hunting, when I felt much more disposed to fall asleep than to take an active part in conversation, much less in a rubber of whist which was about to be formed, Frank Goodricke came up to me, and said,

"Massey Stanley is most anxious to make up two tables, and as we are only seven, you will be required."

"Impossible," I replied; "I'm a shocking bad hand at whist, and as you play high, I should not be justified risking my partner's money, setting aside my own; indeed, I never play for large sums."

"Play you must," responded Goodricke; "I'll chance it, and will stand the stakes; you shall have a sovereign on the rubber, that won't ruin you."

Down I sat with fear and trembling, but fortunately held hands that required little knowledge of Cavendish's rules; the result was we won a rubber of six, five pounds a point, and five-and-twenty on the rubber, total fifty-five pounds.

"You'll go on," said my backer. Of course I could not decline, as our adversaries were anxious for a revenge, when luckily the door opened, and Lord Waterford entered. He required little pressing into the service, and I retired on my laurels. Before leaving Melton, I visited Waterford at Loseby, and passed a very pleasant time there.

Henry de la Poer, third Marquis of Waterford, who was killed March 29, 1859, by a fall from his horse at Corbally, near Carrick-on-Suir, was a thorough good sportsman, an excellent master of foxhounds, and a first-rate man across country, either with the hounds or in a steeple-chase. On Yellow Dwarf he was often the opponent of Captain Becher on Captain Lamb's Vivian; and if he did not always command success, he did more, he deserved it.

One of the most remarkable steeple-chases on record was a match between Lord Waterford's Cock Robin, ridden by the owner, and Captain Lamb's Vivian, piloted by Captain Becher, for one thousand guineas a side, over the Harborough country—the result of which so mortified the Marquis that, contrary to his usual good-nature,

he insisted on ascribing the defeat to his horse.

"Well, my Lord," was Becher's characteristic reply. "I am a poor man, but your Lordship shall change horses, and I'll have you back again to where we started for the same money."

This was declined, and wisely so, for there can be no doubt that Waterford occasionally, from a reckless and dashing spirit, took more out of his horse than he was justified in doing, while his antagonist nursed his animal and never threw away a chance. Here I may remark that the Captain was a bit of a humourist, and was wont to exult at having puzzled "Mossoo" by taking a horse to run in France, which he christened the Leary Cove, a name somewhat difficult to translate.

I must frankly own that steeple-chasing as now carried on, and which has become so popular, is not a favourite amusement of mine. More valuable horses are annually sacrificed to this sport than in three times that period in the hunting-field. However, as I write for the million, I cannot refrain from giving a notice of it, under protest, for I highly disapprove of a system which encourages gambling, overtaxes too often the powers of a noble animal, and leads to a great deal of foul play and trickery. Moreover, the object of steeple-chasing originally was to test the relative speed and jumping powers of horses that had been regularly hunted, who were to gallop three or four miles across a fair hunting country—a church steeple

being the object they were to gain. Now, horses that have not regularly followed the hounds are trained to jump, and are entered for the great steeple-chases—an old fashioned hunter's steeple-chase being as obsolete as a mail-coach, or an oil lamp in the streets of London.

By referring to the sporting literature of the last century, I find that a steeple-chase took place, probably the first, on the 16th of January, 1792. The account is as follows :—

"A match was run for a thousand guineas in the county of Leicester, from Melton Mowbray, and across the country to Dolby Woods, being a distance of ten miles, by a horse, the property of Mr. Hardy, got by the Rutland Arabian, and rode by Mr. Loraine Smith's butler, against the best hunter the Honourable Mr. Willoughby could procure, rode by his whipper-in, which was won by the former by a distance of nearly two miles. At starting the odds were three to two in favour of Mr. Hardy, whose horse went over the country in great style. The intrepidity of the riders was astonishing; but the advantage of superior skill and excellent horsemanship was evidently in favour of Mr. Hardy, whose rider showed much knowledge of hunting by his manner of choosing his leaps, many of which were well performed."

Steeple-chasing does not seem to have made great progress, for I can find no record of any other match until the year 1804, when the following took place :—

"Curious horse-race. A wager between Captains Prescott and Turner of the 5th Light Dragoons, was determined on Friday, January 20th, by a single horse-race, which we learn is denominated steeple-hunting. The race was run from Chapel House, on the West turnpike, to the Cowgate, Newcastle-on-Tyne, a distance of about three miles in a direct line across the country, which Captain Turner gained by nearly a quarter of a mile. The mode of running such a race is not to deviate more than fifteen yards from the direct line to the object in view, notwithstanding any impediments the riders may meet with, such as hedges and ditches. The leading horse has the choice of road to the extent of the limits, and the other cannot go over the same ground; but still preserving those limits, must choose another road for himself."

In the following year the newspapers of the day teemed with the following report:—

"Extraordinary steeple-chase. On the last Wednesday in November came on for decision a match which had excited much interest in the sporting world, and which amongst that community is denominated a steeple-race, the parties undertaking to surmount all obstructions, and to pursue in their progress as straight a line as possible. The contest lay between Mr. Bullivant of Sproxton, Mr. Day of Wymondham, and Mr. Frisby of Waltham, and was for a sweepstake of one hundred guineas each. They started from Wormack's Lodge at half-past three o'clock to run round Wodal Head

and back again, a distance exceeding eight miles. They continued nearly together until they came within a mile and a half of the goal, when Mr. Bullivant on his well-known horse Sentinel, took the lead, and appearances promised a fine race between him and Mr. Day; but, unfortunately, in passing through a hand-gate, Mr. Day's horse's shoulder came in full contact with the gate-post. The rider was thrown with great violence, and, as well as the horse, was much hurt. Nevertheless, Mr. Day remounted in an instant, and continued his course. Mr. Bullivant, however, during the interruption, made such progress as to enable him to win the race easily. The contest for second place was extremely severe between Mr. Day and Mr. Frisby; the latter half mile was run neck and neck, Mr. Day beating his opponent by half a neck. The race was performed in twenty-five minutes, thirty-two seconds.

In 1810, I find the following notice in a sporting work of that year :—

"The amateurs of *break-neck* amusements will, to-morrow, be gratified with a race not very common in the annals of sporting. Two gentlemen of riding celebrity are matched to run their horses over four miles of *cross country* ground chosen by judges especially appointed, who, it seems, in marking the devious course, had no regard to whatever obstructions arising either from *gate*, *hedge*, or *ditch;* so that the most *undaunted* at *flying leaps* will probably win the race, which is for £50;

one horse carrying fifteen stone, and the other thirteen stone, twelve pounds. The race will take place no great distance from Lewes."

The italicised words appear in the original. I have no authentic record of this steeple-chase, but have every reason to believe that it was between two officers of the 10th Hussars, then quartered at the cavalry barracks, Preston, near Brighton, and who kept the game up pretty well in those days. In the hunting-field, and on the turf, the officers of the Prince of Wales's regiment were as conspicuous for their prowess, as they were afterwards famed for gallant deeds in the Peninsula and at Waterloo.

The steeple chase seems, however, to have been first introduced by our warm-hearted friends the sons of Erin, for I find that one of the earliest of these break-neck amusements on record took place in Ireland about the year 1752. It was a match over four miles and a half of country between Mr. O'Callaghan (commonly called "Cider Jack") and a Mr. Edmund Blake, also bearing a sobriquet, that of "Money Morice," and, according to an old manuscript in the possession of Sir Lucius O'Brien, Bart., of Drumland, the course was from the church of Butevant to the spire of St. Leger's Church.

It was, however, after a hunt-dinner, in the year 1803, that the first regular steeple-chase was got up. A sweepstakes of ten guineas each, the

money added being expended in a "hogshead of claret, a pipe of port, and a quarter-cask of rum." The locality was the County of Galway, and in those days a practise existed of running flat and cross country races in heats; this system is happily exploded; bad as it was over a race-course, it was doubly so in the steeple-chase.

To return to Lord Waterford, I remember once riding with him from Melton to John O'Gaunt's Gorse, where the hounds were to meet. His groom was mounted on a young horse, whose "manners," to adopt the language of the West End horse-dealer, were evidently not very good.

"Put him at that fence," said Waterford.

The groom proceeded to obey orders, but without that dash which was requisite with an unbroken animal. The horse refused.

"Try him once more," continued the Marquis.

Again he refused, and the rider seemed as much scared as his steed.

"There; jump off!" said the noble owner of Curraghmore. "I never ask a man to do what I would not do myself."

In a second he was in the saddle. He paused not to have the stirrups lengthened; but patting the horse on the neck, he took him back some twenty yards, and went at the fence in downright good earnest, clearing it in a most sportsmanlike manner.

"Wait where you are," he exclaimed to the groom; then turning the animal short round, again

charged the fence, and, to adopt a Meltonian phrase, "negotiated" it in a first rate style.

Although I have denounced modern steeple-chases, I must plead guilty to having been present at the Grand National at Liverpool, in March 1865; and being surrounded by racing men, who were freely discussing the merits of the respective horses about to enter for that prize, I wrote the following prophecy, for a local paper.

"L'Africain! how melodious that sound to my ear,
Is too heavily weighted, he can't win, I fear!
Emblematic's a problem, the Express is not fast,
And the poor aged Acrobat never can last.
Some are *sweet* on Real Jam, and the Creole, good lack!
A few of the *black* legs will probably back;
While Hall Court with Tempest will make a good show,
And Balder dash forward—*balderdash* is no go.
Fair Stella won't shine, and Hornet won't sting,
And Light Heart will make no *light hearts* in the ring.
Of Reporter I can't give a brilliant *report*,
Ibex from the mountains is not the right sort,
King of Hearts is no *trump*, and Columbia's story
Will be dimmed by the *stripes*, not the *stars* of her glory,
The Garotter will never be placed by a neck,
And Laura (not Petrach's) will prove a bad 'spec,'
While Glencairn and Stanton, though both bred to stay,
Must look for their laurels on some future day.
Now I'll give you a trio, the one's a Mistake,
Who, if steered by J. *Knott*, may *not* prove a mistake.
And Merrimac too, with Ben *Land* to ride,
If not *land*ed first horse will be close by his side.
While Alcibiade the brave to all wondering eyes,
Will pocket for Angel the national prize.

Alcibiade, ridden splendidly by Captain Coventry, came in first, Hall Court, equally well piloted by Captain Tempest, ran second. With regard to

the other horses, as Corneille says, "*Le reste ne vaut pas l'honneur d'être nommé.*"

The above was the only steeple-chase, on a race-course with made fences, stone walls, and brooks, I ever attended; to my mind it was far inferior in every respect to the good old-fashioned steeple-chases that took place in Warwickshire, at Aylesbury, and other places, over a fair hunting-country some five-and-thirty years ago.

Here again I must lay myself open to the charge of egotism, when I record two other prophecies that I made on the Derby and Oaks, and which appeared in a sporting work of that year:

"The famed Merry Monarch, Charles the *Second* is *first*,
And Doleful you'll be, if you fancy the worst,
In the Oaks, Richmond's star will not vary its light,
For you'll find its Refraction resplendent and bright,
From the *Forth* to *Kent*, Sussex, the joyous news tell,
'Bell brothers' triumphant have borne off the bell."

To enlighten my readers I must remind them that Mr. Gratwick's b. c., The Merry Monarch, trained by *Forth* and ridden by F. *Bell* won the Derby, and that Doleful, another of Mr. Gratwick's horses proved to be the worst of the two. The Oaks was won by the Duke of Richmond's Refraction, trained by *Kent* and ridden by H. *Bell*, both the owners living in Sussex, hence the references.

The other instance was when I was fortunate enough to discover the merits of Mr. Merry's colt, Dundee, for previous to his starting for the

Findon Stakes at Goodwood, in 1860, which he won, I wrote the following prophecy, in which I attempted to paraphrase and parody the popular song of "Bonnie Dundee;" the words in italics are as they appear in the original version :

BONNIE DUNDEE.

"*To the Lords of* creation, *'twas* Merry *who spoke,*
Ere the bright sun *goes down there are* legs *to be broke,*
So let each racing man, *who loves honour and me,*
Come follow the fortunes *of Bonnie Dundee.*
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call up my men,
We'll mount then our coursers, and *let us gae free,*
Hurrah for the colours *of Bonnie Dundee!*

"Custance, *he is mounted,* they are off, oh! how fleet
He skims o'er the course, see the field, it is *beat,*
And look ye (*douce man*) I said how *t'would be,*
The Findon is won by that *deil o' Dundee.*
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call up my men,
We'll mount then our coursers, and *let us gae free,*
Hurrah for the colours *of Bonnie Dundee!*

"*Then awa' to the* land of flood, mountain, *and rocks*
Ere I'd back an outsider, *I'd crouch with the fox;*
And tremble, false prophets, *in the midst of your glee,*
You have not seen the last of my jockey *and* me.
Come fill up a cup, come fill up a can,
Let's quaff off a bumper, my own merry *men,*
And drink to auld Scotland, the land *of the free,*
The birth-place of honour, of *Bonnie Dundee!*"

I am bound in truthfulness to say that after winning the race I prophesied he would win, I sent the above lines to the "Sporting Magazine," altering the word Findon to the Derby, and I was not very

far from the mark, as Dundee ran second for that race, beating Diophantes and fifteen others; Kettledrum, with one hundred to one against him, carrying off the prize. In this race this noble animal broke down badly, and so

"*Died away* the turf triumphs *of Bonnie Dundee.*"

To prove that I am not singular in my dislike to steeple-chasing, I have only to quote the following protests that have appeared against it.

An eye-witness of the Grand National Steeple-Chase at Liverpool some thirty-two years ago thus described it. "Thirteen horses started for it, and, at one time or other eight of them bit the dust. I never saw a more wicked set-to, from first to last, in my life. Early in it, the rider of Weathercock got a fall sufficient to have stopped a Curtius, and the scene at the wall, where Lottery, The Nun, Colombine, and Seventy-four lay huddled with their riders in one hideous heap, was such as I trust I may never witness again. I crave pardon for adducing the following proof of the assertion, borrowed from my notice of the event, written while it was still fresh before my mind's eye.

"One round of the course was completed, all but the wall, as they raced up the sward. Mr. Power riding his own horse Valentine, which he backed to be first over it for £500, took the lead from Lottery, and laid hold of his horse's head for the wall. I do not think a beaten horse (for the puff was all but out of him) was ever handled over stone in a

more workmanlike fashion. As he was in the air, Lottery, who was going very awkwardly, his head being almost skewered to his near shoulder, and Mason hauling away at him like grim death, took the wall bodily with his chest, and rolled upon his head on the other side, Mason slipping clear of him and under the rails as cleverly as if he had been an *élève* of Ducrow. The Nun was at this instant racing her best up the centre of the course, and, as Powell told me, ran slap into the wall, without offering to rise or put herself out of her stride; of course she bit the dust, indeed she ruined herself, having dislocated one of her hips. While the ground was thus strewed with fallen men and horses, Wynn, on Colombine, went at the breach with fearful energy, and I did think his days were numbered. A worse fall than she gave him I never saw.

"By this time The Nun had managed to get on her legs again; just in time, indeed, to floor Seventy-four, who had leaped a whole part of the wall splendidly. Down came his unhappy jock, River, and snap went his collar-bone in two places, while Powell, with his foot stuck fast in The Nun's stirrup, would in all probability have wound up his affairs, had not his spur-leather given way, and so let him loose."

Many more "moving accidents" of a similar sort are finished off with this bit of the picturesque:—

"In the weighing-house I found only poor

Wynn, who was lying in a fainting condition in the arms of one of the attendants; and William McDonough (the beau-idéal of old Muck) who, breathless, the picture of a man raked up from the bottom of a scavenger's cart, sat picking the mud out of his eyes with a pair of hands scarified like crimped cod."

There can be no doubt that steeple-chases will always be attended with greater risks of human and equine life than hunting; and it is equally true that England encourages a sport in which cruelty to animals is too often practised. It will be no extenuation to say that other nations indulge in barbarous amusements, such as the bull-fight in Catalonia, cock-fighting in the East, or the once gladiatorial combats of elegant, classical, imperial Rome; still our care must be that no unnecessary obloquy be heaped on our native land. Danger there ever will be in races where stiff stone walls, rasping fences, yawning brooks, and double posts and rails are to be met with; and, as a natural consequence, where men and horses are equally excited, cracked heads, broken limbs, dislocated shoulders, and maimed and dying horses will often wind up the affair. But there are many who think that it is the chance of these mishaps that gives zest to the whole business; excitement being:—

"The very spice of life
That gives it all its flavour."

I now turn to Nimrod, no mean authority, and will lay before my readers his sentiments upon the subject, which are lucidly expressed.

"Let us look at steeple-chasing in all its bearings and in all its repulsive forms. In the first place, its cruelty. We can have no right or authority to call upon an animal—as we do in this case—to perform for us more than his natural powers, assisted by what is called high bodily condition, enable him to do, without extreme danger to his life, or at least, great temporary suffering. Think of the number of excellent horses which have been sacrificed to this miscalled diversion. I am afraid to state the number, lest I should not be correct; but the list I possess is a long one. But these noble animals have not been sacrificed unheeded or unlamented by a vast portion of the public. The celebrated surgeon, Dr. Wardrop, obtained the heart of one of the victims, the well-known and victorious Grimaldi, who died from a rupture of it after passing the winning-post.

"'It was of uncommon dimensions,' said he to me, 'larger than that of Eclipse, but it could not stand steeple-chasing. It burst in the moment of victory!'

"Then what said Mr. Haycock to me? I mean the equally celebrated Leicestershire yeoman, one of the best sportsmen and horsemen of the day.

"'In the last steeple-chase which I rode,' said he, 'I saw three horses engaged in it lying on the same field, and *one sitting up like a dog, with*

his back broken! I have made up my mind *never* to ride another.'

"And how many horses' backs have been broken in this infamous pursuit I am again afraid to say; but it *must* be a case of frequent occurrence, and I will clearly show why. From the speed at which horses are ridden in these races at fences, of which a ditch or ditches form part—and those often newly cut for the purpose, consequently with perpendicular sides to them—their hind shins necessarily strike the further side, and thus are their backs broken by the shock their frame experiences, Now, in all my experience in the hunting field, I have only seen one hunter break her back; and I can affirm as a fact that it is a casualty of rare occurrence in that field. Neither have I seen more than two hunters killed by accident in the chase. But if we call upon horses to do what, by their mechanical formation, they are absolutely deprived of the power of doing—that is, to take all kind of fences at full speed—fatal accidents to them must be the result."

After making some comments on the Liverpool Steeple-chase of 1840, the writer proceeds thus:—

"But is it possible that the barbarous pursuit can long continue to be a reproach to the character of Great Britain and Ireland? Surely the good sense of the people, aided by reflection on the consequences resulting from it, must soon put it down—at all events, cause to be withdrawn from it the countenance of influential members of the

sporting world, and then we may safely anticipate the result."

While writing the above remarks, I am reminded of an excellent letter which appeared some six-and-thirty years ago, and which is so consonant with my ideas, that I give it verbatim :—

"Sir,

"I wish to record, through your widely circulated pages, my sentiments of the painful exhibition I have this day for the second time witnessed — the Northampton Steeple-chase. The opinions I formed on seeing the death of my old acquaintance Grimaldi at St. Albans, in 1835, I have this day seen reason to strengthen; and I do hope that, as I have lived to see the commencement of this mad pursuit—I will not call it sport—so I may live to see its termination; as I boldly affirm that it is no criterion of the best horse, but a mere game of chance and gambling transaction. From many quiet and observant farmers I heard the following remarks: 'This is a cruel exhibition, with not one feature to recommend it; and if the good sense of Englishmen does not put it down, I hope the legislature will.' I will quote, from a work now before me, language bearing entirely upon this point: 'The steeple-chase is a relic of ancient foolhardiness and cruelty. It is ridden at the evident hazard of the life of the rider, and likewise that of the life and enjoyment of the horse.' Nimrod, my early acquaintance, has done honour

to his head and heart in the decided way he has expressed himself upon it; and it is the duty of every man who values the most generous of all animals, the horse, to raise his voice against it. But enough, my purpose is answered. If you insert this, let it appear *literatim et verbatim;* my shoulders are broad enough to bear the odium.

"Yours, A White Collar.

"JOHN HESKETH LETHBRIDGE.

"P.S. Notwithstanding the high-bred pleasantry of Lord Chesterfield, I am bound to add I believe the majority of the spectators were disappointed with their day's recreation, many disgusted. The third impediment to the horses was the river Nen, twenty-seven feet wide, and requiring an exertion of ten yards to clear; this reduced the field from twelve to two, who struggled in their tortuous course, Mason arriving at the terminus first at a pace a fast jackass could have kept.

"Harold Hall, Bedford, March 13th, 1839."

I now return to Waterford. One of the most sporting steeple-chases he ever rode, was on the Sea, a thorough-bred horse of great size and power, against the late Earl of Desart on Sweet William, a not quite thorough-bred nag, from Shankton Hall to the Ram's Head, in the Harborough country. The ground, four miles, having nineteen fences and a brook, was run in an almost incredible space of time. The fences were very severe, including a stiff timber fence with a ditch

on the rising side, and but just wide enough to admit of two horses going abreast. Desart had the lead, when Waterford, anxious to collar his opponent, put spurs to his steed, and racing for a place, they both charged the fence abreast of each other, clearing it in the most workmanlike style. Two pluckier riders never existed, but Waterford's pluck on the Sea, in the above steeple-chase, was equalled by his pluck on the mighty ocean. Whilst going before the wind in his yacht, at the rate of ten knots an hour, his cap flew off his head into the sea.

"I won't lose that cap," said Waterford, and overboard he jumped to secure it. I need scarcely add he was picked up by a boat which was lowered, but by all accounts he narrowly escaped a watery grave.

Practical jokes cannot be defended, nor can other eccentricities, entitled "larks," be approved of, however original in the idea and ludicrous in effect, and yet few could help laughing at some of the pranks of poor Waterford. His energy in painting the Melton toll-bar a bright red, his putting aniseed on the heels of a clergyman's horse, and running him with bloodhounds, his set to with the "basso" of a travelling set of minstrels, his fierce encounter with the Norwegian watchman, his prowess in wrenching off door-knockers, in pulling down signs, in placing a donkey in the bed of some unlucky wight, his patronage of Deaf Burke, his shooting the eyes out of certain portraits which he found in

a hunting-box he rented, were perfectly unjustifiable; but there was a redeeming point in Waterford's character, he paid liberally for any damage he did. The toll-keeper received a handsome gratuity, the clergyman was presented with a haunch of venison—

"A finer, a fatter,
Ne'er ranged in a forest, or smok'd on a platter."

The basso singer went away with a black eye and a five pound note, his Lordship's face being somewhat damaged in the fistic encounter, the Norwegian watchman was probably "squared," Deaf Burke liberally paid, and the owner of the portraits had to put the damaged ones "down in the bill."

Although addicted to what is termed "larking," Waterford was a high-bred nobleman, and one of the kindest-hearted men alive. I passed many a happy hour with him at Loseby. Few that merely met him at the social board, or in the hunting-field, were aware that his mind was well stored with useful knowledge and classical lore, and that he had a heart "open as day to melting charity."

It is strange that so many first-rate men who have ridden fearlessly over the severest countries in England, Ireland, and Scotland, who have charged the blindest "bull-finches," cleared the highest stone walls, taken park palings as a swallow skims through the air, landed safely over the widest brooks, and gone "in and out cleverly" with an

ox rail on both sides of a growing fence, should come to grief when getting over places that an active lad could clear at a jump.

In 1815, George Frederick, fourth Duke of Dorset, was killed on his return from hunting when leaping a small stone wall; he died unmarried, as did the fifth Duke, when all his titles became extinct.

In 1843, Lord Inverury, Lieutenant in the 17th Lancers, eldest son of the Earl of Kintore, was killed hunting, and if I rightly remember when not taking a dangerous leap. Sir David Baird, a Waterloo hero, died in 1852 from a kick of a horse out hunting, he having alighted to open a gate, which owing to the crowd of horsemen he could not charge, as he was wont to do; and poor Waterford met a melancholy end at a place he could have hopped over.

Although all who knew the last mentioned nobleman must deplore his death, it is a satisfaction to know that the present head of the house, who is a true Irishman at heart, has won "golden opinions" from all classes from his hospitality and liberality, and that the Marchioness is equally respected and beloved. As sportsmen, the Beresfords have been, and still are second to none; three finer fellows than Charles of the Navy, M.P. for the county of Waterford, William of the 9th Royal Lancers, and Marcus of the 7th Queen's Own Hussars, do not exist. It is rather extraordinary that, while the love of sport seems to be inherited

by some families, there are others who know or care about it as little as an Ojibbeway Indian does about a knee-buckle.

Before I retrace my steps to Melton, I must lay before my readers an account of what Leicestershire hunting was in bygone days. In an old document dated Leicester, September 5, 1718, I find the following entry:—

"The Hall ordered that for the future, at the hunting-feast, which is yearly on Easter Monday, the twenty-four aldermen, in their formalities, attend Mr. Mayor into the field, if the weather permit, according to the ancient custom; and what entertainment shall be given that day shall be at the charge of the Mayor only, upon forfeiture of £20, the late additional salary."

Fancy the Mayor and Corporation of Leicester, *en grande tenue*, attending a meet, A.D. 1875, at Ashby Pasture, viewing a fox away from the Cream-gorse side, and making direct for Rearsby! Not that I mean to insinuate that the Mayor and Corporation of Leicester, mace bearer and all, would disgrace themselves in the hunting-field, if properly attired for the chase; but in their "formalities," which I presume include gowns, chains, cocked-hats, maces, wands, &c., the case would be different.

There are few finer sights in the world than the hunting establishments at Melton, and I know no more "golden spot," in memory's waste, than that which is associated with my visit to that cele-

brated place. Hospitality shone pre-eminently forth, there was not a day in which I did not receive most kind and pressing invitations, not only to private houses, but to the clubs; and as for mounts, I was offered enough to last me a month. There was an additional charm, namely, the society of ladies; for after a day with the sterner sex, it was most agreeable to pass the evening with those who are made to temper man. A party at écarté, a rubber of whist, and above all, a round game with the daughters of Eve, was most soothing and delightful after a blank day, or hard run, where the jealous and evil passions of man had been excited.

Of the riders of that day I will merely offer a brief description written at the time. There is nobody better than the Earl of Wilton, every man will tell you, that knows anything of hunting in Leicestershire; and certainly for judgment, quickness, seat, hand, and good nerve, the noble lord stands pre-eminent. Lord Gardner cannot be beaten, he goes like a bird; and from the first day he went to Melton to the present time, there are few men who have seen more runs. Mr. Gilmore is unquestionably the best of the heavy weights; it is quite one of the wonders of the world to see the place he ever holds when business is to be done. Colonel Wyndham, late of the Scots Greys, often surprises the hunting world over the fields of Leicestershire, as did his brave corps on the plains of Waterloo.

Captain Oliver, late of the "Blues" cannot, figuratively, be placed among the "heavies;" with the Quorn he goes to work in the right form, uniting judgment,, courage, and strength. His brother, also late "a sodjer officer," disproved the usual fallacy that military men cannot ride to hounds—a strange fallacy when we remember that Cardigan, W. Beresford, Macdonald, Gifford, David Baird, Augustus Berkeley, Charles Forester, Lovell, Vyse, and Francis Berkeley are all army men. Lord Howth is one of the neatest and best men over the country I almost ever saw, and David Baird, whose nerve is of iron, can ride a bad horse with any other man in the United Kingdom. Messrs. Leslie are admirably mounted, and are daily earning fresh laurels. Count, now Prince Batthyany is truly popular in Leicestershire. Nothing can exceed his love, his ardour for the chase, and considering that his education did not commence in England, he really deserves the greatest credit for the position he now holds in the sporting world. Archibald St. Maur is a thoroughbred sportsman, and being well-mounted, does the thing in quite the correct form. Rancliffe, the prince of light weights, goes as well as he did in the year 1815, when during the Congress of Vienna, as I can vouch for, he was always one of the first with Lord Londonderry's foxhounds.

Greene of Rolleston rides well, Cranstoun is an enthusiastic lover of the chase, Geary has distinguished himself greatly, Oliver Massey is always in

a good place, and Stubbs, better known among his friends by a more spicy name, is an undeniable good one with the hounds, and there is no man that can do more in cool blood. I once saw him turn out of the road, over the stiffest gate I ever came across; the hounds were not running, and the feat arose from the question as to whether the horse he rode was a good one at timber. Alas! how few of the above list remain! Cardigan, Wyndham, the Olivers, William Beresford, Macdonald, Gifford, Baird, Charles Forester, Howth, Leslie, Rancliffe, are all gathered to their ancestors. Other Meltonians ought to be added to the above illustrious roll of good riders, but as I copy the above from my diary made during my visit to Sir Massey Stanley and his brother Errington, I only give the names of those who were then present.

There have been many popular masters of the Quorn, and among them may be mentioned Meynell, Earl Sefton, Lord Foley, Thomas Aysheton Smith, Sir Bellingham Graham, Osbaldeston, Lord Southampton, Sir Harry Goodricke, Sir Francis Holyoake Goodricke, Errington, and last, not least, the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, than whom a better sportsman does not exist. Lord Stamford was born at Enville Hall, was educated at Eton, and was matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge.

For some years Stamford hunted a portion of Staffordshire, which he gave up when he entered

on the Quorn Mastership in the Summer of 1856. As a master of this the first pack in the United Kingdom, he showed the utmost liberality, and nothing could exceed the splendour of his establishment.

His hounds were in first rate condition; his hunters were never excelled, and so devoted was he to the sport, that he did his best in every way to promote it. By checking the unruly with the *suaviter in modo* little of the *fortiter in re* was required. He ingratiated himself with all classes, especially the farmers. Deep was the regret of all when in May, 1864, he ceased to be the Master of the Quorn.

Stamford is a first rate shot, an expert cricketer, and for years was a distinguished patron of the turf. In the neighbourhood of Enville, Dunham Massey, Bradgate, and Kinrara, the latter place rented from the Duke of Richmond, Lord and Lady Stamford are universally beloved. Go where you will, lasting memorials will be found of the interest they take, in the welfare and comfort of the humbler classes.

Schools have been erected by Lady Stamford, which for religious and sound education cannot be equalled; but as ostentation is not the characteristic of either, the world knows little of the amount of money dispensed in charity by the Earl and Countess, while their kind-heartedness, affability, generosity, and hospitality have endeared them to all who come within the circle of their

acquaintance. I must also add that Lady Stamford is an excellent horsewoman, combining grace with courage; when mounted on Trumpeter, few could beat the Countess.

The subject of this memoir died in June, 1863.

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my early days,
None knew thee but to love thee,
None knew thee but to praise."

While writing the above, I read the account of poor Rowland Errington's decease in the newspapers, and was deeply grieved to think that another old and valued friend had passed away. A sporting writer who signed himself Clio, thus spoke of him:

"Errington!
Urbane and courteous—gentle, kind, and free—
All that endears, that wins, unites in thee;
The young, the old, the rich, the poor the same,
With one spontaneous feeling bless thy name,
The pride of haughtiness forgets it scorn,
And envy's shaft is of its venom shorn;
And dull-eyed malice smiles serene on thee,
Won to admire by unstrained courtesy."

SPORTSMEN.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE RUPERT OF DEBATE"—THE TURF—NATURE'S NOBLEMAN—KNOWSLEY—HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS—A SHOOTING PARTY—A PRACTICAL JOKE—TRANSLATION OF HOMER—THE LATE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

"One after one the lords of Time advance—
Here Stanley meets—how Stanley scorns, the glance.
The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash—the Rupert of Debate!
Nor gout nor toil his freshness can destroy,
And Time still leaves all Eton in the boy;
First in the class and keenest in the ring,
He saps like Gladstone, and he fights like Spring.
* * * * *
Yet who not listens with delightful smile
To the pure Saxon of that silver style?
In the clear style a heart as clear is seen,
Prompt to the rash—revolting to the mean."

THE NEW TIMON.

I NOW turn to another Stanley, the late Earl of Derby, whose acquaintance I formed in 1831.

One of the finest bursts of eloquence I ever listened to was a speech made by the Hon. Edward Geoffrey Stanley, Earl of Derby, then Mr. Stanley, at Brooks' Club. Previous to the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, and during its agitation, a meeting of all those favourably disposed towards the measure was called, and took place one evening at the above "house of call for Whigs." As the meeting was private no reporters were present, therefore the most impassioned speech ever uttered by him has not been handed down to posterity. I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Stanley constantly during this exciting period, he then being Chief Secretary for Ireland, under Lord Grey's government, I being a humble supporter of that noble Earl. Stanley was unquestionably the most brilliant orator of his age, his style was straightforward and impulsive. In his hot youth he encountered O'Connell, then in the zenith of his power, and the force and fire which he threw into his arguments when engaged in furious contests and debates with demagogues upon the hustings, or in the House of Commons, fully justified his title the "Rupert of Debate."

His political career is too well known to require more than a brief notice. Disapproving of Lord Melbourne's project for still further reducing the Irish Church Establishment, Lord Stanley, my elder brother the late Duke of Richmond, and Sir James Graham resigned; Stanley declined to take part in the Administration formed by Sir Robert

Peel in 1834, but having acted in concert with the Conservative opposition for seven years during the Melbourne administration, he accepted the seals of the Colonial Office in 1841, and was summoned to the House of Peers as Baron Stanley of Bickerstaffe in September, 1844. When Sir Robert Peel, towards the end of 1845, determined upon repealing the Corn Laws, Lord Stanley retired from the Cabinet, and in 1846 appeared as head of the Protectionist Opposition. The resignation of Lord John Russell in 1851 placed power within the grasp of the Conservatives; but Lord John was allowed to resume the reins, and after his second resignation in February, 1852, the Conservative chief, who had succeeded his father as fourteenth Earl of Derby, June, 1851, accepted the responsibilities of office. After the general election of 1852, Lord Derby, in defiance of a vote of the House of Commons hostile to the financial schemes of his Chancellor of the Exchequer, tendered his resignation and resumed the position of leader of the opposition. On the fall of the Coalition Ministry in January, 1855, Lord Derby declined to undertake the duties of government, but he formed his second administration in February, 1858, and the Reform Bill having been rejected on the second reading by a majority of thirty-nine, in March, 1859, he appealed to the country. The result of the general election, though favourable to the Conservatives, did not give them the necessary majority, and having been defeated in the

House of Commons on a vote of want of confidence, they resigned in June, 1859. The fall of Earl Russell's second administration in June, 1866, led to the formation of Lord Derby's third administration, but at length finding it necessary for his health to resign the command of the Conservative party, he handed it over to Mr. Disraeli.

After the death of the Duke of Wellington in 1852, Lord Derby was elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and on the retirement of the second administration was made a Knight of the Garter.

In private life, a more light-hearted, agreeable companion never existed; he was, to adopt the common but forcible phrase, the life and soul of every party. I had the good fortune to pass many weeks in his society at Gordon Castle, Goodwood, and Knowsley, where he entered fully and freely into every amusement that was going on. On the moors, when after the grouse, he would delight everyone by his playful manner; at dinner he would "chaff" any one, male or female, that would enter the lists with him. During a stroll to the stables he would modestly record his triumphs on the turf, and dwell on Canezou, who won the Goodwood Cup for him twice, as well as the Thousand Guineas Stakes; Fazzolletto, who carried off the Two Thousand, and Legerdemain the Cezarewitch; Sagitta, who won the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes; Longbow, Umbriel, and Acrobat, who put many a good stake to the owner's credit.

John Scott the trainer, and Frank Butler the jockey, were especial favourites with the lord of Knowsley. Like all other racing men, Lord Derby had his disappointments. Ithuriel, a great favourite for the St. Leger, from some mishap or other, was scratched on the very eve of the race; indeed, Lord Derby was curiously unfortunate in the two great races.

Although his ambition set in this direction, he never won the Derby, notwithstanding he had often looked so formidable at Epsom. Of these high hopes, De Clare broke down, Fazzoletto, though first favourite, was only placed fourth; Toxophilite, another first favourite, ran second to Beadsman, who was at ten to one, and the heart of Dervish failed him, for he did not even obtain a place. With the Oaks, Lord Derby did better, for he carried off the Ladies' Prize with Iris, a daughter of Ithuriel. Perhaps, however, the greatest disappointment was when Canezou ran Surplice to a head or so, for the St. Leger. Again Dervish, Boiardo, and Acrobat were equally unsuccessful in their attempts to carry off the great north-country race.

Although, as I have already said, I have met Lord Derby at different houses in London and the country, I never enjoyed so much of his society as I did at his ancestral home. I was on a visit to the late Sir John Gerard, at New Hall, Ashton, now call Garswood, when I received a most friendly letter from Lord Stanley, inviting me to pass ten

days at Knowsley, and to bring my gun with me. This I accordingly did, and on my arrival was introduced to the nobleman known as the "old Lord Derby," and a finer specimen of a thoroughbred English nobleman I never met before or since.

Knowsley Park is extensive and beautiful, and abundantly wooded. The mansion stands on an elevation in the park, and has evidently been erected at different periods; its most ancient part is of stone, and has two round towers; this is said to have been raised by the first Earl of Derby for the reception of his son-in-law, King Henry VII., on whose head the crown, taken from the crooked-backed tyrant Richard the Third, after the battle of Bosworth Field, was placed by this nobleman, who had been one of the main instruments of Richmond's victory. Shakespeare thus refers to this Lord Stanley, who addressing Richmond before the battle, says,

"The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east,
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrament
Of bloody strokes and mortal staring war,
I, as I may, (that which I would I cannot),
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms.
* * * * *
Once more adieu: be valiant, and speed well!"

After the battle, Lord Stanley enters, bearing the crown, exclaiming.—

"Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!
Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it."

In consequence of this royal visit, not only were grand preparations made in enlarging and decorating the mansion, but the handsome stone bridge that now crosses the Mersey at Warrington was erected. James, tenth Earl of Derby, made great additions to the house—some say he rebuilt it. The mansion contains a valuable collection of pictures by the old masters, besides a number of portraits of the Stanley family, many of whom distinguished themselves for their bravery, magnanimity, loyalty, and sufferings.

The shooting at Knowsley was first rate, and the arrangements made for the "gunners" faultless. Two beaters and an odd man to collect the game, with a distinguishing number in their hats, were told off to attend every two sportsmen, and these men being well drilled, kept the line as it should be kept, making good every yard; when a cover was shot out, the game was collected, and duly entered to the fortunate marksman. Horace, the head-keeper, was an honest, energetic, and trustworthy servant; if he had a fault it was founded on a right principle—thorough devotion to his master. This I found, to my cost, to be the case; for one day, when I had the pleasure of being told to keep with the Earl, the return of killed and wounded on

my part appeared very small. It consisted principally of a few pheasants, who had been most awfully knocked about, and a hare or two, so blown up that they appeared to be more fit to bait a trap with than to send to table, and a dozen rabbits rendered heavier than nature made them through the quantity of shot they had received.

In the course of the afternoon, just as it was getting dusk, the cry of "cock, cock" was heard. I fired both barrels, and to my great surprise and delight, knocked over the "long bill." It appeared, that Horace, who was close by his master's side, pointed out the direction of the bird, and his lordship fired. When the game was being counted, I found the head-keeper had been more liberal towards me than on previous occasions, and was at a loss to discover the reason of this sudden change.

"Six pheasants, a hare, and a woodcock for Lord Derby," he exclaimed.

"I'm certain," interrupted the noble Earl, "I missed the bird, it was nearly dark, and I fired at random."

Not wishing to expose Horace openly, I put in no claim for the coveted prize, but when he came, as he was wont to do, to take my gun to have it cleaned, I gently whispered,

"My Lord was not within a hundred yards of the bird, I killed it, picked it up, and took out the artist's feather, here it is," showing him that

small but useful feather, which lies under the wing of the migratory bird.

Horace looked rather crestfallen, and instead of waiting for the usual fee, left me hastily, and from that day I never saw him again.

Many years after the Earl's death, I told his successor the story, when I happened to be placed next to him at dinner, during the Goodwood race week, and he laughed heartily at the "artful dodge" of the old keeper.

No one enjoyed a joke more than Lord Derby, and I will recount one that caused him much merriment. During a visit to Gordon Castle he came in for a good many verbal and practical jokes. Among others the following, in which the late Charles Dorrien, an excellent fellow, but more or less vain of his oratorical powers, was the hero. Dorrien had attended a public dinner in Banffshire, and had made rather a clever post-prandial speech. At breakfast, the following morning, we all complimented him highly, and gently hinted that Lord Derby, or rather Lord Stanley, had been so much struck with our report of it that he was extremely anxious Dorrien should enter Parliament. To describe his delight would be impossible, for the object of his life had been to become a member; so to carry out our plan, we struck off in the printing house of the Castle a requisition from the constituency of a Scotch borough at that time vacant, to Charles Dorrien, Esq., urging him, after his recent display of eloquence, to come forward

as a candidate in the Conservative interest. This was duly handed over to the butler, with instructions to deliver it without delay, and to say that a special messenger was waiting for the reply. In the meantime we had lured our victim into the billiard-room, where a large party, among whom was Lord Stanley, had assembled. The missive was handed to Dorrien, whose face, when perusing it, beamed with joy.

"Could I say a few words to you, Lord Stanley?" he said; "the subject is a most important one."

"The carriage will be here immediately," responded the other, "but if it is of importance I will ask the Duke to give me five minutes law."

The two retired to a corner of the room, when Dorrien showed him the supposed requisition.

"What is your advice?" he imploringly asked.

"Of course," replied Lord Stanley, who was in our secret, "the requisition is most flattering, and one that few could reject; it must remain, however, with you to decide. I scarcely like to offer an opinion; all I can say is, that the interest you take in agricultural pursuits would render you a valuable acquisition to the House of Commons."

This at once clinched the business, for the first phrases had somewhat damped the ardour of the would-be senator. Dorrien now called the head conspirator, whose name I will not divulge, out of the room, laid the precious document before him, and asked his advice as to how a reply in the

affirmative should be worded. After some little discussion, it was arranged that Dorrien should express his high sense of the honour conferred upon him, and in the form of an address to the constituency briefly explain his political creed. In due course of time a fair copy was made, which was to be read out when the party returned from shooting.

"Excellent!" exclaimed one of the hoaxers; "decidedly the most powerful address to a constituency I ever heard; combining the sound sense of a William Pitt, the brilliancy of a Sheridan, with the terseness of a Brougham."

"I'll deliver it myself to the messenger," said the writer of these pages, "and to-morrow you must make arrangements for visiting your constituents."

The evening passed off right merrily; our victim was in rampant spirits until the next day, when the hoax was discovered. Dorrien bore the joke manfully, so much so that we, the perpetrators of the foul deed, felt some compunction when we remembered the excitement, the annoyance, the disappointment we had caused a kind-hearted, inoffensive young man.

At Goodwood, one morning at breakfast, during the excitement of the Corn Law question, we labelled a huge loaf with the words "Free Trade," and a diminutive roll with those of "Protection" both of which were handed to Lord Stanley, who

burst into a fit of laughter, enjoying the joke heartily.

As the translator of Homer, Lord Derby takes a high rank among the poets of England; fertile in genius, accompanied by great originality of invention and strength of feeling, he has enriched the world of poetry with a host of the noblest images and sentiments. What can be more beautiful than the following lines, which I select at random from a string of precious pearls:—

"Straight he uncased his polish'd bow, his spoil
Won from a mountain ibex, which himself,
In ambush lurking, through the breast had shot,
True to his aim, as from behind a crag
He came in sight; prone on the rock he fell;
With horns of sixteen palms his head was crown'd,
These deftly wrought a skilful workman's hand,
And polish'd smooth, and tipp'd the ends with gold,
He bent, and resting on the ground his bow,
Strung it anew.
His quiver then withdrawing from its case
With care a shaft he chose, ne'er shot before,
Well-feather'd messenger of pangs and death.
* * * * *
At once the sinew and the notch he drew;
The sinew to his breast, and to the bow
The iron head; then, when the mighty bow
Was to a circle strain'd, sharp rang the horn
And loud the sinew twang'd, as tow'rd the crowd,
With deadly speed the eager arrow sprang,"

This "stinging arrow" produced its desired effect; "warlike Menelaüs" was severely wounded, and there can be no doubt that the son of Lycaon proved himself to be as good a shot in battle as

he was when he killed the mountain ibex in the "faint image of war," the chase.

Pope treats the subject nearly in the same way, though I own I think in this instance the late truly noble head of the Stanley family beats the Bard of Twickenham by what the Yankees call "a long chalk." Pope describes Pandorus stringing his bow, as follows:—

"And crouching low,
Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow.
One from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose,
Fated to wound, and cause of future woes
Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends:
Close to his breast he strains the nerve below,
Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow."

Another quotation must suffice:—

"Offspring of Satan, Juno, heavenly queen,
Herself th'immortal steeds caparison'd.
Adorn'd with golden frontlets to the car,
Hebe the circling wheels of brass attach'd,
Eight spok'd, that on an iron axle turn'd;
The felloes were of gold, and fitted round
With brazen tires, a marvel to behold;
The naves were silver, rounded ev'ry way:
The chariot-board on gold and silver bands
Was hung: and round it ran a double rail:
The pole was all of silver; at the end
A golden yoke, with golden yoke-bands fair,
And Juno all on fire to join the fray,
Beneath the yoke the flying coursers led.
* * * * *
Then Juno sharply touch'd the flying steeds;
Forthwith the gates of Heav'n their portals wide
Spontaneous open'd.
* * * * *
Through these th'excited horses held their way."

I am reminded of a very witty saying attributed to that right reverend prelate, Samuel Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford. The conversation turned upon Lord Derby's translation of Homer, and the Bishop was asked his opinion of it.

"Excellent!" he replied. "All I regret is that he did not *translate* me!"

SPORTSMEN.

CHAPTER VIII.

NAVAL EXPLOITS—THE TURF—COCK-FIGHTING—DOCTOR WILD'S LINES, "THE COCK-PIT"—JOHN GULLY, M.P. FOR PONTEFRACT.

"A sailor and an honest heart,
Like ship and helm, are ne'er apart;
For how should one stem wind and tide
If t'other would refuse to guide?
With that she freely cuts the waves:
And so the tar,
When clashing waters around him jar,
Consults his heart, and danger braves
Where duty calls."

C. DIBDIN.

"We justly boast,
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honours of the turf as all our own."

COWPER.

A BRIEF memoir of an adventurous and brave man, one whose extraordinary and perilous encounters by sea partake of the marvellous and the romantic, and who both *per mare et terram* has

done the state some service, ought surely to find a niche in the temple of celebrities. I therefore devote a chapter to the Hon. Henry Rous, better known as the Admiral.

Henry John Rous, the second son of John first Earl of Stradbroke, was born on the 23rd of January, 1795, and entered the service in January, 1808, as a first-class volunteer in the 'Royal William,' flag-ship, Sir John Montagu, at Portsmouth. In the following year he removed to the 'Repulse,' 74, and after the expedition to Flushing, became midshipman of the 'Victor,' 100, then bearing the flags of Sir James Saumarez in the Baltic.

In March, 1811, he joined the 'Tonnant,' 80, employed off Lisbon and the Channel. Promoted, May, 1814, to the rank of Lieutenant, he served in the 'Bacchante,' in the Mediterranean, under the late Sir William Hoste. On the night of the 31st of August, 1812, young Rous assisted in the boats in cutting out from the port of Lima seven vessels laden with ship-timber for the Venetian government, together with the French national Zebec 'La Tisiphone,' carrying one 6-pounder, two 3-pounders, and twenty-four men.

On the 6th of January, 1813, I again find him uniting in a successful attack, made by the boats of the 'Weasel' and 'Bacchante' sloops, on five enemy's gun-vessels in the neighbourhood of Otranto. In the May following he assisted at the capture and destruction of the castle and batteries of Karlebago.

On the 12th of June he commanded the yawl of the 'Bacchante,' under the orders of Lieutenant Hood, and was highly commended for his gallant conduct in assisting in capturing, under the town of Guilia Nova, on the coast of Abruzzo, seven large gun-boats, mounting each one long 18-pounder in the bow, three smaller gun-vessels, with a 4-pounder in the bow, and fourteen sail of merchantmen, four of which mounted guns in the bow. On the following night he was placed in charge of one of the captured merchantmen, filled with oil; it filled and upset, but owing to the buoyancy of the cargo, happily the vessel did not go down. Her commander and his prize crew hung on by the starboard gunwale from 12 at night until 4 a.m., when they were discovered and picked up by the sternmost vessel of the convoy, under press of sail for Lissa.

In 1813 and 1814, Rous was concerned in the capture of Rovigno, and the fortress of Cattaro and Ragusa. In August, 1814, he served in the 'Meander,' 38, off Lisbon, and in the Mediterranean, until December, 1815.

In January, 1817, he served in the 'Conqueror,' 74, the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Plampin, at St. Helena. In August following he was appointed Acting-Commander on the same station, to the sloop 'Podargus,' 14, to which he was confirmed, November, 1817. In January, 1818, he removed to the 'Mosquito' brig, 1818, and in the

Summer of the following year was paid off. In November, 1821, he was appointed to the 'Saphho,' 18, and in February, 1822, to the 'Hind,' corvette, 20, employed off Cork and in the Mediterranean.

In 1823, Rous attained post rank, and from July, 1825, until August, 1829, and from November 1834, until close of 1835, commanded the 'Rainbow,' 28, and 'Pique' frigates, 36. In the former he visited the East Indies, and discovered a river to the north of Sydney, in New South Wales, to which he gave the name of Richmond, in compliment to my late elder brother whose friendship he enjoyed until the day of his death.

The 'Pique,' when conveying the late Lord Aylmer home from his government in Canada, ran ashore on the coast of Labrador, and was got off with the greatest difficulty; she, however, managed to cross the Atlantic without a rudder. This feat is almost unparalleled in nautical affairs; and to form a just estimate of it, I would refer the reader to the model-room of the Admiralty, where he will see a *facsimile* of the 'Makeshift,' with which the gallant frigate was safely steered to our native shores. A very spirited painting at Henham Hall, the seat of the Earl of Stradbroke, vividly commemorates the event.

It is much to be regretted that no naval writer has devoted his time and talents to the "boat service" during our wars; for although it has been

slightly touched upon by many talented authors, not one in ten thousand of the public at large are aware of the daring exploits of the "blue-jackets" in cutting out the enemy's ships. Volumes might be written upon this interesting topic; and many an undecorated man would come forth as a hero, who, not having been fortunate enough to take part in a general action, has perhaps nothing to show for his even more dangerous services than his miserable half-pay, his loose tenantless arm-sleeve, his wooden leg, his maimed body. A piece of blue ribbon, and a medal made from the guns taken during the maritime wars by the boats, ought to have been the reward of those whose valourous deeds reminds one of the panegyric of the Roman historian Livy on Hannibal, "None ever showed greater bravery in undertaking hazardous attempts, or more presence of mind and conduct in the execution of them. No hardships could fatigue, no danger daunt their courage."

It may, perhaps, appear invidious to bring forward one instance of a most brilliant boat attack when so many others of equal gallantry might be recorded. To a landsman's observation few can exceed that of Coghlan, of whom Osler writes; The impression produced upon my mind was so great when I first read it that it has haunted me ever since, and I think a recital of it will prove interesting to the general reader:—

"Towards the end of July, 1800, Mr. Coghlan, who had assisted in saving the people from the

'Dutton' East Indianman, employed in the transport service, wrecked off Plymouth, in January, 1796, and was now commanding the 'Viper' cutter, tender to the 'Impétueux,' with the rank of acting-lieutenant, proposed and obtained permission to cut out a brig-of-war, which lay moored within Port Louis. Accordingly, with twelve volunteers from the 'Impétueux,' and a midshipman and six men from the 'Viper,' and another from the 'Amethyst' frigate, he went away on the night of the 26th to attack a national brig of seven guns, three of them long twenty-four pounders, with eighty-seven men on board. The object of his attack, 'La Cerbère,' was moored with springs on her cable, within pistol shot of three batteries, surrounded with armed vessels, and not a mile from a seventy-four, and a frigate. Notwithstanding her formidable position, and though her crew were prepared, while the boats of the 'Amethyst' and 'Viper' had not been able to keep up with the cutter, he worked on with the single boat and made a dash at the brig's quarter. In the act of springing on board, he became entangled in a trawl-net, and before he could disengage himself, he was pierced through the thigh with a pike, and knocked back into the boat. Still undismayed, they boarded the brig further a-head, and after a desperate struggle on her deck, carried her. Of the boat's crew, one man was killed and eight wounded; the brig had six killed and twenty wounded. The other boats now

came up, and the prize was towed out, under a heavy but inefficient fire from the batteries."

In similar expeditions few men have evinced more vigour and courage than the gallant Rous. But it is not only during "grim visaged war," that the Admiral has done the State service; for in the "piping times" of peace we find him devoting his energies to the great council of the nation. During the administration of the late Sir Robert Peel, Admiral, then Captain Rous was returned for Westminster, and devoted the greatest portion of his time to the duties of the House of Commons. Upon subjects connected with his own profession, or the interests of his constituents, the popular Member occasionally made one of those straightforward speeches which claim universal attention, and a high compliment was paid to his zeal and exertions in Parliament by a public dinner, which was given to him at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1841.

The Government, aware of his nautical abilities, appointed him to a vacant seat at the Admiralty Board, and the new Lord was compelled to resign his seat for Westminster. A contest arose in which two distinguished officers of the sister services, Sir De Lacy Evans, and the subject of this memoir, were the opponents; it terminated in the return of Evans, when Rous, for the first time in his life, found himself vanquished. He, however, continued to hold his post at the Admiralty until a change of administration took place. And here I must digress

to enter my protest against the heads of either the Army or the Navy being under political influence. The business of the Board, the good of the country, the interest of the services, are too often interfered with by ministerial changes, which might be promoted by an amalgamation of all parties. The principal recommendations to office ought to be zeal, independence, and practical knowledge, and not, as has sometimes been the case, partizanship and power in the legislative assemblies.

As a reformer of our national amusements the Admiral is *nulli secundus;* nor have his exertions been less successful than those of the leviathan of the turf, George Bentinck. As a writer, Rous has taken a prominent position; his work on the "Laws and Practice of Horse-Racing" reflects great credit upon his understanding and research.

The principal qualities of a good style of writing may be ranged under the following heads, plainness, perspicuity, and conciseness. Of the former, Felton remarks: "This is the greatest commendation we can give an author, and the best argument that he is master of the language he writes in, and the subject he writes upon, when we understand him, and see into the scope and tendency of his thoughts, as we read him." Quintilian observes, "Nobis prima sit virtus, perspicuitas, propria verba, rectus ordo, non in longum dilata conclusio; nihil neque desit, neque superfluat," and Blair adopts the same sentiment. "Perspicuity in writing is not

to be considered as merely a sort of negative virtue or freedom from defect. It has higher merit; it is a degree of positive beauty. We are pleased with an author, we consider him as deserving praise, who frees us from all fatigue of searching for his meaning; who carries us through his subject without any embarrassment or confusion; whose style flows always like a limpid stream, where we see to the very bottom." He also adds, "A concise writer compresses his thoughts into the fewest possible words; he seeks to employ none but such as are most expressive; he lops off, as redundant, every expression which does not add something material to the sense."

In order, then, that my *practice* may be in conformity with the above quoted *precepts*, and that I may not run into "a prodigality of words, and bring their sense under heaps of phrases," I will pronounce Rous's work to be an admirable treatise upon horse-racing; the production of a clear head and vigorous understanding of one who has followed out not only the advice of the best literary authorities but that of the great Roman critic, "curam verborum, rerum volo esse solicitudinem." The volume which ought to be in every sportsman's library, commences with a discussion on the merits of English and Arabian blood, which, to adopt the phraseology of the "ring," is the Crystal Palace to a cucumber frame, or any other long odds in favour of our islanders. The science of racing is there ably discussed, and contains some admirable stric-

tures upon the handicap system of the present day, "Every great handicap," says the writer "offers a premium to fraud. In vain may the Jockey Club protest and express their extreme disapprobation of horses being started for races without the intention, on the part of the owners, of trying to win with them. Horses are started out of condition, without the remotest idea of winning. The honest fair-trader, therefore, who always starts to win, has a very indifferent chance of getting his horses fairly weighted against such competitors."

Nothing can be more true than the above remark, but, unfortunately, no legislative enactment can be framed to compel a man to be honest, and not to run a horse out of condition. The work contains the Queen's Plate articles, the rules of racing in general, and the laws of Newmarket, happily illustrated by old and modern practice. A few pages are devoted to the duties of racing officials, the stewards, the judge, the clerk of the course, and the starter; and they convey some sensible advice to each of the heads of these departments. The writer then gives a variety of racing cases, with some well-digested comments upon singular judgments, and erroneous and extraordinary decisions. The chapter on betting, and cases connected with it, include everything that can be adduced upon the subject. It solves many difficult questions, clears up sundry nice points, and gives a most sensible opinion upon the oft disputed point whether the owner of a horse, which has been backed by the

public and is consequently a favourite, is bound in honour to start him.

The volume concludes with a treatise on handicapping; a subject upon which the author is completely *au fait*, for I believe no one knows the speed and qualities of vessels and horses better than the gallant Admiral. Among the *fleet* afloat or ashore, Rous is equally at home, and I would back him at long odds to bring together the heaviest Dutch galliot and fast sailing frigate in Her Majesty's service in a handicap match to the Cape, and to make a dead-heat between a country plater and a Newmarket flyer. Whether on the quarterdeck, or in the Stewards' stand, the Admiral will, as he has ever done, respond to Nelson's signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty."

In private life Rous is highly esteemed, not only as a straightforward, honourable man, but as a very agreeable companion. Although his ruling passion may be said to be the turf, he can discourse, and discourse well, upon almost every topic. He can speak of most disastrous chances,

"Of moving accidents by flood and field,"

he can recount anecdotes of the quarterdeck, and enlighten modern sailors as to the discomfort of youngsters in his day, compared with the luxuries of the present time. What a picture could he draw of the cockpit! The stench of the bilge water and other villainous odours was almost insupportable,

in this loathsome den daylight never entered, two miserable dwarf tallow dips, guttering over, rendering the darkness visible through the aid of the purser's dips, while the constant use of the wind-sail alone infused fresh air into the dense atmosphere. As for the food, it consisted of salt pork, beef steeped in brine, weavelly biscuits, with fiery rum to wash it down. What a contrast does this seem to the preserved soups, meats, vegetables, and milk, not to forget champagne, which are now to be found on board every man-of-war. *Tempora mutantur*, the young gentlemen are now well taught, well clothed, and well fed. The discipline too was much more stringent than it now is; many a young "reefer" for a boyish prank, larking on the quarterdeck, was mast-headed for hours in a gale of wind or a snow-storm, looking anything but serene, while appearing as the "sweet little cherub perched up aloft," immortalized by Dibdin. The Admiral too is a keen sportsman and an excellent shot, as I can testify; having often witnessed his prowess in the preserves at Goodwood and at Bradgate Old Park, the seat of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, where the last time I met him he took an active part, with thirteen others, in swelling the list, the return being three thousand five hundred rabbits in one day. In a few words, the Admiral may be pronounced the Crichton of national sports, and a genuine old "salt."

While writing the above, my attention was called

to the following letter in the *Times*, written by the Admiral upon the subject of cock-fighting. I give it *verbatim* :—

"Sir,

"A motion in the House of Commons to increase the punishment to Her Majesty's subjects who indulge in the most ancient and Royal amusement of cock-fighting, induces me to trespass on your columns.

"It has been argued that it is a wise policy to forbid this sport, owing to its cruelty. On this principle, why not make pigeon-shooting illegal, when fat Herods, standing over the traps, slay the innocents? Why not legislate against hunting, coursing, fishing? In the latter amusement, what can be more brutal than impaling worms on hooks, or trolling with live bait to catch pike? Playing with a fine salmon on your hook is a pleasant pastime, although the victim differs in opinion. Neither is there much to be said in favour of grand battues, where hundreds of birds and ground game escape mutilated to live a miserable life or to be eaten by rats.

"All these amusements must of necessity be cruel, but they are sanctioned by the upper classes, and the cruelty is ignored. With respect to the champions of the cock-pit, is it a greater boon for a young cock to be well fed and reared to fight a battle; if victorious to be petted for the remainder of his life, with half-a-dozen little hens for his

comfort, or to cut his throat early in life to satisfy the appetite of a carnivorous man? And this man, who daily is accessory to the murder of youth in the shape of veal, lamb, and spring chickens, prides himself on his amiability, and in the House of Commons expatiates on the cruelty of allowing pugnacious birds to contend in fair fight, to the admiration of thousands of good, honest men who delight in such specimens of first-rate pluck and courage. A vegetarian may indulge in such romance, or a fakir who declines to wash or comb his hair for fear of disturbing a happy family. It must be clear to every man that in this country there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. The snob sticks to the former, but the thorough-bred gentleman stands by the poor man. In ancient times the game cock was considered an emblem of divinity by the Syrians and Greeks.

"When Themistocles besieged Dalmatia, he commanded that two cocks should be fought in the open view of the army, and exhorted to behave as these stout-hearted creatures fought. Pomponius Mela, the historian, asserted that the Roman Empire did not begin to decline until cock-fighting had fallen into disrepute among its governors. He proves that Severus was not able to conquer Britain until he had rendered his principal officers passionately emulous of glory by exhibiting a main of cocks every day before them. The soothsayers warned Mark Antony to take heed of Cæsar, because his cocks were always beaten by him.

"The great Gustavus told the King of Denmark he had no cause to fear the Imperialists, since they had given up cocking and were devoted to drinking and dancing. Christian, King of Denmark, said, 'Were I to lead an army against the great infidel of Constantinople, I would choose none but cockers for my commanders, and none but lovers of the sport for soldiers.'

"Our Henry VIII. built a stately pit in Whitehall, where he often disported himself among his most noble and loving subjects. The dying speech of Sir T. Urquhart, who was wounded at the battle of Naseby, was, 'My King and a good cock I have ever loved, and like a good cock in my Sovereign's service I gladly now expire.'

"A Mr. Wilson, in the last century, advises all men who take delight in this delicious and pleasant pastime never to forsake or alienate themselves from it so long as it shall please the Almighty to bless and prosper them; and he adds that we are bound to encourage cock-fighting among ourselves and to discourage it among all foreign nations.

"If cocking, which formerly was a grand sport with the great nobles of this kingdom, be now a sin, I am an old and hardened sinner. In 1827, in command of the 'Rainbow,' I brought ten English bred cocks from Sydney to Malacca, and fought ten battles with a Chinese merchant who had defeated all the Malays. We won every battle, and I would go two hundred miles to see a main between the Cheshire Piles and the Lancashire

Black-breasted Reds if there was no legal prohibition. Any amusement which creates alliances and augments friendly acquaintance adds to the strength of the Empire, for united we stand; and the monotony of human life is relieved by every salutary diversion.

"I finish by a quotation from an ancient writer: 'We, in our short-sighted wisdom, deem ourselves superior to our progenitors, and ridicule their pastimes and pursuits; forgetting that in a few years another generation will hustle us off the stage, and revenge our treatment of our ancestors by treating us with similar indignity.'

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"H. J. Rous, Admiral.

13, Berkeley Square,
June 17th, 1875.

Peachum in the "Beggars' Opera" says of his son-in-law, "the Captain's a bold man," and without comparing Henry Rous to Macheath, except so far that they are gallant, daring spirits, I may exclaim "the Admiral's a bold man," for in defiance of a large portion of the world's opinion, he openly and fearlessly throws his shield over cock-fighting. Without endorsing the opinions expressed in his letter, I cannot help appreciating his manliness in advocating an amusement which he considers, "creates alliances, augments friendly acquaintance, and adds to the strength of the Empire." I own myself that cock-

fighting was never a sport I took pleasure in. During a very long career I was only present at two battles, the first in 1824, when in company with some young friends we attended one in Duck Lane, Orchard Street, Westminster.

This once celebrated place was professedly a cock-pit, of about twenty feet by eighteen, with an area and a gallery or tier of boxes over it, capable of containing about two hundred persons, or perhaps a greater number of less refractory persons, for the common run of spectators were so obstreperous, and so agitated by various emotions, according to the amount of bets depending and the various turns of the conflict, that a decent, orderly person would feel himself much incommoded by a considerably less number. The spectators were as motley a group of patricians and plebeians as ever gathered together. "Swells" from St. James's, and "roughs" from Tothill Fields, were intermingled in one undistinguished, incongruous mass; and the Duke and the "duffer," the peer and the pickpocket, the Bond Street lounger and the housebreaker, the country gentleman and the London "cadger," the Squire and the "dog's-meat man" actually elbowed each other.

The following was the programme on the evening in question :—

"To be fought at the cock-pit, Duck Lane, Orchard Street, Westminster, on Monday, and three following days, for six guineas per battle, and one hundred guineas the main, between the gentle-

men of Essex and Middlesex. Feeders, Fleming for Essex, Dean for Middlesex."

The place was so crowded, the noise so great, and the heat so oppressive, that we were glad to escape early, but not before one of my companions found himself *minus* a watch and pocket-handkerchief; fortunately, the former was recovered by an offer of ten pounds to any *gentleman* who had happened to pick it up. Upon speaking to the proprietor of the pit on the subject of the theft —loss, as he termed it—he thus quaintly replied,

"When gemmen visit this here place, it is always as well not to put on their very best "*togs*," nor to carry too much "*bit*" in their "*clies*," nor sport the alluring appendages of their "*tattlers*," or the ends of their silk "*fogles*;" as notwithstanding I does all in my power to promote order and decorum, yet amidst such shoals of odd fish, some "*conveyancers*" and "*fogle hunters*" must be met with; especially when at some fashionable routs in the Squares, the attendance of Bow Street officers is deemed necessary to prevent the intrusion of "*improper persons*."

After this little hit at the aristocracy, my Mentor took breath, and a drop of porter, "heavy wet" he called it; and thus continued:

"The surest way is to wear nothing, and to carry nothing that one may not care to have spoiled or to lose; in which case a "tanner" will pay the damages; at any time that you or any Corinthian

blade like yourself, wishes to attend the pit for a dog-fight, a badger-bait, a rat-match, or a cock-fight, only place yourself under my care and I'm very well blowed if you shall come to any harm."

Thanking our kind Mentor for his offer, we left the pit, not a little disgusted with ourselves at having been brought into contact with the scum of St. Giles's and Westminster.

The attendance at the next main at which I was accidentally present was much more aristocratic; it took place about five-and-twenty years ago, at Elmore's farm, in the Harrow country. A friend of mine, Augustus Berkeley, who was anxious to purchase a hunter, drove me down to the farm, perfectly unaware of what was going on. Had he known it, he would not have missed the first battle, which we did, as, like the gallant Admiral, he would have gone any distance to witness a main. The arena for the gallinaceous combat was on the lawn, part of which had been covered over with sawdust. The day was fine, and there were no betting men to din into one's ears "Two to one on Fleming," "Ginger wins," "I'll back the black-breasted red," "Ten pound to a crown against the dun bird," "I'll pound the white 'un." The lovers of sport had a delightful gathering, which commenced as usual with a handsome luncheon.

Of course, all my friends "chaffed" me, and

applied the inelegant term "Hookey" when I stated that my visit was purely accidental. After seeing two mains and enjoying a glass of Elmore's home-brewed ale, I lounged about the garden until the "day's play was over." The object of our mission was entirely frustrated, for every man, boy, and urchin employed about the stables was witnessing the contest. I cannot close my personal reminiscences of cock-fighting in a more appropriate manner than by inserting some clever verses on the subject by Dr. Robert Wild, a Noncomformist divine, in 1609.

"No sooner were the doubtful people set,
The match made up, and all that would had bet,
But straight the skilful judges of the play
Brought forth their sharp-heel'd warriors; and they
Were both in linen bags, as if 'twere meet
Before they died to have their winding sheet.
Into the pit they're brought, and being there
Upon the stage, the Norfolk chanticleer
Looks stontly at his ne'er-before-seen foe,
And, like a challenger, began to crow
And clap his wings, as if he would display
His warlike colours, which were black and grey.
Meantime the wary Wisbich walks and breathes
His active body, and in fury wreathes
His comely crest, and, often looking down,
He whets his angry beak upon the ground;
This done, they met, not like the coward breed
Of Æsop; these can better fight then feed;
They scorn the dung-hill.
They fought so nimbly that 'twas hard to know,
To the skilful, whether they did fight or no,
If that the blood which dy'd the fatal floor
Had not born witness of't. Yet fought they more

As if each wound were but a spur to prick
Their fury forward. Lightning's not more quick
Or red than were their eyes; 'twas hard to know
Whether 'twas blood or anger made them so.
* * * At length
Although their courage was full tired, their strength
Began to ebb—you that have seen
A watery combat on the sea between
Two angry, roaring, boiling billows, how
They march and meet, and dash their curled brow,
Swelling like graves, as though they did intend
T'entomb each other ere the quarrel end,
But when the wind is down and blust'ring weather,
They are made friends, and sweetly run together,
May think these champions such; their blood grows low,
And they which leap'd before, now scarce can go;
Their wings, which lately at each blow they clapp'd,
(As if they did applaud themselves) now flapp'd;
* * * * *
And yet they fain would fight.
* * * * *
But now the tragic part! after this fit
When Norfolk cock had got the best of it,
And Wisbich lay a dying, so that none,
Though sober, but might venture seven to one,
Contracting, like a dying toper, all
His strength, intending with the blow to fall,
He struggles up, and having taken wind
Ventures a blow.
* * * *
And now poor Norfolk stumbles on his foe,
Not having any power to strike a blow:
He falls upon him with his wounded head,
And make his conqueror's wings his feather-bed."

Blaine, in his Encyclopædia of Rural Sports, pronounces the Doctor to have been a man of great talent, exemplary virtues, and wit. In 1648 he was appointed Rector of Aynho, in Northampton-

shire, and it was related of him that, being under the necessity of preaching a probationary sermon with another divine for the living, when the contest was over, on being asked how he succeeded, he replied,

"We have divided it. I have got the *Ay*, and he the *No*."

To return to the Admiral. Having given a memoir of a bright luminary of the turf, I am reminded of one who rose from a very humble position to an exalted one, in the betting-ring, on the turf, and in the House of Commons, and who, through a long and chequered life, won the respect of all who could appreciate manly courage, honourable conduct, and unassuming demeanour. I refer to the late John Gully, M.P. for Pontefract.

During my parliamentary career, among other marked men who sat on the same side of the house with me, and generally speaking next to me, was John Gully, Member for Pontefract. I had known him slightly, though not a better myself, as a betting man; had met him at Ascot, Epsom, and Goodwood races, and was always very much struck by his quiet, unassuming manner. His position through life had been a very trying one, his actions had ever been scanned by the public, and when he attained the distinguished honour of representing a not unimportant borough in Parliament, all eyes were upon him.

During the previous year I had a transaction with Gully which, as it reflects so much credit upon him, must be recorded. At that period I had the lease of a house in London, which I was anxious to let furnished for the season, and placed it in the hands of an agent who soon found me a customer, no less a one than the future Member for Pontefract.

The terms were agreed upon, and I gave up possession early in May. Just before Goodwood races, in the following month of July, I happened to pass my house, and found the shutters shut, the windows protected from dust by the columns of the *Times* newspaper, all in the same state I had left it. Being curious upon the subject, I rang the bell, and inquired whether Mr. Gully's family had occupied the house.

"No, my Lord," replied the female in charge; "there was a death in the family shortly after they took it, and it has never been opened since. Mr. Ward told Mr. Gully he was sure your Lordship would allow him to relet it, but he declined to do so."

When I met Gully at Goodwood, I expressed my regret at his loss, adding that I was sorry he had not communicated the fact to me, as under the circumstances I should not have thought of holding him to his engagement.

"It was precisely for that reason, my Lord, that I did not let you know; I felt that if I had, you would have released me as your tenant, and you

might not have let your house; I therefore rather preferred to pay the rent than place you in any difficulty."

I think this action speaks for itself, and stamps Gully as a liberal and honourable man. In the House of Commons he never spoke, although I am sure from the deep attention he paid to the debates, and the sensible remarks he made me, that he would have acquitted himself well as a senator. During a debate upon a question in which I was interested, and was about to speak upon, he threw out some valuable suggestions, which made me say,

"Do pray rise, and express those yourself."

"No, my Lord," he replied, "I know my position; and though I am sure the House would show me every consideration, I prefer to be a silent member. My duties are easily defined, to attend any Committee I am appointed to, and to be always in my place to record my vote."

A brief memoir of a man who, by his own straightforward conduct, raised himself from a most humble occupation to that of a Member of the House of Commons, may not be uninteresting, and may prove an incentive to others to follow his example.

Gully was born at Wick and Abson, between Bath and Bristol, in the year 1783, and was brought up to the trade of a butcher. He soon evinced a taste for fistic encounters with clods about home, and after a short period visited the

Metropolis with no definite object beyond the practice of his trade. Fortune, however, does not seem to have favoured him, for shortly after reaching his twenty-first year he found himself an inmate in the debtor's prison. Here his fellow townsman, Pearce, better known as the "Game Chicken," came to visit him, and whiled away the time with a bout or two with the gloves. Some patrons of the ring heard of his prowess, made arrangements for liquidating his debts, and drew up a match between him and the "Chicken," the latter staking six hundred to four hundred. From the debtor's prison Gully was taken away in a chariot and four, by the late Earl Fitzhardinge, then Lord Dursley.

The fight came off, after a disappointment in the July previous, at Hailsham, in Sussex, on the 8th of October, 1805, when after one hour and ten minutes' hard fighting, Gully was taken out of the ring by his friends. Two years afterwards, the Bristolian hero met Gregson, a Lancashire man of immense size in Six Mile Bottom, Newmarket, for two hundred guineas, and vanquished him. So little, however, was the advantage on the winner's side that another match was made for two hundred guineas a side, and was decided in the following May in Sir John Sebright's Park, in Hertfordshire. Here the science and coolness of Gully were so conspicuous that, after nothing like the struggle which signalised the first meeting, he was pronounced the winner. At the conclusion of the battle, Gully

publicly announced his intention of never fighting again, in consequence of a permanent injury in his left arm, which he had received in his first encounter with Gregson.

On leaving the Ring, Gully became the landlord of the "Plough" in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; here he seems to have imbibed a taste for betting, and soon became a betting man. Like other speculators, he appears to have had his ups and downs, for albeit a heavy loser when, in 1810, Lord Foley's Spaniard was made safe for the "Claret," he so far recovered as, in 1812, to have horses of his own, Cardenio being the first that ever ran in his name. Gradually working on, and at one period residing at Newmarket, he in 1827 came prominently forth as a turfite, by purchasing Mameluke from Lord Jersey, after winning the Derby, for four thousand guineas. Mameluke's defeat for the St. Leger by Matilda, and the sums his owner lost are now matters of history. Robinson rode the winner, and Sam Chifney the Derby crack.

A year or two subsequent to this, Gully and Ridsdale became confederates, winning the Derby in 1832 with St. Giles, and Gully the St. Leger with Margrave. A misunderstanding, however, took place between the two former allies, which led to a personal encounter in the hunting-field; the result was an action at law, terminating in a verdict of five hundred pounds against Gully for the assault. During this era in his history, Gully

purchased Upper Hare Park, near Newmarket, from Lord Rivers, which he afterwards sold to Sir Mark Wood, and bought Ackworth Park, near Pontefract. During his sojourn in Yorkshire he hunted with the Badworth foxhounds, but the turf after all was his ruling passion. In 1844 Gully sent his horses to Danebury, where old John Day's planet began to shine again—the Ugly Buck winning the Two Thousand, and two years afterwards Gully carrying off the Derby with Pyrrhus the First, and the Oaks with Mendicant.

Weatherbit, Old England, the Hermit, winner of the Two Thousand, and Andover, the winner of the Derby, did credit to the violet jacket blended with white, and altogether Gully's career on the turf may be pronounced as highly successful. Latterly, what with increasing years and failing health, he gradually declined, and having sold Ackworth, he resided for some time near Maxwell Hall, near Winchester. Still owning coal mines in the North, he resorted to Durham, where his death took place. Gully was twice returned in the Liberal interest for Pontefract, on the first occasion without a contest.

In conclusion, his unpresuming deportment, his great common sense, and the absence of false shame when any reference was made to his early career, fairly earned him that respect which I, and I believe many others, entertained for him. The memory of John Gully will be cherished by all

Englishmen who can appreciate manly courage; his life may "point a moral," as the especial type of one—

> "Who through the moil and dust of life
> Went forward undefiled."

SPORTSMEN.

CHAPTER IX.

CANADA—A GALLANT COMMODORE—NIAGARA—QUEBEC RACES—A CUTE YANKEE—ST. LAWRENCE FRIGATE.

"The corrupt nature of man leads to strife and war, and to every consequent misery; and whilst this nature shall remain unsubdued by the mild influence of the gospel, there will exist, it is to be feared, a tendency to war and desolation—to a sad waste of human life, causing heart-breaking privations, to which individuals and families are exposed, during the continuance of its destructive consequences.

"The Christian, in calm consideration of events, turns with pain and horror from the scene; but he cannot refrain from admiring a faithful discharge of duty, even in harrowing deeds, to which a deep and honest sense of it leads a brave servant of his country."

BISHOP LUSCOMBE.

ON the 24th of December, 1814, a treaty of peace between Great Britain and America was signed at Ghent, and on the 17th of February of the following year it was ratified. A vigorous war both by sea and land had been carried on for more than two years and a half, in consequence of which ill blood had arisen between the two countries, and

an Englishman looked upon an American as a mortal foe. This prejudice had in some degree subsided, when in 1818 I proceeded to Quebec on the staff of my father, then Governor-General of Canada; still there was no very cordial feeling between the old and new country, and which I candidly own I participated in. The unfavourable opinion I entertained was considerably heightened by a circumstance that took place at our garrison races on the Plains of Abraham, though I afterwards repented of having denounced a whole community for the faults of an individual.

On the evening of the first day's racing I was returning to Quebec, when a small, shrivelly man, with hollow cheeks, black, twinkling eyes, and long, lanky hair, mounted on a clever-looking horse somewhat out of condition, overtook me, and drawing up, said,

"I guess, Mister, you're one of the Britishers that have been racing on the plains?"

"I am, Sir," I replied, not a little surprised at the tone of the new comer.

"Now, I calculate," he continued, "that you know as much about racing as a Chippewa Ingian does of a pair of dancing-pumps. But to the point. I've a four year old colt, which I raised—half-blood, a perfect pictur of a horse, which, if you'll give me a little start, I'll run any horse in the country for three hundred dollars."

I replied that I would at once accommodate him with a slight alteration in his proposal—that, instead

of a little start, I would make him a handsome allowance of weight for age and breed. After some slight demur, the Yankee, for he was a genuine one, agreed to run his four year old American colt, Eagle, eight stone eleven pounds, against my thorough-bred English mare, Camilla, aged eleven years, two miles, for two hundred dollars, P. P. Stakes to be made that evening at the Union Hotel.

As my friend trotted off, I heard him say, "I reckon I'll slip into those Britishers, afore I've done, as slick as a whistle."

The stakes were duly made, the articles drawn up, and the following morning, when I was proceeding to the race-course, I heard a clatter behind me, and, on looking round, saw my friend of the day before. Anxious not to have any further communication with him for the present, I pushed my hack on faster and faster, to his best trot.

"I guess that's a pretty considerable fast horse; legs well under him; gathers all up snug. No rollin' or wabblin', all steady," said the stranger, as he came beside me, and reined in, to prevent his horse passing me.

I felt humbled, my favourite trotting-hack, Dick Turpin, was beaten. This might be ominous of the fate hanging over me. To continue this unequal contest was humiliating, I yielded therefore, and pulled up, before the victory was palpable.

"Yes," continued my tormentor, "a horse

of pretty considerable action, and a fairish trotter."

These words cut me to the quick. Dick Turpin to be pronounced by a Yankee dealer to be merely a "fairish trotter." Anxious to change the conversation, I made the usual commonplace English remark upon the weather, and deservedly was I punished for this piece of nationality.

"It's generally allowed," said he, "our climate in America can't be dittoed, and Canada, before you Britishers spilt it, was none so bad; but in the States it stumps the whole universal world. It whips English weather by a long chalk. None of your hangin', shootin', drownin', throat-cuttin' weather; but a clear sky, raal cheerfulsome."

We reached the race-course and my little unknown weighed and mounted; Eagle was a thin, leggy animal, very unlike his owner's description. "A real daisy; a perfect doll; dreadful pretty; a genuine clipper; could gallop like the wind; could beat a cannon-ball; had an eye like a weasel, and a nostril like Commodore Rogers' speaking-trumpet."

The jockey was equipped in an old pair of dark-coloured unmentionables, shoes and gaiters, a waistcoat that once had been yellow, and a red silk pocket-handkerchief tied round his head. No sooner was this American Chifney, as he thought himself, in his seat, than the brute upon which he was mounted, began rearing, kicking, and plunging.

After one or two false starts, we both got away, the Eagle making tremendous running; but the "go-ahead" system in this instance did not answer, for before he had got half-way he completely shut up, and I, making a waiting race of it, won cleverly by a length.

A wrangle then ensued, the American declaring that I had crossed him, and the stewards were appealed to. They having seen the Eagle in front, except from the distance post in, pronounced that the charge was frivolous, that all bets were to be paid, and the stakes handed over to me. My friend was not a little riled at this decision, but was consoled by winning a handicap plate for the beaten horse, his "flyer" having been highly favoured by the handicapper. As Byron writes,

"I'm at my old tunes digression."

but shall forthwith proceed to the subject of this memoir.

It was in the Summer of 1819 I became acquainted with a most distinguished officer of the United States' Navy, the late Commodore Bainbridge, than whom a more unaffected and agreeable man I never met. During the war he had been fortunate enough to capture the British frigate, 'Java,' and this, to adopt a common but very expressive word, might have made him somewhat "bumptious," but he was as modest as he was brave.

Early in June a party of right merrie youths, of

which I formed one, left Quebec to visit Montreal, Kingston, and Niagara. Deviating from the usual road, that we might enjoy a day's salmon-fishing, we reached Jacques Cartier Bridge, about seven miles above the ferry. Here the river falls wildly down, betwixt its wooded shores, and after forming several cascades foams through a narrow channel, which seems cut out of the solid rock to receive it.

The rock that constitutes its bed is formed into regular platforms, descending by natural steps to the edge of the torrent. The Jacques Cartier is famous for its salmon, which we caught of large size and in great abundance.

After quitting this neighbourhood, the scenery of the St. Lawrence becomes flat and uninteresting. The country, however, the entire way from Quebec to Montreal is studded with farm-houses, white-washed from top to bottom, attached to which are log barns and stables, with commodious and neat plots of garden-ground. The meadows were profusely decorated with orange lilies, and the banks and dingles with the crimson berries of the sumac, and a variety of flowering shrubs. So intense is the heat of the Summer that Indian corn, water-melons, gourds, and capsicums are raised in abundance, and are to be seen growing wild at every step.

Nothing worth recording occurred during our passage to Montreal. After remaining a few days there, we left for La Chine, where a *bateau* awaited

us. This village is most romantic; and from the number of Canadian boatmen or *voyageurs* that land and embark there, is full of life and bustle.

These *voyageurs* may be said to have sprung from the fur trade, having originally been employed by the early French merchants in their trading expeditions through the labyrinths of rivers and lakes in the boundless interior. Their dress is generally half-civilised, half-savage. They wear a loose cape made of a blanket, a striped cotton shirt, leather leggings, or cloth trousers, deerskin mocassins, and a belt of variegated worsted, from which are suspended the knife, tobacco-pouch, and other implements. Their language is of a mongrel description, being a mixture of Gallic embroidered with English words and phrases.

They are generally of French descent, and inherit much of the gaiety and lightheartedness of their ancestors, being full of song and anecdote, and ever ready for the dance.

Nothing can be more delightful—more soothing to the spirits—than to glide across the bosom of a lake on a bright sunny morning, the oars keeping time to some quaint old ditty, or French romance, or sweeping in full chorus, on some still Summer evening, down the transparent current of a Canadian river.

Each *bateau* carries eight or ten men, with suitable provisions. After passing Les Cascades, Le Saut de Buisson, and other picturesque spots, we entered Lake St. François, which is five-and-

twenty miles in length; and the wind being propitious, our boatmen gave us a grand morning concert, singing some of the Canadian melodies most exquisitely, marking the time with each stroke of the oar.

Before we had proceeded half-way, our attention was attracted to a party of pleasure, who were evidently making for the same point that we were. It was a calm, still evening, with scarcely a cloud in the sky, or a ripple on the water. One of the party accompanied herself upon the guitar; the air was familiar to us, Moore's beautiful Irish melody "The Minstrel, Boy;" the music chiming in with the oars, grew fainter and fainter, producing the most thrilling effect.

We listened with the deepest attention to the "linked sweetness long drawn out," and were not a little pleased upon landing at finding two young and handsome girls leaning on the arms of two middle-aged gentlemen, one of whom, from his sunburnt cheek, looked as if he had done "the State some service," and so it proved to be, for the individual was no other than Commodore Bainbridge, one of the brightest ornaments and most gallant spirits of the United States' Navy.

At this time we fancied that a feeling of enmity still existed between the two countries, and we concluded that one of the heroes of the American War would look down with contempt upon a party of beardless subalterns of the British Army; for, be it known, one of my companions and myself,

had provided ourselves with knapsacks, upon which were somewhat ostentatiously painted our names, rank, and regiments, mine figuring above the others as A. D. C. to the Governor-General of Canada.

Anxious to be introduced to our unknown syrens, we were, upon the discovery of the name of the Commodore, regularly "gobrowed" (I use an Affghan word), the English of which, vulgarly translated, is "flabbergasted." Great then, indeed, was our delight when Bainbridge, who had espied our names, approached us, and touching his hat, (a wonderful condescension as I then thought for a Republican), politely addressed us as follows,

"Gentlemen, we are about to visit the celebrated spring in the neighbourhood; will you do us the pleasure of joining our party?"

Need I say that we gladly availed ourselves of the Commodore's courtesy; and in less than a minute, I, acting as master of the ceremonies, introduced myself and friends, who were in due time presented to the fair ladies and their uncle, whom we ascertained to be the Postmaster-General of New York. We then proceeded on our expedition, where we qualified the water of the spring, which bubbled near us, with some real "Glenlivat," neat as imported, and drank to the health of our new allies.

For an hour after our return we strolled on the margin of the river, when our boatmen informed us that our meal was spread under the shade of a wide spreading tree, and in the company of our

newly formed acquaintances, enjoyed a most intellectual repast. Before separating for the night, it was arranged that we should visit Kingston and the Falls together, returning to Quebec, the Commodore being anxious to see that city.

Upon reaching Niagara, we lost no time in proceeding to the Falls, when the expectation of the party was raised to the highest pitch; he, indeed, must be a cold observer who can see this wonder of the creation without sensations more than ordinarily intense and solemn.

But I will not attempt to describe what is in reality indescribable. Many highly gifted authors and authoresses have written vividly upon the subject; but Niagara must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated.

As our object was to see the mighty cataract in every point of view, by sunrise, by sunset, by moonlight, we remained three days at a very comfortable inn, within a few hundred yards of it. At Kingston we came in for some private theatricals, races, and a ball, all of which the fair daughters of Columbia seemed to enjoy amazingly.

Our return to Quebec passed without any event worth recording; and on reaching that city I lost no time in introducing my American friends to my father, who received them most cordially, placing one of his carriages at their disposal. During their stay we visited everything worth seeing within the walls and in the neighbourhood. The Falls of Montmorenci and La Chaudière occupied two days,

and the third we devoted to Loretto, an Indian village, inhabited by a civilized tribe, who earned their livelihood by selling ornamental boxes and pouches of bark and porcupine quills.

The plains of Abraham, where the gallant Wolfe so dearly purchased his renown, although one of the regular sights, was a spot that I considered would not be very agreeable to my American friends and I therefore never alluded to it. The morning, however, before their departure, I found that the Commodore had ordered two open carriages; and upon my asking what excursion he was going to propose, replied the plains of Abraham. Of course I said nothing, but accompanied the party in their drive.

The view from the heights is splendid, and there is one spot of ground that must ever be dear to an Englishman's heart, however unpalatable it might be to that of his enemies, and which is marked by a plain column, bearing the simple yet appropriate epitaph :—

"Here died Wolfe, victorious."

From the plains we proceeded to see the interior of the citadel, where there is also a monument raised to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm. An invitation to dine at the Château, then the residence of the Governor-General, wound up the day's amusement.

Upon the following morning we embarked in the steamboat for Montreal, where I was to take leave

of my new allies. No sooner had we got on board than I recognized the Yankee horse-dealer to whom I have already referred. I was handing one of the young ladies to a seat, when the dealer staring me rudely in the face exclaimed,

"Oh! it's you, Mister, is it?"

I moved a pace or two forward, not pretending to hear the remark, when my persecutor continued,

"You're a tarnation sharp one, too sharp by half."

Turning my back upon the intruder, just as we were passing the citadel, the Yankee in a still louder tone exclaimed,

"That's your stronghold, I reckon?"

I made no answer.

"Well," he continued, "we flogged you pretty considerably last war; and next time you dare show your teeth, we'll bring that fort about your ears."

Anxious to prevent a disturbance in the presence of ladies, though I chafed at the fellow's insolence, I moved forward in the hope of getting rid of him, but he was not so easy to shake off.

"I guess, Mister, you haven't much of the British lion about you," he continued, following me to the bridge, where I was about to complain of his conduct to the captain of the steamer.

"You're hard of hearing, Mister, dead slow, I reckon."

My anger was now roused to the highest pitch, so turning short round, I replied,

"Neither hard of hearing, nor slow in hitting, you'll find!" So, suiting the action to the word, I planted such a right hand blow in the face of the aggressor that he measured his length on the deck. To adopt a poetical description of Tom Moore's:—

> "As the Yankee went down,
> I tipped him a dose of that kind that, when taken,
> It isn't the stuff, but the *patient* that's *shaken*."

No sooner had my prostrate foe recovered his legs, than he launched forth a tirade of oaths and invective which cannot be repeated. He then threatened law, and then rifle practice at five-and-twenty yards, declaring that nothing short of my life could atone for the indignity I had heaped upon him.

During this period Commodore Bainbridge, who had been informed of the fracas, and was acquainted with the cause of it, approached, and at that moment, to my great surprise and delight, my Yankee pest began to skulk away.

"Stop! Mr. Jefferson Drakelaw," said the good-humoured sailor, "you and I have an old reckoning to settle; in the meantime, if you say another offensive word to this gentleman, I'll have a boat lowered, and you shall be landed at the first convenient spot."

A further conversation took place, the purport of which I did not hear; it seemed, however, to produce some wonderful effect, for Mr. Jefferson

Drakelaw approached me and tendered the most abject apology, which of course I was bound to accept. During our passage, the Commodore informed me that Drakelaw had originally been a horse-dealer in Kentucky. That he migrated from there to New York, where he realized a considerable sum of money upon the turf, and then set up for a gentleman; a run of ill-luck followed, and he found himself completely ruined. Anxious to get back his losses he played high at cards, was discovered cheating, and received a sound horse-whipping. This he was too cowardly to resent, his only object then was to redeem his character for courage by picking a quarrel with every man he met.

Through extreme practice at the shooting-gallery, his skill with the pistol and rifle had become so great that it finally overcame his natural fear, and he was as ready for mischief as the most sanguinary minded duellist. Not wishing to become a target for this fire-eater, I was not a little pleased at the termination of this untoward event.

We reached Montreal without any further adventure, where I took leave of my American friends, deeply regretting that our pilgrimage was over; before bidding them God speed, I gladly accepted their pressing invitation to visit them at New York, but which, through the lamented death of my father some few months afterwards, I was unable to avail myself of.

"*Canada!* with all thy faults I love thee still,"

nor can I part with the inhabitants of the New World without one farewell benediction. I found in the mass of Americans, and still find, liberal and inquiring minds—men possessing that independence of spirit which is their birth-right. If occasionally I met with an exception, as in the solitary case of Mr. Jefferson Drakelaw, I was not illiberal enough to draw general conclusions from isolated premises, or to censure a whole nation for the faults of a few.

Setting aside all paltry prejudices and national antipathies, and doing my best to avoid that "hauteur excessive, froideur, taciturnité et mécontentement de tout ce qu'on fasse pour lui satisfaire," that is so often and justly a subject of complaint against my countrymen, I everywhere met with the greatest kindness. Meddling and malignant spirits had not at that period wielded their mischievous pens and propagated slanders, which, however unfounded, tend to alienate countries. "There is," says a modern writer, "a sacred bond between us, of blood and of language, which no circumstance can break. Our literature must always be theirs; and though their laws are no longer the same as ours, we have the same Bible, and we address our common Father in the same prayer. Nations are too apt to admit they have natural enemies. Why should they be less willing to believe that they have natural friends?"

Thirty-two years had elasped, during which period I heard occasionally from my friends, when

by an extraordinary chance, I accidentally met a connection of Commodore Bainbridge's. It was during the yachting season of 1850, when off the west buoy of the Brambles in my cutter, the 'Loadstar,' that I saw a noble ship, under all plain sail, to the westward, which the quick eye of a naval friend I had on board immediately detected as a large double-banked frigate, which soon proved to be the United States' ship 'St. Lawrence.' Upon nearing her, I saw her shorten sail to topsails, courses, and jib, with the evident intention of anchoring in the Roads.

Her manœuvres were strictly and critically scrutinized, not only by the above mentioned professional authority, but by myself and other amateur sailors. The voice of the first-lieutenant was distinguished from the quarter-deck, giving his orders in that quick and decisive manner which at all times ensures ready obedience. "Haul taut!" "shorten sail!" "stand by the small bower anchor!" were all respectively heard. In a few minutes the splash on the water indicated the fall of the ponderous mass of iron, and immediately the frigate swung majestically into her berth. The men were then swarming up the rigging, and in an inconceivably short space of time the flowing white canvas was rolled on the yards, and reduced to the minimum space allotted to it. The men then descended from their lofty position; yards were squared, ropes hauled taut, and the warlike vessel floated tranquilly upon the deep, a model of symmetry and

silence. The appearance of this leviathan frigate, with her lofty spars, frowning battery, and high bulwarks, contrasted beautifully with the graceful models of the yachts anchored around her.

Early the following morning, three well-manned boats, with the "stripes and stars," came on shore, and having ascertained from one of the officers that the "St. Lawrence" was to sail for the North Seas at noon, I lost no time in applying to the American Consul for a letter of introduction to the first-lieutenant. This was cheerfully granted, and I was shortly on board the frigate.

The 'St. Lawrence' was built in 1817, but had only been in commission a few years. When she was taken out of ordinary not a plank was defective, and her timbers were found to be as sound as they were on the day she was first launched. She mounted fifty-two guns, and was pierced for sixty-two. She carried on her main-deck twenty-six 32-pounders of nine feet and four 68-pounders; on her quarter-deck, fourteen 32-pounders, medium, and two 68-pounders: on her forecastle, six 32-pounders, medium. She had four spare ports on each gangway, two spare ports on the quarter-deck, two spare ports on the forecastle. Her tonnage was under two thousand, and her complement, on the peace establishment, was four hundred and eighty men. She was a fine, roomy ship, clean and clear for action; her fittings were plain and substantial, all for service, nothing for

show. Her guns were rather closer together than in the British *rasées* 50 gun frigates, or ships of the 'Pique' and 'Inconstant' class. She was very high out of the water, carrying her main-deck guns remarkably well. The captain's cabin was spacious and airy, furnished with great simplicity. The gun-room was equally commodious, the more so from having no after bulkhead. The officers' cabins were all that could be desired. The steerage was enclosed as a mess-place for the subordinate officers —a great desideratum, and at that time, when the wooden walls existed, well worthy the attention of our Admiralty. Half the ship's crew were berthed in the main-deck, and there were no mess-tables or stools in the lower deck. The gunner's store-room and the arms were in good order. The carbines were breech-loaders, at that time not introduced into our service. A sword resembling in shape, those used by the ancient Roman legionaries, appeared to be a formidable weapon, being short, double-edged, sharp-pointed, basket-hilted, and loaded by a tube conveying quick-silver down the centre, thus increasing the deadly effect by the weight of the thrust.

The men were a fine, strong, active-looking body, neat in their appearance and attentive in their manner. The dress of the marines was plain and serviceable. The galley-fire consumed nothing but wood, and the absence of coal-dust was an advantage which a smoke-dried Londoner, like myself, could readily appreciate. A good look-out was

kept on deck, for every yacht, however small, that dipped her burgee to the frigate, had the compliment immediately returned.

Nothing could exceed the courtesy with which I was received by the captain and the first-lieutenant; and it was gratifying to me to learn that every preparation had been made to render due honours to Her Majesty on her passage from Osborne to Gosport. The 'St. Lawrence' was dressed with flags and colours, and a look-out was kept for the Royal Standard, which not being hoisted on board the 'Victoria and Albert' indicated the Queen's wish to avoid public ceremony, probably owing to the death of the Ex-King of the French.

In the course of conversation with the Lieutenant I alluded to Commodore Bainbridge, and the happy hours I had passed in his society, when, to the delight and surprise of both, it appeared that my new acquaintance was connected by marriage with my old American friend. From that moment all reserve vanished, and we talked over bygone days.

"You must not think of landing yet," said Lieutenant Hoff. "We shall not get under weigh for the next two hours, and for 'Auld lang syne,' we must have a glass of champagne together."

To this I readily assented, and was about to descend to the gun-room, when the Captain sent his steward to say that he hoped we would lunch with him in his cabin. Nothing could be more agreeable than the two hours I passed on board the

'St. Lawrence,' but interesting as the conversation was, it was tinged with no little degree of melancholy, when I remembered that out of the merry party that *lionized* the towns of Quebec, Montreal, and Kingston, visited the Falls of Montmorenci, La Chaudière, and Niagara, traversed the lakes and rapids, a party consisting of the gallant Commodore, his friend, the Postmaster-General of New York, two of the fairest of Columbia's daughters, beautiful yet free from affectation, *spirituelles*, but untinged with pedantry, for nothing could exceed the charming freedom of their conversation, lively without a dash of forwardnesss, fully realizing Sheridan's lines:

> "For friends in all the aged you'll meet
> And lovers in the young,"

two brother officers and myself, only one remained.

Bainbridge's services have thus been recorded by one who cannot be accused of partiality for America or the Americans:

"On the 20th December, 1813, the 'Java' frigate, Captain Lambert, being off the coast of Brazil, on her passage to the East Indies, perceived a strange sail, which soon afterwards they made out to be a large frigate; chase was immediately given, and as the 'Java' had the advantage in point of sailing, and the other frigate did not seem desirous of getting away, the two vessels were by noon within a very short distance of one another.

"The enemy now hoisted American colours, and at ten minutes after two o'clock, being at the distance of about half a mile, she began to fire. Lambert gave orders that her fire should not be returned till they were close on her weather-board. The enemy, however, seemed resolved, if possible, to avoid a close engagement, and some time was consumed in manœuvring in order to obtain advantageous positions. During these manœuvres, the fire of the American frigate was principally directed against the mast and rigging of the 'Java,' and it was directed with so much skill and effect that the bowsprit and the jib-boom were carried away, and the running-rigging so much cut up as to prevent the 'Java' from preserving the weather-gage.

"After the contest had continued in this manner upwards of an hour, very much to the disadvantage of the British—Lambert, finding his enemy's raking fire extremely heavy, ordered the ship to be laid on board. In this he would have succeeded, and probably have given a different and more favourable turn to the battle, had not the fore-mast, at this very critical moment, been shot away, and soon afterwards the main-top-mast fell. The 'Java' was now completely unmanageable, and it was found impossible either to extricate her from her perilous situation, or to fight her except on very unequal terms, for most of the starboard guns were rendered useless by the wreck of the masts' rigging lying over them.

"To add to the misfortunes of the 'Java,' her

gallant captain, who had hitherto directed and animated the crew by his skill and enterprise, received a dangerous wound in his breast, and was obliged to be carried below. The command, in consequence of this event, devolved upon Lieutenant Chadds, who nobly discharged his most arduous duty. After a desperate effort to silence the enemy's guns, in which the most consummate skill and courage were displayed, Lieutenant Chadds consulted the officers, who agreeed with him, that a great part of the crew being killed and wounded, the masts gone, and several guns rendered useless, they could not be justified in wasting the lives of the survivors by any longer defending His Majesty's ship. Accordingly, with great reluctance at fifty minutes past five, the engagement having lasted three hours and a half, their colours were lowered from the stump of the mizen-mast, and the 'Java' was taken possession of by the American frigate 'Constitution,' Commodore Bainbridge.

"The brave crew of the 'Java,' however, had the satisfaction to perceive that they had fought their ship so well that she was not in a condition to be preserved as a trophy of American victory; for Bainbridge, immediately on ascertaining her state, ordered her to be burnt. Poor Lambert survived till the 4th of January, when he died at Salvador in the Brazils. Both vessels were manœuvred with great skill, and fought with commendable bravery, but there was a great disparity of force, both as

regards guns and men, in favour of the 'Constitution.'"

I cannot conclude this chapter better than by giving an extract from some clever lines written by "Stella," in answer to Tennyson's "Break, break."

"The sea has continued to break
At the foot of the cold grey stones,
And the wind hath filled the caverns
With whispers, and murmurs, and moans.

* * * * *

And the stately ships still move
'To the haven under the hill,'
And many a friend 'twas our lot to love,
Has gone where the voice is still."

Scarborough, February 9th, 1875.

CANADA.

CHAPTER X.

DEATH OF CHARLES, FOURTH DUKE OF RICHMOND—FIAT DEI VOLUNTAS.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven."
YOUNG'S "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

SO many deaths have occurred from hydrophobia, and so deeply are all interested in the subject, that, painful as is the task, I cannot refrain from laying before my readers an official record of my father's death from that dreadful calamity. During the period I was away from my father, the information conveyed is from a diary kept by the late Colonel Cockburn, Deputy Quarter-Master-General of the Forces in Canada. Agreeing as I do in his kind expressions towards a dear and lamented parent, I need scarcely add that I should have been silent upon the subject of my father's public worth, feeling that the eulogiums of a son would be

deemed partial. All I will say is that a more affectionate or indulgent parent never existed.

On Tuesday, the 22nd of June, 1819, the Duke of Richmond, accompanied by two of his daughters, Ladies Louisa and Charlotte Lennox, Major, now Sir George Bowles, Major M'Leod, Captain Montresor, Mr., afterwards Sir Charles Fitzroy, went on board the steamboat 'Lady Sherbroke,' and left Quebec for William Henry, where they arrived the following morning at eight o'clock. There they remained until the 28th, when they embarked in the 'Malsham' for Montreal. It was during the above period that the Duke was bitten by a tame fox belonging to an artilleryman quartered at William Henry. Blucher, the Duke's favourite King Charles' spaniel, was playing with or teasing the fox, that was chained up, when His Grace held out his hand to part them; the result proved fatal, though at the time the wound was lightly treated, so much so that I, who had remained behind at Quebec, and joined my father off William Henry (the 'Malsham' stopping to take the Duke and suite on board), was not made aware of the accident until dinner time, when Major M'Leod casually asked the Duke how his hand was, and in reply was told quite well. No further allusion was made to the subject, and not until the day of the Duke's death was I aware that my father had been bitten. After remaining at the Mansion House Hotel, Montreal, until the 3rd of July, we left for La

Chine in calashes, from whence we embarked in canoes for the Cascades, from thence to Coteau de Lac in calashes. The calashes of Canada in those days were very crude vehicles without springs. We passed one night at Coteau de Lac, which was then a small fort close to the rapids of that name, and which boasted of a Government House, as wretched a one as can well be conceived. On the 4th of July we left Coteau de Lac in calashes for Point Macdonald, embarking again in canoes for Cornwall, where for a wonder we found a most comfortable inn. On the 5th we left Cornwall in waggons on springs, breakfasted at Baker's, lunching at Widow Shaver's, at Matilda's Town, a clean public-house, dined and slept at Fort Wellington. On the 7th, we embarked on board the 'Charlotte' steamboat, an odious, dirty vessel, full of B flats, arriving at Kingston, or, as it was formerly called, Cataroquie, on the 8th. Here we remained until the 12th, when we embarked on board the steamboat 'Frontenac,' and after being tossed about a good deal on Lake Ontario, reached York. On the 14th we started for Niagara, and the following day returned to York, from whence we proceeded to Kingston in the "Frontenac," where we remained until the 20th.

During the whole of this tour the Duke was in high spirits, taking the deepest interest in the scenery that he everywhere met with, the beautiful lakes, the rapid falls, the extensive forests, the wild cataract of Niagara; the sea-like waters

of Ontario attracted his peculiar attention and admiration. At Montreal His Grace was entertained by the local authorities, and at Kingston received every attention from the officers of the army and navy stationed there. On the 20th of July, I and my sisters took leave of my father, little thinking it was for the last time, and proceeded, I to await my father's arrival at Montreal, and my sisters to the Château at Quebec. That same morning His Grace, accompanied by his military secretary, Major, commonly called "Governor Bowles," and Colonel Cockburn, left Kingston with a view of inspecting the new settlement of Richmondville, and after a journey of thirty-eight miles, which they performed in waggons, on horseback, and the last three or four miles on foot, reached Stone Mills. On the road they stopped to dine at a farm-house, resting there some hours; during the whole of the day his Grace did not appear fatigued, was in good spirits, and did not retire to rest until his usual hour.

The next morning, the 21st, they left about nine o'clock for Perth, travelling for the first six miles in a calash; halted for nearly an hour, took some refreshment, and proceeded from thence on horseback to Perth, twenty-eight miles from the Stone Mills, where they arrived between five and six in the evening. The weather being very hot, all the party felt rather fatigued, but the Duke did not appear more so than the others; he was in excellent spirits, made a good dinner, and went to bed

perfectly well. On the next morning the Duke appeared to have quite recovered the journey, and walked for about three hours round part of the settlement. In returning home a violent shower of rain wetted most of the party through; His Grace refused an umbrella, and seemed to enjoy the wet, changing his clothes the instant he arrived, still appearing in perfect health. At dinner a large party assembled; the Duke retired at eleven o'clock to smoke, and went to bed at his usual hour. In consequence of the rain on the 22nd, it was determined that the party should remain at Perth on the 23rd, when they again walked about the settlement for nearly three hours, dined, and His Grace went to bed perfectly well.

On being called on the morning of the 24th, the Duke complained to his servant, Baptiste, that he felt unwell, and had not slept in consequence of a pain in his right shoulder and throat, and it was observed that he did not make his usual breakfast. On Major Bowles making some remark on that subject, he said he had not slept, adding that that was a very unusual thing with him. This he said in a playful manner. He afterwards told Major Bowles that he had a pain in his shoulder, who recommended his rubbing it with spirits of turpentine, to which he agreed. He mentioned nothing about his throat, and it was then proposed that they should remain another day at Perth; this His Grace declined, and accordingly they set out about eight o'clock for the store

at Beckwith, fifteen miles distant. The Duke rode occasionally where the road was bad, but it was so evident he was unwell that he was urged to halt for an hour or two during the day, the heat being intense. To this His Grace agreed, and remained for three hours at a house about half way. The Duke lay down, slept well for an hour and a half, had some chicken broth, and appeared better. He drank frequently weak brandy and water and appeared particularly thirsty.

On reaching Beckwith, although he had ridden nearly the whole way, the Duke was evidently knocked up, and lay down until dinner was ready. He complained again of a pain in his shoulder, which was again rubbed with spirits of turpentine, but no mention was made of any other pain. One of his suite remarked that he thought it was a slight attack of rheumatism, brought on by a cold, to which the Duke assented. At dinner he ate little, and went to bed very soon after. On the following morning it was quite evident that His Grace was still unwell, although the pain in the shoulder was nearly gone. Baptiste, his faithful attendant, had observed that on attempting to wash his face, his master had a sort of spasm, he had also complained to him of a pain in his throat.

The Duke ate very little breakfast, and said he would lie down until the time for setting off. Every endeavour was made to prevail on him to return to Perth, but he preferred going on. It

was then arranged to make two days of the journey to Richmond instead of one, that His Grace should sleep at a house eleven or twelve miles distant, and complete the remaining four the following morning. They accordingly proceeded partly on foot and partly on horseback, halted for a few hours during the heat of the day at a cottage, where the Duke slept a short time, drank some tea, and arrived about five in the afternoon at their destination. His Grace did not appear more unwell than the day before, and it was observed to him that he must be better, as he did not appear so thirsty. He said nothing of any aversion to water, but complained a little of his throat and of his chest, observing at the same time that the pain in his shoulder was nearly gone. He ate a little dinner, and went to bed shortly after. Thinking that his indisposition proceeded from cold, he was persuaded to drink a large glass of hot wine and water after going to bed. On the 26th His Grace was up the first of the party, he said he had slept well, and expressed a wish to set off immediately. Major Bowles observed that he had not washed or shaved himself, but it being a small cottage, and the distance to Richmond only three or four miles, he was not surprised, believing that he wished to postpone his ablutions until his arrival at that place. He drank a little tea, but complained of some difficulty in swallowing. The Duke walked very strong, and made his way through the swamps to Richmond without diffi-

culty, but he observed to Major Bowles that, upon seeing a person run or jump into a wet place, he had a sort of spasm in the throat for which he could not account.

On arriving at Richmond, he said he preferred seeing the stores and village before he dressed or breakfasted, and this he did. On returning to the inn, he went into Major Bowles' room, who was dressing, and asked the name of the surgeon of the Settlement; a messenger was immediately despatched for the only medical man in the district. Whilst waiting his arrival, the Duke drank some tea, and when the surgeon appeared, after examining the patient's throat, he recommended a gargle of port wine, vinegar, and sugar, and prescribed some medicine. On leaving, he said he thought His Grace would be quite well the next day. The Duke used the gargle frequently, but always with difficulty, and observed that even taking the cup in his hand gave him a spasm. He said that it was very extraordinary, but that he could not help it; he treated it rather as a joke, and in other respects appeared perfectly well. Accompanied by Major Bowles, he walked out for a few minutes, but the sun being very powerful they returned almost immediately to the inn. He then said it was a good opportunity to write, and sent to Colonel Cockburn for some paper. During the interval the Duke talked on a variety of subjects and appeared in good spirits. On the paper being brought, he sat down,

and wrote for about an hour, and having finished his letter brought it to Major Bowles, and said,

"Now, my dear Governor, do not think me a fool; but here is a letter which, if anything happens to me, you must deliver to Mary."

Lady Mary Lennox, his eldest daughter, who had accompanied him to Canada, and afterwards became the wife of Sir Charles Fitzroy, was here meant. Major Bowles, who was much alarmed at his manner, which though mild, was particularly serious, endeavoured to laugh him out of what appeared to be a nervous fit. The Duke then again alluded to his throat, and said that, as a sudden spasm might carry him off, he thought it right to be prepared. He then talked for a considerable time on the subject of the letter, and some other family subjects on which he was very solicitous, and said that, having so done and having written, he felt better. Major Bowles again endeavoured to rally him, which he took in good part, but on his making a remark that he would certainly deliver the letter himself, he replied with great earnestness,

"No, my dear Governor, you will deliver that letter."

At this time the pulse was about seventy-two and quite regular, the throat a little swollen, and the spasms evident whenever His Grace endeavoured to swallow a little water. Threeor four officers belonging to the Settlement dined with the Duke, who was in good spirits, drank wine with most of the party, a custom now obsolete, and made a joke of the

spasms. During dinner he remarked, laughing, that it was fortunate he was not a dog, or he would certainly be shot for a mad one. The evening passed as usual, and the Duke went to bed about eleven, having determined to proceed the next day to the banks of the Ottawa, as he wished to keep his appointments at Montreal.

On the 27th, at daylight, His Grace sent for Major Bowles, who found him in bed. He said he had passed a very disturbed night, had awoke several times with a feeling like the nightmare, and an idea that something dreadful had happened, and that he would not attempt to go to sleep again in that bed for the world, that he knew it was absurd, but that he could not help it. Major Bowles was much alarmed at his manner, although he was perfectly collected, and even more than usually kind and mild. He adverted to the letter he had written the preceding day, and again expressed his conviction that he should not deliver it himself. He wished to set off immediately. Major Bowles did his best to dissuade him, but in vain. He then proceeded to make arrangements for the journey, and, on returning to the inn, found the Duke walking up and down before the house in a very disturbed state with Colonel Cockburn. He was abusing himself for allowing the spasms, and his looks and manner were very extraordinary. He desired Colonel Cockburn and Major Bowles to go to breakfast, and whispered to the latter to take no notice of him when he came in, as it would

increase the spasms, which he knew the sight of the tea would occasion. They then left him, and went to breakfast; shortly after he joined them, and evidently had great difficulty in swallowing some tea. Although the Duke was strongly urged to give up the idea of proceeding that day, he expressed his determination to go on, and it was finally arranged that Major Bowles should accompany him in a canoe. Accordingly they walked down together, about a mile, to the place of embarkation. During that period His Grace was perfectly collected, he talked the whole time about the letter he had written the day before, and dictated some memorandums on the subject of it.

On arriving at the place of embarkation he desired that some one would go in front to prevent him from falling, which he feared the sight of water might make him do. The instant he was in the canoe, he became dreadfully agitated and convulsed, and could not breathe without great apparent difficulty. He endeavoured to control himself, and forced a smile whenever Major Bowles looked at him. After a short time finding it impossible to support the pain, the Duke and his faithful friend landed, and the instant they touched the shore, His Grace's aversion to the water appeared to increase tenfold. He ran into the wood as far as he could penetrate, and being joined by Cockburn, he was urged to return to Richmond, to which he consented. A small rivulet being, however, in

the way which he could not force himself to pass, the party were obliged to proceed towards a farm-house a few miles distant, and it was with the utmost difficulty that, with their united exertions, they could get over three or four small rivulets and drains which lay in their road. Excepting on that subject, his aversion to water, he was perfectly reasonable, and even on that he endeavoured to overcome his feelings by every possible exertion.

Growing evidently worse every instant, and the nature of his disorder being past all doubt, they at length reached the farm-house, when the Duke ran into an open barn, which being a little further from the river, he said he preferred to the house. Colonel Cockburn then left to endeavour to procure some assistance. During his absence His Grace could not lie down, he walked about slowly, holding Major Bowles' arm. He then became more tranquil, and conversed most seriously and earnestly on several subjects on which he was particularly anxious. He was perfectly convinced he could not recover, and dictated messages and remembrances to his family and friends.

During this period Major Bowles ventured to propose a short prayer, which he instantly agreed to, and after a few moments' reflection he prayed most earnestly to be enabled to support whatever trials were deemed good for him, with patience and resignation, professing, at the same time, his perfect willingness to quit this world. He felt confi-

dent of being acquitted of having ever done an intentional injury to any human being, or having ever acted dishonourably by any one, and trusted that his sins would be mercifully forgiven. He forgave everyone from the bottom of his soul, who had ever injured him, and his whole conduct and demeanour on this occasion proved the piety and the fortitude of his heart. During the most violent agonies not a murmur escaped his lips; his only anxiety was for his family. He only hoped it was not presumptuous to pray that his sufferings might be shortened. He professed the most perfect confidence in his future happiness, and his hopes to meet in Heaven those dear to him.

On the arrival of Colonel Cockburn and the surgeon, who had gone on early in the morning to be ready at the place they had intended to sleep at, the Duke consented to be bled, and about two pints were taken from his arm. This appeared at first to relieve him, but the paroxysms soon returned, and became more violent every moment. During the intervals he was perfectly sensible, and his thoughts again reverted to his family and his friends. Towards evening he was enabled to swallow about twenty drops of laudanum in some peppermint-water, and afterwards took a grain of solid opium in a little chicken-broth of which he swallowed a few tea-spoonfuls three or four times. His kind and affectionate manner never forsook him. He kept his hand almost constantly locked

in that of his friend Bowles, and knew all those about him until nearly twelve o'clock at night.

About sunset he had been removed into the farm-house, which had been prepared for his reception. He was then sufficiently strong to walk from the barn into the house, where he lay down on the bed. From that time, although the violence of the paroxysms had abated, he was evidently growing weaker every hour, and his mind wandered more frequently. Towards midnight he fell into a sort of stupor, and it being too clear that not a ray of hope remained, an express was sent off about four o'clock to Montreal, where I was awaiting my father's arrival, perfectly unconscious of the malady that had prostrated him. About seven o'clock the quantity of saliva collected in the throat and mouth caused the appearance of foaming at the mouth, and a few minutes past eight on the 28th of July his sufferings were terminated without a struggle.

On questioning Baptiste after the fatal event, it appeared that as early as the afternoon of the 23rd the poor Duke complained of a difficulty in swallowing, and on the 24th, in the morning, he experienced a sort of spasm in washing his face; but this he carefully concealed from Major Bowles and Colonel Cockburn, and it was not until the afternoon of the 25th that he complained to them of his throat, and of a difficulty in swallowing. He never alluded to the nature of his disorder excepting once, as before mentioned, at dinner at Rich-

mond. In his moments of delirium, he never uttered a sentence or expression which his best friends would wish to have concealed. He dwelt particularly on the comfort he felt on leaving the world in perfect charity with all mankind, and most earnestly begged Major Bowles and Colonel Cockburn to forgive all the world as sincerely as he did, if they wished to die as happily. He preserved his affection for his little spaniel to the last moments of his recollection, and in the midst of violent pain would sometimes call out to him in his natural tone of voice. One of his last directions was,

"Give Blucher to Mary. It will make her cry at first, but turn him in when she is alone and shut the door."

Blucher was brought to England by Lady Mary, and lived for some years after the lamented death of the kindest of masters. Connected with the Duke's death, an account of a remarkable dream I had may not be uninteresting.

I had left my father at Kingston, on the 20th of July, in perfect health, and as I have already said, was not aware that he had been bitten by the fox. I was at Montreal awaiting the arrival of my father, and on the night of the 27th I had a presentiment that the festivities which had been prepared for the reception of the Governor-General would be abandoned. Indeed, so strong was my impression that, upon being asked by an officer quartered there to ride his horse at the garrison races next day, I replied,

"I will if they take place, but I have a strong feeling that they will not."

During the night I dreamt that my father was dead, and that minute-guns were being fired at the Citadel of Quebec, at that period the seat of Government. Between six and seven in the morning I heard a rap at my door, "Come in," I said, in an agitated manner. Colonel Ready, the Duke's military secretary, entered the room.

"Before you speak," said I, "hear me. My father is dead."

"Not dead, but I fear dying!" responded the other. "I have a calash in readiness to convey us to the farm-house where his Grace is."

We lost no time in proceeding on our journey, but were stopped on the way by the sad intelligence that the Duke was dead. To return to the subject of this brief memoir, never was man more beloved than Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond. Throughout his career, as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and as Governor-General of Canada, he was conspicuous for his love of justice and humanity. Unsullied honour, strict probity, extraordinary strength and activity of mind, distinguished ability, united with the most ardent, independent, and generous feelings, adorned by the most engaging and affable manners, combined to render him beloved and admired by all who knew him.

In conclusion, the following lines on the lamented death of the Duke of Richmond, by the then Dean of Rochester, will be read with interest:—

"Tho' distant far from kindred ties,
They neither sooth'd thy dying bed,
Nor o'er thy last sad obsequies
The pious tears of duty shed,

"Tho' pain with dire disease combined
Thy closing day to overcast,
They could not shake that peace of mind
That whispers comfort at the last.

"Dear honored shade, beloved, deplored,
Death claims his victory in vain,
For thy immortal part restored,
Thus broke his adamantine chain.

"Yet where thy manly relics sleep,
Shall mourn the good, the wise, the brave,
And Wolfe's enchanted spirit keep
Eternal watch around thy grave."

THE END.

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